



PRAISE THE ORC

BOOK 02

Lee Jungmin

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

Praise the Orc!

(You're an Orc, yet you're still Praiseworthy!)

(오크지만 찬양해!)

by

Lee Jungmin

(이정민)

Synopsis

Praise the Orc! is about Jung Ian, a cafe owner with a dark past, jumping into the world of virtual reality in order to protect his sister from any predators.

However, things may not be as simple as he first believed them to be.

Witness as he explores the lands of Elder Lord as an orc, a species labeled as the “game creator’s mistake”, defeating any and all before him!

Copyright

All rights reserved.

English Translation by Rainbow Turtle @ [Wuxiaworld](#)

Translation Edit by Superposhposh @ [Wuxiaworld](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

This is a free eBook. You are free to give it away (in unmodified form) to whomever you wish.

No part of this eBook may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without written permission from the author.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Chapter 101 – How To Become A Magician (1)

“Oh, Crockta. You are late this time.”

Once Crockta returned, Tiyo and Anor were playing cards at the inn introduced by Radet. This was where Crockta had last ended the connection.

Crockta had returned to the Temple of the Fallen God after meeting the gray god. Paimon had disappeared and the Temple of the Fallen God was empty. Crockta returned to their accommodations and closed the connection. Then he didn't connect for two days.

Tiyo already knew that he was cursed by the stars. He didn't show many signs of caring and just explained to Anor, “I thought something had happened.”

He didn't connect for a long time. According to Elder Lord time, they would've been waiting for a few days.

Crockta approached them silently. Tiyo and Anor raised their heads.

Tiyo had a small face but inside he was a macho man. He was a trustworthy companion. Crockta looked at his face again. A cute face, delicate eyebrows, and large eyes. Sometimes his eyes would become wild with rage, but he had the nervous charm of a young boy.

The features made a strange expression as Tiyo looked at Crockta. His hair stood up. The sunlight revealed his pale skin. Tiyo's nose wrinkled. The sophisticated wrinkles and facial expressions.

He was really alive.

This time he looked at Anor. His stubbed ears were healed, but they still looked ugly. However, he uncovered his ears without hesitation as he looked up at Crockta. The dark elf's distinctive

tanned skin and eyes that were always measuring the mood of others, along with the soft lips that spat out curses.

As Crockta continued to look at him, Anor flushed and avoided his eyes. Crockta started laughing.

The sunlight coming through the window revealed the dust floating in the air. Crockta looked at the landscape and nodded. This was Elder Lord, another world where many beings lived.

Crockta hugged Tiyo and Anor.

“What are you doing dot?!”

“W-What is going on?”

Crockta didn't answer.

These people. This world. It was all real.

“Tiyo.”

“What dot?”

“Anor.”

“Yes.”

Crockta held them within his strong arms. “Don't die.”

Tiyo laughed at his words. “Crockta, you haven't seen us for a while and you are suddenly talking like a girl.”

“I'll raise you if you die.”

Crockta released them and asked, “What should we do now?”

Tiyo and Anor were walking the same road as Crockta. While he was away, they would've calculated a plan. He could believe in their decisions.

“Go to Spinoa dot.”

“Spinoa? Not the frontlines?”

He heard that the frontlines for the war had already opened and that a battle was occurring at the boundary of the dark elf area.

“The leader of the dark elves wants to see us.”

“Leader.”

Although the leader didn't reign as a king, Crockta heard that most of the important decisions associated with the destiny of the dark elves were made by him. Normally Tiyo's character meant that he would try to fight against the Great Clan straight away instead of going to a meeting.

“Radet talked to Tiyo. The dark elves can't be ignored.”

“What a snitch dot!”

“Is that so? Ahahat. Radet said that the dark elves aren't that weak, so go to Spinoa.”

Crockta nodded. Orcs were large and heavy, but dark elves had their own advantages. In particular, they were much scarier than orcs when it came to siege warfare. Their innate eyesight and keen senses could penetrate long-range targets.

“According to him, there is something bigger than fighting right now.”

“We were just waiting for Crockta dot. Let's start right now!”

“Understood.”

Tiyo and Anor already had all their baggage prepared. Crockta went to his room. He didn't have many things because he left everything he didn't need behind before he trekked up north. As a matter of fact, just Ogre Slayer was enough.

Crockta left his room. The sun of Elder Lord shone on him. He frowned and looked up at the sky. The blue sky was still the sky that he knew.

He didn't have any tremendous beliefs or goals. Just. He wanted to smash those who made him disgusted.

They said farewell to Radet.

“It would’ve been nice if you met Jamero.”

“We are on our way to Spinoa so we might see him.”

“That might be the case.”

Jamero, who defended Nameragon with Radet, was a great magician. Crockta was curious because he had never met such a person since Antuak and Tashaquil. Magic had similar aspects to shamanism, so he expected a sage-like figure.

The garrison leader standing in front of the gate approached.
“Crockta.”

Crockta didn’t know his name yet.

“I’m sorry for the first disrespect.”

Crockta laughed and the face of the guard turned red.

“I don’t regret saying it. I stopped suspicious people from entering the already confused Nameragon. Even if it wasn’t you, my response would’ve been the same.”

“I understand.”

The garrison leader abruptly hit Crockta on his back. “Please, be safe until this war is over.”

“You too. Stay alive.”

Crockta looked around at everyone. Their faces were different from when he first saw them. In particular, the eyes of the garrison soldiers were shining. Crockta had shown tremendous ability when overwhelming Driden. He might be the nucleus of the war in the future. They might be different species, but they felt like they were facing the man who would become a hero in the future.

“Goodbye.”

“Um. See you alive again.”

“Take care dot.”

“See you again.”

Crockta, Tiyo and Anor turned around. They slowly moved away from Nameragon. The place they were heading was the north of Nameragon, the land where the world tree grew, Spinoa.

“The north is better than I thought dot.”

They had traveled for a while after crossing the border, but there were still more places to go.

“Have you heard anything about the elf leader?” asked Crockta.

According to Radet, the leader had directly mentioned Crockta and invited him to Spinoa. Despite the imminent conflict, he said that there was something he wanted Crockta to see first.

“I heard that he’s a very long-lived, wise person dot. He even hears the voice of the world tree.”

“World tree.”

Crockta hadn’t seen a world tree before. A sacred existence to the elves, it was a huge tree that grew endlessly up to the sky.

He heard that there was a world tree in the territory of the elves on the continent. It had an unknown power and it was well known that even one branch from the world tree would protect the owner from all types of disasters and curses.

“Such a person is asking for us.”

“I don’t want him to say anything about fighting against the Great Clan dot. Leaders are always like that.”

“Yes.”

If that was the case, he wouldn’t be happy. As they headed north, Crockta discovered a herd of caruks. They were the beasts that the orcs rode when he first reached the north. They once rode the caruks but lost them in the Luklan Mountains.

Crockta and Tiyo exchanged glances.

Anor's expression wasn't good. "No way... right? It is wild. Wild caruks are usually hard to tame. Wild..."

However, Crockta and Tiyo moved before Anor could finish his sentence.

"Wait!" Anor shouted, but Tiyo was already firing General. Some of the caruks fell to the ground at the sudden attack. Tiyo had purposefully put in enough power not to kill them.

"Kuahahat! I am Tiyo, a garrison soldier! I'm also a hunter dot!"

Tiyo laughed and carelessly shot General. Crockta, who was about to grab a fallen caruk, stopped.

"Tiyo."

"Kuahahat! I am a hunter. Caruks will be caught by me!"

"Tiyo."

"What Crockta? Are you envious of General dot?"

"....."

Crockta pointed to the left instead of answering.

"....."

The magic bullets pouring from General started to slowly stop. Tiyo turned off General. Then he came back.

"Hahahat, these bastards. There are quite a lot of them. Hahahat."

"....."

"If this is the case, I think a strategic retreat is in order dot. It is better."

"Yes."

"...Hu, huhut."

The moment that Tiyo had devastated the caruk herd. On the

left, a tremendous number of caruks were approaching. Their expressions were serious. They were breathing roughly towards Tiyo who harassed their people. They started to stomp on the ground.

“B-Bring it! Hahahat!”

Tiyo said while moving backward. The ground shook.

Dududududu!

The caruks rushed fiercely towards Crockta’s group. Anor shrieked and ran away. Tiyo followed but he had short legs and didn’t gain much speed. Crockta sighed and grabbed Tiyo. They started to escape.

The caruks chased after them. Crockta also snatched up Anor while running. After placing Tiyo and Anor on his shoulders, he picked a terrible terrain that the caruks would find hard to follow him on and escaped.

The caruks pursued.

“Damn! Everybody get lost!”

Tiyo started to fire General from Crockta’s shoulder. However, that just made the caruks angrier.

“...Sorry dot.”

Tiyo apologized as he watched the caruks charging wildly with bloodshot eyes. Crockta couldn’t see behind him but he could guess the situation. He quietly whispered.

“Bul’tar...”

Crockta’s group, who ended their chase with the caruks, decided to camp under a large rock. The sun was setting and darkness descended. The shape of the moon became clear.

He put an old iron pot over the campfire. Then they placed the

meat received from Nameragon in the water. A few simple ingredients were added to make it a great meal. Tiyo tasted the spices.

“Kiing...”

Tiyo glanced over at the caruk. The caruk whined because it was terrified of death.

“It doesn’t seem to be delicious dot...”

“We have to ride it tomorrow.”

“Too bad dot...”

They barely managed to capture two caruks. Crockta would ride one, while Tiyo would share the other with Anor.

“If we eat that guy then let Anor raise the bones...”

“What are you talking about?!”

“It was just a suggestion dot.”

Tiyo licked his lips. Then Tiyo started taking care of General while Crockta added more branches to the campfire. Anor was playing with the caruks.

Only the sound of the campfire could be heard. Stars were shining in the sky. It was a beautiful scenery. Crockta stared blankly at the sky. After finding out that it wasn’t a game, he admired the scenery of Elder Lord once more.

The sound of footsteps was heard.

“.....?”

Crockta turned his head.

A group of dark elves was walking in the distance. The light of the campfire hit them, allowing their appearances to gradually be seen. There were three hooded dark elves. The man in the lead was walking comfortably with a staff.

Crockta greeted them first. “Hey, are you alive?”

He stopped and looked at Crockta, before slowing moving again.
“For tonight, is it okay if we share the campfire?”

“It is okay. We are just lacking food.

“We have enough food. If you have any complaints, we will share it with you”

“Okay.”

He took off his hood. He looked younger compared to his voice. The dark elf in the front was the only one to speak and his followers didn't open their mouths.

“Where are you heading?”

“Spinoa.”

“Hoh, a gnome, orc and dark elf heading to Spinoa...”

He smiled and looked at Crockta's face. Crockta instantly knew who he was. Since reaching the Pinnacle, he had a keen sense for the surrounding environment. It might be a good hunch. The magic power in the environment was flowing around this man in a favorable manner. It was like it was welcoming him.

Obviously, he was a magician with an affinity to nature.

“It isn't strange in this age.”

Crockta called his name, “...Jamero.”

Chapter 102 – How To Become A Magician

(2)

Jamero's expression didn't change as he nodded.

"You are Crockta. Hello."

"I am alive." Crockta gestured to an empty seat as he welcomed Jamero, "Sit down."

"Thank you."

He sent a glance to the two elves following him and they immediately unpacked, pulling food out of a large backpack. Tiyo's eyes widened.

"Good prey. Welcome dot."

Tiyo and Anor rose and received the food they handed over. They immersed themselves in the cooking. There was only the iron pot so they eventually decided to boil it all together. But Tiyo and Anor listened once the dark elves started talking.

They were making stabbing motions with a twig. Was it a skewer? Maybe something new might come out.

He looked at them before turning back to Jamero. "You came from Spinoa."

"Yes." He looked at Crockta and asked, "What do you see?"

"You are strange."

He raised his hand, causing a faint ember to float out from the fire. It looked like a mini firecracker. The mysterious appearance caught Crockta's eyes. The small ember turned blue.

"What do you feel when you see this?"

It was like the color of a kitchen gas fire. Crockta unconsciously muttered, "Complete combustion..."

Oxygen and heat were supplied in a sufficient amount to burn without leaving any byproducts. It was complete combustion. If this wasn't satisfied and the combustion was incomplete, a red flame would burn.

Jamero looked at Crockta's face with a curious expression. Ah, Crockta regretted what he just said. He was using words from Earth. It might be hard for Jamero to understand. But Jamero showed an unexpected reaction.

"You, won't you become a magician?"

He put out the ember and leaned towards Crockta. Crockta quickly withdrew and said, "What are you saying? I am a warrior."

"What do you think magic is?"

Crockta couldn't answer. He had devoted himself to becoming a warrior. He didn't touch the skills or abilities of any other class. Just like a mother buying clothes, he learned only the skills he needed to move through the rough world of Elder Lord.

Then he received this question. What was magic? If Elder Lord was another dimension, where did the strange ability that was impossible in his world come from? Users could acquire magic through the system, but how did the residents of this place create such a miracle?

Crockta stared at Jamero. He smiled and said, "You don't need to think so hard. It is an easy answer. A question with no answer."

Crockta was troubled. He was just Crockta the orc warrior. Furthermore, the words 'complete combustion' had already attracted Jamero's interest. That's why he received an offer to become a magician.

Crockta didn't want to give a disappointing answer. Crockta's head became tense. However, he pasted a casual expression on his face.

Crockta started to speak, "The world is made up of earth, fire,

wind, and water.”

“Hoh...the elements...”

“But...”

Crockta recalled the heart of his child self. That mindset spoke through Crockta towards a magician in Elder Lord.

“There is one more thing.”

“A fifth element. What is it?”

“That...”

Crockta pointed to Jamero’s chest instead of answering. He followed Crockta’s fingertips and his eyes shone as Jamero realized that Crockta was pointing at his heart.

“Heart.”

“.....!”

“Earth, fire, wind, water, and the heart, if those five powers are gathered...”

Jamero’s eyes increasingly grew larger at Crockta’s answer. Crockta seemed to hum his reply.

“This is a beautiful world, a beautiful world...”

Crockta’s fingertips now turned towards the sky. The sky in the north. As the seasons passed, the constellations looked different but they always touched the hearts of the people. The universe. The sight was imprinted on Jamero. A sea of stars seemed to be falling down towards him.

“We use our hearts to move the four elements that make up the world.”

He added the word ‘heart’ thanks to the glimpse he saw of the Hero rank. Crockta proclaimed towards Jamero who was still staring up at the sky.

“I think that change is magic.”

Applause was heard from behind Crockta. The two dark elves who followed Jamero were clapping. Anor and Tiyo were piercing meat with sticks beside them.

“You are really amazing.” Jamero nodded. “The fact that you instinctively realized this despite your young age and the fact that you are a warrior...”

“Ten Thousand Flow Gathering School!”

“Hah...!”

Jamero nodded. The other dark elves looked even more impressed. Tiyo and Anor were ignoring the nonsense and placing the skewered meat in the campfire. The stew that they have been making was enriched with more ingredients and smelled delicious.

Now everyone sat around the campfire. Jamero spoke to Crockta again. “I was a born magician. So I always worried. If the power transmitted through blood was the only case of the mysterious phenomenon of magic.”

Anor nodded. He also became a necromancer due to his mother’s lineage.

“But there was a gradual understanding as I kept training. Magic is the power of the heart reacting to the world and creating change. I was born with a talent that allowed my heart to reach the world through magic...”

He looked proud. “Crockta. You will also learn magic.”

“It isn’t necessary for a warrior.”

“It is obvious that you already feel magic. Such instinctive senses is an essential quality for a magician.”

Tiyo and Anor were turning the skewers.

“Please take this.”

Jamero handed him something. It was a book.

“The youngest son of the...?”

Jamero nodded.

“The author was born the youngest son of a magic family and persecuted, but eventually wrote this masterpiece thanks to intense research and effort. It is a new type of education that uses the style of autobiographical storytelling and effective training to make the reader unable to put it down. It is the most recommended magic tutorial. Take it.”

Crockta accepted it.

[Magic Tutorial has been acquired.]

[The conflict between the warrior class and magician class will slow down the acquisition of magic skills.]

[Are you sure you want to learn magic?]

System messages appeared. The system messages hadn't been seen for a while.

Crockta frowned. It was apparently the gray woman. The fact that she was watching made Crockta feel bad.

Jamero seemed to misunderstand his expression. “Don't worry too much. As a favor to me, just take a look.”

“Thank you.”

Jamero didn't want to place any more burden on him so he didn't say anything else about magic. Instead, he praised Tiyo's cooking skill. “The skill of your gnome friend is excellent.”

“Huhu, real men should know how to cook dot.”

He just skewered the meat and placed the remaining meat in the pot, but Tiyo shrugged.

“What is Spinoa like? Is the world tree really big?”

“It is really big. A beautiful place. You will be surprised as well.”

Anor was filled with expectations. He was a dark elf but he had never been outside Nuridot. To see the world tree in Spinoa was the dream of all the dark elves in the north.

“You should take a close look. It is a place we have to protect.” Jamero declared.

The atmosphere became tense.

“The orc chieftain is currently crazy. He probably... it is clear that he is bewitched.”

“What do you mean?”

“Now isn’t the time. You will know once you go to Spinoa. Anyway, he seems unable to make rational judgments. He only wants war and destruction. If he takes the north and then the rest of the continent, what will remain after that?”

“.....”

“A series of infinite tribulations. Disputes and slaughter will repeat throughout the world. That is what he wants, and it is our worst future.”

Jamero looked at them. “Meet Zelkian in Spinoa.”

Zelkian was the name of the leader of the dark elves. All dark elf villages and cities in the north were loosely under his control. It was known that he communicated with the world tree to make the right decisions for the dark elves.

Crockta nodded. There was probably an important reason to call them to Spinoa.

“Zelkian is expecting you. Hahaha. Zelkian waiting for an orc, I never imagined it.” He laughed.

All the food was finally cooked.

Each person placed a skewer in their mouths. Unlike the

stereotype of elves being vegetarian, they knew how to eat meat properly. In particular, Jamero ordered the dark elves to bring out more meat.

New meat was placed on the fire.

“Good.”

Anor laughed, “It would be nice if this trip could continue.”

Anor was enjoying himself after leaving Nuridot. Their stay at Gushantimur’s lair, Nameragon and this campsite, Anor wanted this time to continue. It was a bright expression that couldn’t be seen in Nuridot.

“It will continue.” Crockta smiled and replied, “After catching the great chieftain.”

Anor’s eyes widened. “It will continue even after that?”

“This brat, what is with those eyes? Why do you even need to ask dot?”

Tiyo placed Anor in a headlock. Anor struggled.

“I-It hurts. Hurts...fuc...!”

Tiyo blocked his mouth before Anor could curse and released him. Anor scratched his head.

“Since you only lived in Nuridot, you should see the continent beyond the north dot. This Tiyo will show you the continent.”

“You haven’t even been outside Quantes.”

“...Shut up dot.” Tiyo said energetically. “Good dot, after killing the great chieftain, we will commemorate the peace with a parade around the continent. A pilgrimage around the continent!”

Anor’s eyes shone. Then Jamero chimed in, “It is good to be young.”

“Jamero, how old are you that you are pretending to be an old man dot?”

“Let’s see...I haven’t counted after I turned 350.”

“.....!”

He was an aging dark elf, despite his young appearance. The elves had twice the lifespan of humans. For human, 70 was already an old man.

“O-Old...!”

“Uhuh!”

Jamero waved his hand and an unknown force grabbed Tiyo’s collar. Tiyo floating in the air. As his footing disappeared, he started struggling.

“W-What did you do? What is this dot?”

“For a gnome who can’t honor an adult, I shouldn’t let his feet touch the ground.”

Tiyo floated up to Crockta’s height and frantically struggled. “S-Stop dot!”

Crockta and Anor burst out laughing.

Magic was a mysterious force. The energies around Tiyo were picking him up according to Jamero’s will. The flow through Crockta’s sixth sense was beautiful. It wasn’t bad to learn it once.

Crockta nodded. The system message that he had turned off popped up again. There was an oddly pleased tone.

[The just warrior Crockta has learned magic. How far will he go? Introduction to Magic (Common) has been learned. Congratulations!]

Chapter 103 – Spinoa (1)

Crockta's group said farewell to Jamero.

But Crockta had a hunch that they would meet again soon. That place would probably be the battlefield.

He discovered things about Jamero after spending camping together. At first glance, both his wisdom and magic power were at an amazing level. The tough remarks about the Great Clan made Crockta realize that Jamero was a man who didn't avoid fights.

A scene where they would fight together was drawn. A huge battlefield where he received the support of a magician's firepower. It would be huge.

In the past, Crockta hadn't wanted to start Elder Lord. But now he had to go on for himself. If he didn't fight then he would lose his principles. Nevertheless, the world was still unknown.

“Eh eh?”

Anor, who was riding the caruk behind Tiyo, suddenly turned his head. Tiyo asked what was wrong, but Anor just laughed and said it was nothing. But he had a strange expression on his face.

“Um.”

Crockta realized the reason why and nodded. After learning Introduction to Magic, Crockta could see more of the world than he could before. If his skill Heart and Soul Penetration gave him information for fighting, Introduction to Magic made him more sensitive to the flow of the world.

‘Sasasasasaaaah....’

A faint aura of death was rising from the rocks under them. It was from those who already died. The black flow was scattered here and there. Someone famous might be buried there. It was unknown, but the rush of aura couldn't be stopped. Time would

dilute it.

As Anor was a born necromancer, he would be able to see more than Crockta. Crockta realized that Anor's face occasionally turned dark because he was seeing something like this.

“Anor.”

“Huh?”

Crockta threw something. Anor's hand stretched out and he caught it.

“Ah. Thank you very much.”

It was some jerky that they had received from Jamero.

“What, why aren't you giving me any dot? I am the one steering the caruk while that guy is just riding comfortably!”

Crockta pretended not to know anything and chewed on the last piece of jerky.

“Aiiish!”

Tiyo kicked the caruk, causing it to run faster. Anor was surprised and nearly dropped his jerky.

“Shit...!”

“What? Try swearing dot!”

“Hu...I will endure it.”

“Pretending to be an adult...!”

Tiyo made the caruk run faster. They gradually moved away from Crockta. Crockta chewed on the jerky and stroked the head of the caruk carrying him.

“Can you go?”

The caruk seemed to nod and started running. They ran through the northern plains. The landscape passed.

Tiyo and Anor playfully arguing could be heard from far away.

The sound of the wind touched his ears. He could hear the wings of the birds flying in the sky and the cries of insects on the ground.

After becoming a warrior, the landscape of the world that Crockta saw had changed. Once he received Introduction to Magic, he also saw something different. If he wanted to change the world, he had to change himself.

A smile flashed on his face.

[Status Window]

‘One who wants to become a hero’ Crockta, Orc Warrior.

Level: 71

Achievement Points: 642500

Assimilation: 88%

Abilities:

Peerless Mountain Seizing Strength (Pinnacle)

Regeneration Authority (Pinnacle)

Leyteno’s Heart Swordsmanship (Pinnacle)

Extreme Fighting Spirit (Pinnacle)

Heart and Soul Penetration (Pinnacle)

Tattoos of War, Honor, and Fighting Spirit (Pinnacle)

Army Crushing Roar of Madness (Pinnacle)

Creatures Butcher (Essence)

Gray God’s Eyes (Outside the Ratings)

Introduction to Magic (Common)]

Among the list of spectacular skills that were Essence and Pinnacle ranked, one Common rank stood out alone like a sore thumb. But Crockta could feel that the Common ranked

Introduction to Magic was affecting the rest of his abilities.

Crockta knew that Elder Lord wasn't a game, but a real world. He was assisted by the gray woman through the system, but eventually, everything Crockta obtained was his own strength. Everything was connected to a small element. He wanted to learn more.

[You have discovered the knack of steering the caruk. The righteous warrior Crockta has learned Riding Technique (Common). Fighting!]

It felt like the system was trying to interject.

"We want to arrive in Spinoa today, Crockta dot!"

Tiyo shouted from far away. Crockta rode faster on the caruk after learning Riding Technique. He got closer to Tiyo and Anor. Tiyo screamed and sped up.

"Anor!"

"Yes!"

"Think about it dot!"

"What?"

"As a native of Quantas, I protected the city! Now I am going to the largest dark elf city in the north dot!" Tiyo grinned. "The people in my hometown won't be able to imagine this dot! Kuhahahahahat!"

Tiyo fired General towards the sky.

"It is thanks to Crockta dot!"

"You're welcome."

"I can't be satisfied with the narrow world of Quantas anymore! Kiyoo!" Tiyo showed his tricks on top of the caruk. "Go dot!"

Tiyo shot General towards the sky again.

Peng! The magic bullet exploded.

“.....!”

Anor grabbed Tiyo, who fell with surprise. Tiyo and Anor groaned.

“.....”

Tiyo frowned and hurriedly restored his posture. “W-What was that dot?”

Something flew and pierced Tiyo’s magic bullet. Was it an enemy?

Crockta and Tiyo reduced the speed of their caruks and slowly advanced. They climbed a high hill, revealing the vast landscape beyond it.

“.....!”

The mouths of Crockta’s group dropped open.

It was enormous. One of the pillars holding up the world. The world tree. It felt like a mountain. Spinoa’s landscape that was centered around the world tree looked like a toy. The leaves of the world tree cast shade on the whole city. Even the high walls of Spinoa seemed small compared to one of the branches of the world tree.

“That is the world tree...” Tiyo muttered.

Anor was thrilled. He felt something else because he was an elf, so his cheeks turned red and his shoulders shook. Crockta was also overwhelmed since he saw this scene for the first time. Just looking at it caused something to rise in this chest. The flow of the atmosphere around the world tree touched his skin.

“Look dot.”

Tiyo pointed to something on the walls. There was a spire.

“Someone shot at my General from there dot.”

“From that far away?”

“I don’t know the details but judging from Quantas, I think it is a very sophisticated magic device.”

Crockta viewed the spectacular sight of the world tree. It felt like a fairytale, with the continent war and cry of the chieftain seeming far away.

The caruks cried out.

“Let’s go.”

Crockta opened his mouth and said. He regained his spirit. They descended the steep hill. The caruks slowly headed towards Spinoa.

“I will check your identities,” said the dark elf guard.

Crockta gave the credentials that he received from Radet. The guard took it and confirmed the authenticity. Crockta looked around Spinoa’s gates as he waited for permission. Nuridot and Nameragon were of no comparison.

It included the attitude of the guards. Unlike Nameragon’s defense captain who insulted Crockta, they treated him without any emotions. It was the same for the other people as well. The guards checked everybody that came, even the dark elves.

When he saw them, Crockta suddenly missed Orcrox. The orc guards who guarded Orcrox like stone statues! He told them his name and left for a long time. Now he was in Spinoa in the north.

“Crockta. It is nice to meet you.”

The guard returned. He returned the pass and politely asked for a handshake. Crockta shook hands instead of holding out his fist.

“Crockta. Stay alive.”

“I was waiting for you. Someone will soon come from the world tree. Can you wait a minute?”

“I understand.”

“This way.”

It seemed like the world tree acted as the city hall. Crockta imagined the elves digging there to create a shelter. They would soon be able to enter Spinoa.

“Ohh...!”

Tiyo felt admiration. Crockta also looked around for a while.

Some of the most developed cities that Crockta had ever seen on the continent were probably Quantas and Arnin, but now Spinoa was comparable to them. Dark-skinned dark elves stared at them.

“This is the dark elves’ capital.” Anor shrugged. “Nuridot is like a stable compared to this place.”

“.....”

They stayed for a while at the guard’s office beyond the gate. They followed another guard.

“If you sit here, people from the world tree will come.”

The guard seemed a lot younger. He had an excited face. Crockta sat down. The guard stood beside Crockta. It was a reaction commonly seen towards celebrities. Tiyo and Anor shook their heads at the sight.

“I’ve heard a lot about you. It is an honor to meet you.”

“Don’t do that. It is embarrassing.”

He said that, but Crockta’s face was pleased. The guard looked at Tiyo, who looked away.

“Kulkul.”

They had done a lot in the north, so they should be treated like this. Crockta stretched out and let Ogre Slayer peek through. The

guard responded immediately.

“That is a huge weapon!”

Crockta grinned at the surprised voice. He shrugged and explained. “Yes. This is my friend and lover, my sword! Wow...”

“This is General!” Crockta stopped. The guard’s eyes shone as he kept talking. “I know about General that quickly dismissed the rebels. I heard there were splendid flashes of light and all the orcs were defeated!”

“.....”

Crockta’s face stiffened, but he didn’t try to stop it.

“I respect you. Tiyo!”

“.....”

Tiyo touched Crockta, who was standing beside him. “Get out of the way dot.”

“.....”

Crockta rose politely. Tiyo sat down in his spot. Crockta stood beside Anor who looked out the window humbly. He placed both hands in front of his belly and said to Anor, “Hum hum, Spinoa’s architectural style is wonderful. Hum.”

“.....”

Anor patted his shoulder.

The guard was confused because he couldn’t understand the situation. As Tiyo started boasting about General, the guard realized his error and smiled awkwardly at Crockta.

“I say this dot! This General! Eh? Fire it once! The enemies are just so-so!”

After a while, a person from the world tree finally came. The uniform was different.

Spinoa’s residents were dressed in the dark elves’ usual plain

clothes, while the dark elf who came to them was wearing clothing that seemed to come from Greek mythology, just like the residents of Arnin. His eyes were a bright purple.

He examined Crockta's party.

"Crockta. Tiyo. Anor." He looked at the correct party member every time he called a name. "It is nice to see you. Zelkian is waiting."

Crockta's expression changed.

The messenger from the world tree. On his forehead was a shining white mark in the shape of a branch.

Chapter 104 – Spinoa (2)

Crockta's eyes widened as he found the white branch-like pattern on the forehead. But it slowly disappeared. Crockta examined the face again but the white pattern didn't appear anymore.

Tiyo and Anor didn't show any signs of agitation. They didn't seem to have seen the pattern. What was it?

“Please follow me.”

Crockta's group followed the messenger. The guard who guided the party spoke from behind. “Leave your caruks to us.”

“Thank you.”

As Crockta's group walked out of the guards' office, a carriage could be seen. However, it was driven by caruks instead of horses. The messenger led them towards it. Crockta and his companions climbed on.

The caruks moved. The messenger was silent.

Crockta spoke first, “What did he call us for?”

The messenger sitting across from Crockta looked at him with an indifferent look as he answered, “Zelkian will explain directly.”

Crockta looked at his forehead but the white branch that he previously saw wasn't there. The conversation didn't continue so Crockta observed the landscape of Spinoa.

The streets of Spino were similar to those in Arnin, and didn't show any signs of imminent war. Merchants were buying and selling goods while lovers tenderly walked down the road. Sometimes he saw children running around in groups.

But that thought changed as they headed deeper inside.

Lightly armed dark elves were experiencing tactical training.

At the training grounds, arrows were constantly flying towards

targets while elsewhere, dark elves with shields and swords were practicing. Like gladiators in an arena, those competing in a one-on-one match could be seen.

It was an army.

“They are better than any dark elves I’ve seen dot,” admired Tiyo.

As he said, their skills were above any other garrison they had ever seen. All of them were training seriously with determined faces. They were the faces of those who knew they might die soon and were committed to killing.

The messenger still didn’t say anything. Crockta looked at his face and their eyes suddenly met. He silently stared at Crockta, who didn’t avoid his gaze.

The messenger finally opened his mouth to ask, “Who is the strongest enemy that you have ever fought?”

Crockta carefully thought about the answer. He had suffered in many battles, but choosing one enemy out of them all as the strongest wasn’t easy. Gushantimur popped up but he wasn’t an enemy. If it was an enemy who he fought on the threshold of life and death...

“Behemoth.”

The fight at that time had been terrible. He thought he would die several times. If the Demon’s Mouth hadn’t swallowed the unidentified remains, the behemoth would’ve regenerated infinitely and eventually kill him.

“Behemoth.”

The messenger nodded as if he knew the beast.

“Have you see it?”

“No.”

“How...?”

It was a monster below the border. The messenger didn't answer the question but instead spoke about something else.

“In the future, the fight will be much stronger than that.”

“.....!”

“Please accept my prayers.”

Then he fell silent again.

There was only one enemy he had to fight in the future. The orc chieftain, Calmahart.

He was a hurdle that Crockta had to overcome. A monster with a huge body that seemed to be different from normal orcs. Every time he wielded an axe, the enemy was torn in two. When he roared, the nearby enemies would have their ears burst. He was known as a mutant orc that had never existed in history before.

But even so, for him to be stronger than the behemoth?

Crockta touched Ogre Slayer on his back.

“We've arrived.”

Outside the carriage window, the figure of the world tree could be seen. The translucent leaves that occasionally fell down were solid but scattered a faint light.

Anor spoke in a dreamy tone, “Beautiful.”

The caruks stopped and the group descended from the carriage. The roots of the world tree were exposed. There was an opening between the roots. It looked like an entrance.

The messenger pointed and said, “Over there.”

It led inside the world tree. Crockta's group followed. The interior was surprisingly bright. Crockta looked around. There was no specific light source, but the inside was bright like there were light bulbs.

Crockta placed his fingers on the wall. It was a rough bark texture. Then light leaked faintly from it.

“Um...”

The world tree itself emitted a dim light that illuminated the inside. It truly was a mysterious tree. As they entered a little inside, guards stopped them. The guards identified the messenger and stepped out of the way.

Their eyes moved over Crockta’s group. “Enter.”

The guards opened the door without any special procedures. Then the inside of the world tree was revealed.

“It is unbelievable.”

“Wow...”

It was the appearance of a building they never imagined would be present inside the tree. There was a big lobby when they entered. In the center of the lobby was a beautifully decorated staircase that went up and corridors leading to the left and right. There were doors all over the place and passing dark elves bowed to them. It was inside the world tree so the walls were covered in the distinctive translucent green leaves.

“How did you do this?” Crockta asked.

This was impossible in the modern world where he lived.

“We didn’t do anything.” The messenger smiled. It was the first time seeing that expression on his face. “The world tree made this for us and we are just staying in it for a while.”

Based on the explanation, it wasn’t made artificially but the world tree had willingly done it for them.

Crockta felt his heart pounding. The world of Elder Lord was really mysterious.

“Zelkian is at the top. Let’s go.”

They climbed the spiral staircase made of wood. The landscape changed little by little every time they climbed a floor. After a long time, the stairs finally ended. There was no place to go up anymore but there was no floor to step on. The stairs literally ended in thin air. The interior of the world tree was empty, and there was a huge void above their head.

“This place?”

Tiyo looked down at the breathtaking view before tightly holding onto the stairs. He seemed to be afraid of heights.

“Wait a minute.”

Anor was confused by the words. They soon understood what the messenger meant.

“Ah...”

A big branch was descending towards the end of the stairs.

It was large and flat enough for many people to stand on it. There were twigs and leaves hanging from it, and it shook like a living creature as it touched the end of the stairs. The messenger jumped on top of it then Crockta’s group boarded in turn.

The branch slowly started to rise.

“How wonderful...” Tiyo muttered blankly.

This was possible due to the abilities of the world tree. The branch rose for a while before stopping. The gazes of Crockta’s party turned to one side. There was a passage leading outside. The branch led them towards it. The group followed the messenger and went outside the world tree.

Then they became flustered.

“Wah...”

“Oh my god.”

“Wow...”

The sunset was right in front of them. Everything from the sunset to the rest of the world spread out before their eyes. The plains and mountains in the distance, the animals on the small hills, Spinoa and the elves. The landscape of the world looked like small toys. The blazing red sunset cast long shadows on the earth and all the beings of the world seemed to be gazing at the sunset with them.

It was a beautiful scenery that couldn't be imagined. Crockta's party forgot themselves for a while as they admired the scenery.

Then a voice was heard, "Welcome."

Crockta's group turned towards the voice. They were on a branch of the world tree so movement was inconvenient. Crockta lowered his center of gravity and looked around. Tiyo quietly grabbed Crockta's clothing. It was clear that he was suffering from a fear of heights.

The owner of the voice couldn't be seen.

At that moment. "This way!"

Below.

Crockta looked down. Then he became flustered again.

"...What dot?"

A dark elf. He was climbing up the world tree.

Kwajik!

The small pickaxe in his hand pierced the surface of the world tree. He relied on it to climb up and patted the bark of the world tree. As his footing stabilized, he used the pickaxe and climbed up again.

Kwajik!

The bark of the world tree was pierced.

"....."

He climbed up the world tree and reached the branch where they were located. He sat down and wiped the sweat from his brow.

The messenger just closed his eyes like this was a natural sight.

Once the sweat was wiped up, he stood up and proclaimed, “I am Zelkian! I am the leader who leads the dark elves and he who communicates with the world tree!”

“.....”

“.....”

Crockta’s party was speechless.

The leader of the dark elves, they expected him to be more like a dark elf than anyone else. They imagined a slim body with a calm attitude and wise eyes. But this man was very big. The burly Radet couldn’t even be compared to him.

It couldn’t be compared to Crockta but the muscles were more like a human than a dark elf. In addition, he was a dark elf whose hobby was climbing up the world tree!

“Climbing is truly the best exercise. It is a great thrill.” Zelkian shrugged like he misunderstood their expressions. “I am a true climber who will climb to the end of the world tree.”

“...Doesn’t that damage it?” Crockta asked.

“No, no. The world tree isn’t so stingy. As long as it is given water and sunshine, the wounds will recover...ouch!”

One of the branches of the world tree descended and hit his back.

“.....”

It was a really bizarre sight. Zelkian was embarrassed about being hit and grumbled towards the world tree. Then another branch shook from behind him. He freaked out and ducked.

“S-Stop! You are really violent.”

The branch slid back at his shout and he turned around again. He

didn't say it but they seemed to hear a voice crying out 'there is no need to shout!'

"At any rate, welcome. Crockta! I really wanted to see you!"

Zelkian approached and hugged Crockta. Crockta could smell the sweat on him but refrained from saying anything.

"Wow, look at these muscles. Muscles. Crazy. Hey Jenadu, come and touch. Hey, Jenadu."

Zelkian turned around while still hugging Crockta. He called out the name of the apostle who led Crockta's group.

"Does Crockta exercise a lot? How many kilograms? Do you eat chicken breast after exercising? Do you receive any separate buffs?"

"....."

"Is it in your genes? Oh, you won't grow any bigger than this, right? The calves won't grow anymore even if you exercise."

Jenadu approached silently and pulled Zelkian. He was taken away. "Zelkian. Get to why you called them."

"Ah. Yes." Zelkian's gaze became serious.

Now it seemed like the real conversation. Crockta's group straightened their postures. They were enjoying a leisurely moment right now, but a great war was occurring in the north.

"Crockta."

"Speak."

Zelkian hesitated and opened his mouth, "Don't you think it is a foul to enhance your body with buffs?"

The branch of the world tree appeared again to hit his back.

"Ah, it was just a joke."

He scratched his head.

Then he looked again at Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor and said, “Crockta. Tiyo. Anor. I heard so much about you. People who came from the continent, possibly the ones who opened up the border. Heroes. As far as I can see, you are against the Great Clan.”

Crockta nodded. Zelkian folded his arms.

“You are strong enough. But... you need to become stronger in order to fight against the Great Clan in the future.”

“Is he that strong?”

“You can’t win against the great chieftain with just strength.

The branches of the world tree moved next to Zelkian. Zelkian looked at it for a moment like he was sympathetic. It was a way of exchanging words without any sound.

Zelkian nodded. “Crockta. And to the other two as well, the world tree wants to say this.”

Zelkian’s expression was serious. He stopped before delivering the message to Crockta and winked at the world tree. The branches of the world tree waved. It seemed like a signal to continue.

“Hoo...okay. It can’t be helped this time. I understand. It is inevitable.”

He scratched his head with a bittersweet expression before pointing to the world tree.

“This guy told me to say this.”

Then he pointed towards Crockta and shouted, “You, become my apostle!”

Chapter 105 – Great Northern War (1)

Crockta shook his head at Zelkian's words.

He couldn't become an apostle. Crockta already had a star on his forehead. He connected to Elder Lord and became her apostle. Furthermore, he didn't want to mortgage his body to someone else.

Zelkian looked depressed at Crockta's rejection.

"There are many good things if you become an apostle. You can become stronger. You might get nice muscles like me."

He showed off his burly arm, flexing his muscles to the limit.

"I will also reject dot." Tiyo replied. Zelkian gazed at Tiyo. "If I become an apostle, I will definitely be given duties as well as strength dot."

"That's right."

"I won't be bound to anyone dot. I will become stronger by myself dot."

"Umm..."

The branches of the world tree swayed like tentacles. The man's arm was still in the pose. He seemed to be in shock from the continuous rejections.

Then Zelkian's gaze landed on Anor. Anor was a dark elf. Expectations filled Zelkian's eyes. The world tree was sacred to dark elves, unlike orcs and gnomes. Therefore, any dark elf would consider this opportunity an honor. But Anor also smiled and shook his head.

"No, why?" Zelkian stretched out his arms. "The opportunity to become an apostle of the world tree isn't given to just anyone. It is a tremendous gift."

"But if I become an apostle of the world tree, will I eventually be

bound here?”

“Of course. It is a blessing to be with the world tree.”

“Then no.” Anor looked at Crockta and Tiyo. “I have to go to the continent with them.”

He had promised Crockta and Tiyo before coming here. Anor hadn’t forgotten that they agreed to explore the continent together. It was his most important goal.

Zelkian nodded. “If it is friendship... it can’t be helped.”

Zelkian nodded. The world tree shook its knotted branches as if it understood.

“It will be a little harder but it can’t be helped. Don’t regret it.” Zelkian touched the world tree. “This was why I called you here, but it can’t be helped if you refuse.”

He turned his gaze towards the distant sunset. His face was red. Zelkian looked at it for a while before turning around.

“Follow me.”

They entered the world tree again. They rode a branch downstairs. They reached the upper level of the stairs.

Zelkian led them to his office. It was a desolate room with only one desk. However, the moment that Crockta’s group entered the office, the floor started to rise behind them. The wood on the floor created chairs. Crockta confirmed with his own eyes what it meant by the world tree creating this place. As they sat down in the chair, the table inside the office changed again. In addition, Tiyo’s chair rose further so he was at eye level with the others.

It was a custom interior. Branches representing the will of the world tree also appeared in the office. The tentacles moved freely but they were welcoming.

“Sit comfortably.” Zelkian shrugged. They could feel his pride in the power of the world tree. “Now let me tell you what to do.”

The table changed. The wooden surface continuously moved up and down, creating a contour. It was the north. The world tree had created an elaborate embossed map. Crockta's group was filled with admiration. The branches of the world tree hit the table.

Zelkian pointed to Spinoa where they were located.

"We are here." Then he pointed to the south, to the home of the Great Clan. "The great chieftain is here."

Then he drew an arrow on the table with a pen and marked a path. The area of the orcs was expanding and advancing into the area of the dark elves. There were already battles occurring at the boundaries of the dark elf area.

"It doesn't matter. Strategy and tactics aren't important." Zelkian drew a circle. "They will reach this place in a week."

He drew a line from the circle and pointed the arrow towards the center of the dark elves. Then he wrote down the word 'monster' within the circle.

"You have to stop this guy."

The great chieftain.

"Is the great chieftain that strong dot? Aren't you an apostle of the world tree?" Tiyo asked.

As an apostle of the world tree, it was clear that he had some power. Zelkian shook his head. "An apostle isn't invincible. And..."

Zelkian stabbed the word monster again with his pen.

"That bastard...I think he is also an apostle."

"Apostle?"

"Yes. A senseless guy."

"Apostle, whose apostle is he?"

Crockta remembered her. The system had given him an unknown power. If he looked at the name 'Gray God's Eyes', it was

likely that the woman was the gray god and a fallen god. The world tree also seemed to be such a divine being.

Was this war a fight between gods? Which god gave strength to the great chieftain?

“I can’t be sure, since I don’t know that much about orcs.”

Crockta’s Heart and Soul Penetration said that Zelkian had a strong force. There was a formidable strength inside him. But Zelkian was seriously wary of the orc chieftain. He seemed to think that the orc chieftain was stronger than him.

Crockta spoke, “So what do you want for us? Where should I fight?”

That was the key. No matter what his thoughts, they were going to war. Once he stepped on the battlefield, they had to be willing to shed the blood of their enemies. That was a soldier’s mission.

“Don’t think too hastily. We will be blocking so slowly...”

Crockta cut off Zelkian’s words and pointed to Nuridot. Then he pointed to the villages on the outskirts one by one. Zelkian was silent. They were places where fights were already taking place.

“We have to think quickly Zelkian. This isn’t like playing toy soldiers.”

“.....”

“The war has already begun. You seem to only be concerned with the orc chieftain, but there are a series of fights where people are dying. I don’t want to act leisurely. No, it seems like coming to Spinoa itself is a waste of time.”

Tiyo nodded in agreement.

“We have to go to the battlefield as soon as possible to avoid unnecessary damage dot. If you only called us to become apostles then we will be going.”

Zelkian didn’t say anything for a while. Then he nodded.

“I understand. I’ve been acting too leisurely.” Then he pointed to the branches of the world tree. “I’m connected to that guy... It seems like I have changed a lot.”

The world tree didn’t respond. It was a divine presence. Just like humans didn’t care about the lives of ants, it might think of the dark elves and orcs as small points on a map. Concentrating only on fighting the great chieftain, who seemed to be someone’s apostle, reflected that perception.

And that wasn’t Crockta’s point of view. The scenery he saw through the map was the sight of those bleeding on the front lines. It was the perspective of someone who thought every minute and second was precious.

“I’ll give you quick caruks, so be ready to leave tomorrow. Move quickly from Spinoa.”

“I understand.”

Zelkian’s face was relieved like he had changed his mind. “It is good that I met you. No one here tells me what to do.”

He laughed bitterly. An apostle that communicated with the world tree. To the dark elves, he was like an agent of god.

“So...”

At the moment that Zelkian was talking...

Kukukung!

The world tree shook.

Crockta grabbed the table. Tiyo got off the chair and lowered his stance. Anor fell over.

“What is happening?” Crockta asked Zelkian. The branches of the world tree had disappeared like they were sucked somewhere else.

His expression was serious. “The world tree...attacked.”

“What?”

“Come along.”

Zelkian leapt out of his office. It was chaos inside the world tree. The dark elves within the world tree were confused. But that confusion stopped once Zelkian appeared.

“Maintain your positions.”

“Yes.”

“Let’s go.”

Crockta’s party followed Zelkian. They climbed the stairs then rode the branch of the world tree. The branches of the world tree were waiting for them. It rose in an instant. The movement wasn’t slow like earlier. They stopped at a point that could be called the center of the world tree. The world tree opened and they went outside.

On the large branches of the world tree, a sight they never imagined was revealed.

“.....!”

The bodies of wyverns were hanging all over the branches. There wasn’t just one. The wyverns were twitching as blood poured from their heads. The wyverns were wearing steel equipment on their heads and bodies. They flew over a large distance with this equipment and hit the world tree. The world tree was broken in places and sap was flowing down. It looked like blood.

“There aren’t any big injuries. It’s okay.”

The moment that Zelkian said this. Something started shaking on the wyverns’ bodies.

“.....!”

Crockta distinctively saw what it was. It was the same for Zelkian. They didn’t speak for a while.

“He really is... crazy chieftain dot...” Tiyo muttered.

The wyverns had bundles wrapped around their necks. They were...

Bizarre necklaces made of the heads of dark elves. The soulless faces were staring blankly into the air. It wasn't just one or two. It was a terrible necklace made of dozens of dark elves. In addition, there were over 10 wyverns.

The heads of hundreds of dark elves were delivered towards the world tree. It was a warning from the great chieftain.

“That...bastard...” Zekian's voice trembled. His hands were shaking. A blue light seemed to explode in his eyes.

“That bastard...!”

His voice rang out through Spinoa. Zekian, the apostle of the world tree was angry.

“Dare————!”

The whole world tree started twitching.

“I will surely kill Calmahart!”

Zekian yelled out. Crockta raised a hand to his shoulder. It was meant to calm him down. Anor was already covering his ears due to the loud shouting. Zekian slowly regained his composure.

“Hoo...”

Zekian looked at the air. Then he gazed at Crockta. Fury was in his eyes.

“Crockta. You are right. I was thinking too easily.” He raised an arm to Crockta's shoulder. “I am asking as an apostle of the world tree. Come with us and fight against the crazy chieftain.”

Crockta nodded. “Of course.”

“Thank you.”

“There is no time to delay.”

“It seems so.”

“Then tell me.” Crockta grinned. “Where should I go?”

Zelkian closed his eyes. He thought for a moment before opening it again.

“Emeranian.”

On the map that the world tree created, it was the place where the most intense battle was occurring. The place where the orcs were smashing against. The most dangerous front line.

Crockta grinned.

“I’ll willingly accept.”

The city on the verge of falling, Emeranian. Orc siege weapons were breaking down the walls.

There was a shadow walking towards the orcs of the Great Clan.

It was...

An enormous greatsword that couldn’t be ignored. A body covered in tattoos. An orc warrior.

It was the opening day of the Great Northern War.

Chapter 106 – Great Northern War (2)

The enemies knocked endlessly against the walls.

“Haaaah”

“Caska, there’s no time to breathe a sigh of relief.”

“I know, I know.”

She drew back her bowstring once again. Her job was to continuously pull the bowstring and launch projectiles until the walls collapsed. As soon as she pierced the head of an enemy with an arrow, she would fire a new arrow, providing the walls the possibility of lasting a little longer.

Now the enemies were near. The walls shook violently.

A magician’s flames fell in the middle of the enemies. However, the magic of the orc shaman stopped it from causing damage. The fireball spread and became hundreds of small sparks, disappearing into the air.

Where was the enemy shaman? Caska’s eyes swept the battlefield. Among all the orcs in shabby armor, she discovered an orc wearing a robe.

“Snipe the shaman.”

“I will do it as well.”

Caska and her boss pointed their arrows at the same time. It felt like the eyes of the shaman were facing towards them.

She aimed at his yellow eyes. Caska and the shaman’s eyes met across the long distance. It felt like he already knew everything about her. Nausea arose in her empty stomach.

Caska’s fingertips let go of the bowstring. Two arrows flew side-by-side, slicing through the air towards the enemy’s forehead and eyes. The shaman’s staff waved once. The arrows stopped in front of the shaman’s nose and turned around. The iron tip stared at

them before following their own trajectory. Then they started to move along that path.

“Down!”

Caska threw herself flat down. The arrows were rushing back towards them.

Reversal.

Rattle.

There was a noise. Caska closed her eyes. Her right shoulder felt warm and she could smell blood. Her body was injured from throwing herself down so quickly.

This was a battlefield. Life and death were just fleeting moments.

She raised her body without looking back. Her supervisors had been changed many times, and the supervisor assigned to her today once again became a corpse at her feet.

“Died like a fool.”

She drew back her bowstring. The shaman couldn't be seen. The arrow shook, with the tip of the arrow pointing down.

Orcs were climbing the walls. An orc was stepping on a ladder. The ladder was low and not really clinging to the wall, but they didn't look back and kept climbing up the walls like ants. The moment that one of the orcs stepped on the ladder, another followed behind.

Caska's arrow aimed at the head of the orc climbing up. She maintained eye contact with the orc while shooting.

It made her feel nauseous. The arrow headed downwards. The orc was pierced and fell. No, that was wrong. The orc behind him climbed up the ladder again without a change in expression.

Caska was fast. She loaded an arrow again. Then she fired. The orc died. The orc positioned behind him climbed the ladder again. Kill and kill again, the soldiers repeated the same task like they

were toys. There was no such thing as repeated failures.

“Caska! Do you have any arrows left?” questioned her colleague.

Caska checked her quiver and found that there were only two arrows left. She loaded one of the arrows. “No.”

“Damn! What are you doing?”

Caska carefully aimed the arrow as she ignored the voice in her ears. Two arrows left.

She was looking for the shaman who killed her boss. She looked around the entire battlefield in order to kill him, but all the orcs looked the same. How did these hateful guys gather such numbers to become an army? It was hard a hard feat, even if the whole species were all warriors. If all orcs carried a weapon, weren't they a cursed species?

“Filthy bastard.”

She found the shaman's face. The shaman was currently holding the staff and mumbling something. He had an escort to guard his defenseless body, but there was enough space for her arrow to penetrate.

She aimed the arrow, emptied her mind, and felt the flow with her body. It was like creating the most beautiful pottery. Just like the mindset of a potter creating the beautiful curve, she calmly pulled the bowstring.

She pulled the arrow back as far as possible as she imagined it piercing the neck of the orc. It was liking choosing the dinner menu. The arrow left the bowstring. It converged on the target in the distance in an instant. The arrow pierced a neck.

Caska muttered, “How irritating.”

In the blink of an eye, the shaman's eyes widened as he stopped the chant and pulled the body of a guard towards him. The arrow hit the orc soldier instead of the shaman. The end of the pierced

arrow stopped right before the orc shaman's nose.

She immediately pulled out a new arrow. There was still one left. The arrow flew towards the back of the shaman as if it were aimed at an escaping enemy. But the speed of the shaman rose sharply. He moved more promptly than she expected.

Her arrow caught his calf. The shaman collapsed to the ground. He crawled while looking behind. She threw away her empty quiver and pulled out a dagger hanging from her waist.

She grabbed the head of the dead supervisor.

“What are you doing, Caska?”

“Shut up.”

Blood splattered everywhere as the brain burst apart. She firmly cut it apart and took out the arrow that had pierced his head. It was hot. She placed the blood-stained arrow on her bowstring. The hot blood of the supervisor painted her cheek as she pulled the arrow back. She could taste blood in her mouth.

Caska let out a terrible laugh.

“Really...annoying.”

Her arrow split the air. Everything else was nonsense. She wanted to kill. This wretched bastard, she needed to get rid of him. But the shaman muttered something and a barrier formed around him, causing her arrow to bounce off of it. The barrier collapsed from the hit. The arrow lost power and fell to the floor.

The shaman sighed with relief. Within seconds, the other orc soldiers surrounded him and became a protective shield.

Now she had no more arrows left. Caska laughed again before kicking the railing of the wall.

“Shit!”

“Caska.”

“Shit!” She grabbed the clothing of a colleague. “I will kill him, so give me an arrow.”

“No.”

“Why won’t you give me an arrow?” she loudly shouted.

The orcs were gradually climbing up the walls, but she had long since stopped paying attention. There was a supply station carrying arrows far away, but their turn was still far away.

“Don’t be a fool. Just use your knife.”

“I can’t use a knife!”

“I don’t care.”

“Hah.” She angrily kicked the body at her feet.

“Stop.” A colleague restrained her.

Caska glared at the shaman with bloodshot eyes. He was being escorted to the rear by the soldiers.

This shaman had been bothering them since the early days of the siege. He was the de facto commander. The warriors were always at the front fighting, while the one judging and directing the situation was the goddamn shaman.

At that moment, she saw something. “What is that?”

From the north, a big greatsword was shining under the hot sun. There was an orc carrying it on his shoulders. His whole body was full of primitive tattoos.

“A guy from the Great Clan.”

“But the appearance...”

The sword looked more like a flagpole than a weapon. He encountered the orc shaman’s group. They shouted at him. The orc with the greatsword didn’t answer and just lifted the greatsword from his shoulder.

She felt a horrified chill at the sight of the orc handling such a

heavy object with only one hand. She could sense it. He didn't belong to any category she had seen before. A new species.

At that moment. The greatsword cleaved the space horizontally. The soldiers, including the shaman, were split in half and their bodies flew into the air. Blood and organs were scattered all over the ground.

It was caused by a single slash.

“Ah...”

Her colleague's mouth dropped open. Caska's expression also froze. The orc stepped through the horror he created and approached the orcs attacking the walls.

Caska's open mouth gradually changed into a smile.

Every time the orc swung his greatsword, more orcs would die. The orcs didn't care about the rear and were clinging to the walls without any thought, as well as firing the siege weapons towards the gates.

The orc with the greatsword was strolling along behind them and taking down all the orcs. Blood flew in the air every time a life was taken. It was a blow that arrows couldn't deal.

A feast of slaughter.

“Cool.” Caska's shoulders trembled as she laughed. “Really cool, that orc...”

Kwaang!

The gates broke with a sound. Orcs started to be sucked towards the gate at once. The dark elves blocked the enemies with the spears, but it was like preventing an incoming tide. At that moment,

“—————!”

A huge roar was heard. The dark elves and orcs turned towards the source of the sound. It was an overwhelming roar that made

them forget this was a battlefield. At that moment, the ears of everyone in this place were shocked and tinnitus struck.

He said to the orcs. "Calmahart, he is a neophyte."

The faces of the orcs changed at the insult to the great chieftain. To them, Calmahart was a divine being. He was the leader who would make them rulers of the north, or even the world. This was an insult to the great chieftain. In addition, it came from an orc standing in front of a large army alone.

The orc continued speaking.

"Calmahart is a sissy and he will die by my hands." He raised his greatsword. Then he smiled. "Are there any complaints?"

The orcs turned around.

"This crazy guy!"

"What are you doing?"

The orcs raised their weapons. The orc siege surrounding the gate and walls loosened.

"There are lots of complaints. Then..." The orc with the greatsword raised his hand.

Then he beckoned.

"Come."

The orcs lost patience at his provocation. The orcs turned around. Then they turned and started running towards the lone orc. Like a swarm of ants climbing a tree, they sprang towards him. He was about to be surrounded by numerous orcs.

It was a desperate sight.

At that time, the supply cart came and gave arrows to Caska who had been watching. Caska reflexively grabbed the arrows before hurriedly loading an arrow on the bow she had thrown to the ground.

“What are you doing?” Caska shouted. “Support that guy! Recover your minds!”

She no longer cared about who was the leader. They died and she lived. Now she was the boss of this place. The dark elves regained their minds and started shooting arrows.

The orc was on the verge of being surrounded.

She exclaimed, “Don’t let them kill him! Shoot like crazy!”

A rain of arrows enveloped the sky. A black light covered the earth. Orcs fell down like dominoes.

“It really isn’t a joke...” Caska smiled and she continuously fired.

The blood of her boss had dried on her face. The smiling bloody face contained the madness of the battlefield.

Her colleague asked her, “That orc, he isn’t dead?”

Right now, he couldn’t be seen at all. She didn’t know why an orc was fighting other orcs, or why he came alone.

“He won’t die,” Caska said with a smile. “If he doesn’t die and survives the battle...”

She could see the brilliant light of his sword moving between the orcs. Orcs went flying all over the place. Caska trembled as she saw the intense eyes of the orc among the fountains of blood.

She declared in a laughing tone. “I will give my first kiss to that orc.”

“Hey, hey.”

Her arrow flew through the air and pierced the head of an orc soldier. She placed another arrow on her bowstring and laughed as she said, “Seriously.”

Chapter 107 – Great Northern War (3)

The moment he arrived at Emeranian, there was a large group of orcs surrounding it and it seemed like it would be torn down at any minute.

Crockta got down from the caruk. Tiyo and Anor were still far behind him. Crockta had arrived here first on his caruk, due to his riding skill.

The number of arrows flying from the sky was gradually dwindling. The orcs climbing the ladders were close to the wall railing. The walls seemed on the verge of collapsing.

Crockta looked down. There was the body of a dark elf, staring up with white eyes. He looked at the dark elf's hands. Clean hands. It was a rare white hand that had never touched a weapon and had a ring on the finger.

Crockta kneeled down and closed the dark elf's eyes. He raised the elf's hand to his abdomen. An engraving on the ring entered his eyes.

A L Y A.

Was it his name or the name of his lover?

He moved his hand towards his chest.

“—.”

Crockta heard something. He heard it clearly. The eyes of the body seemed to be looking at him. Was it the wind, or the dark elf's voice?

He closed his eyes. After learning Introduction to Magic, Crockta's senses had woken up. He felt the world. His mind drifted towards the world around him, as he listened to the sound of the wind and saw the heart of the grass.

It was the first step of the miracle called magic.

Crockta opened his eyes.

The bright sunshine shone down unto the world as a voice revolved around the earth and the sky. No, it was really the wind.

It didn't matter. Crockta pulled out his greatsword.

"Don't worry." The wind blew again. The blades of grass lay flat down. "Lay down and watch."

Crockta walked forward. The castle looked like a sandcastle that was just about to be destroyed by an army of ants. Orcs with weapons were constantly beating at Emeranian. A slaughter was just around the corner.

It was a virtually impossible stage to perform on. However, the breeze blowing in the air pushed at him. How could he refuse that soft touch? Crockta followed the flow of the breeze and raised his greatsword.

He strode towards the back of the orcs. A group of orcs. There was a wounded shaman and soldiers escorting him. Crockta looked over towards the wall. There seemed to be a skillful sniper. They shouted at Crockta.

They were questions such as 'Who are you?' and 'Where did you come from?'

Crockta considered their questions.

Who was he? Where did he come from and where was he going?

He laughed. He brandished his greatsword.

The world slowed. The air vibrated. The particles of the world transformed and expanded. Ogre Slayer split the world. The bodies of the shaman and soldiers split in half and blood splattered out. It was Crockta's answer.

Crockta moved promptly. He cut the enemy's back without a sound. He eliminated the orcs heading towards Emeranian from the rear. The orcs waiting for their turn were stabbed. He broke

the enemy's spine and cut through them.

In order to reduce the difference in numbers, all attacks needed to be done efficiently. Deadly blows. He didn't even need to check if he killed them.

“Kuheeok!”

He broke the enemy's breathing. The arrows of the dark elves gradually stopped. Maybe they were running out of arrows. However, the number of people noticing Crockta's presence had increased. Crockta smiled and exchanged swords with them.

Kwaang!

Kwaang!

Crockta's greatsword split an enemy as the gates fell. The scenery inside Emeranian and the faces of the dark elves were visible. Orcs were rushing towards the gate like crazy. It was like a tide towards Emeranian.

The dark elves formed a barricade and blocked the orcs with their spears, but the orcs just stepped on the dead bodies and swung their weapons at the dark elves. The area around the gate became soaked with blood. The orcs were now entering the interior like an angry wave.

Suddenly, Crockta stopped. The wind blew.

He nodded. Crockta took a deep breath. He gathered air in his lungs. The air was condensed deep inside. His steel-like body blew air out. Then he shouted.

[illegible]

The battle roar ripped through the air! Then the ground shook. The orcs blocked their ears and looked back. Some fell due to the momentum.

Crockta glanced them in turn. They wouldn't know the meaning of the word he just shouted. However, after this war was over.

They would know the meaning.

Crockta grinned. He slowly opened his mouth.

“Calmahart, he is a neophyte.”

The orcs' expressions changed. It was like they didn't understand what they were hearing.

Crockta continued speaking. “Calmahart is a sissy and he will die by my hands.”

The orcs grabbed their weapons. The provocation was enough to make them forget about entering Emeranian. Crockta grinned.

“Are there any complaints?”

Crockta's voice was heard clearly by everyone on the battlefield. The orcs turned from Emeranian to Crockta. The hostility aimed at taking down the castle, Crockta received it. Every hair on his body bristled. He couldn't stand it and smiled.

The orcs in front of him were burning with a desire to kill him. But he didn't feel afraid. The orcs yelled and cursed at Crockta. Countless insults and anger poured towards him.

Crockta nodded. “There are lots of complaints. Then...”

He raised his hands. The orcs and dark elves on the walls, thousands of eyes were pointed at him. He once again raised his hands towards them.

“Come.”

It was like a dam broke as the army of orcs pushed towards him. Left, right, front, and back, the orcs stepped on the companions and rushed like a tidal wave. Axes, spears, and swords filled his vision.

The world slowed down.

Dduok!

Blood splashed from the lead orc in the lead that was holding an

axe. Crockta used gentle movements and stared at it. Red blood, the source of life.

‘I am alive.’

The tattoos on his body were burning. He seized his greatsword.

‘Or is it just breathing?’

He crossed swords with a saber that aimed at him. Hatred and anger, the sum of their emotions. Why did they get angry at the smallest things?

‘Honor.’

Feel angry towards things that were truly worth it.

Crockta brandished his greatsword.

An arrow hit the back of an orc that was running away. It was the last one.

The battle finished but none of the dark elves of Emeranian cheered. They just looked at him with eyes filled with awe.

“What is that...”

Countless orc corpses were scattered around. It was like a dam was built with the dead bodies. At the heart was an orc with a bloodied greatsword. The orc survived alone against such a huge army. Since the orc army was attacking him, the dark elves were able to slaughter the orcs as easily as aiming at targets.

There were no uninjured spots on his body. There were stab wounds where blood flowed down and a broken spear was inserted in his side. One arrow that flew the wrong way also pierced him. The wounds on his shoulders and thighs made it hard for him to stand.

However, he endured. The dance of a one man army.

“You, what are you doing?” Caska asked.

She was looking at a dark elf who raised his bow. The arrow was pointed at the orc.

“We don’t even know who he is.”

Caska’s face distorted. “Didn’t you see him attacking the orcs instead of us?”

“He is also an orc. Anyway... ouch!”

Caska kicked the dark elf. He grabbed his leg. She slapped the dark elf.

“This dog, are you a spy? The Great Clan paid you, didn’t they?”

“W-What are you saying?”

“Then why are you shooting the same side, you bastard!” She yelled angrily. The dark elf bowed his head. “Send a medical unit and treat that orc!”

The dark elves regained their minds at her words and rushed out. The orc entered the gate on a stretcher. The orc never let go of his greatsword, so the soldiers had to withstand the combined weight of the orc and greatsword. Many dark elves had to carry him at the same time.

Caska sighed as she looked at the dead bodies in front of the castle.

“I’m really sick of this.”

Her colleague laughed. “You will become sicker from now on.”

“It is as you say.” She leaned against the railing. Dust was still rising on the horizon. “The orcs are heading north and will come again.”

“It won’t end until the great chieftain is killed.”

“So...”

Caska glanced back. The orc was being carried by the medical corps. Sometimes he would regain consciousness and say

something. The dark elves would stop and look at him.

“I’m sick of...”

They had been stuck in a siege with the orcs for a week. Thanks to the orc, they eventually destroyed the enemy. Now she would be able to take a break for a while. Until the next battle. Not just Emeranian, but other cities in the area were still under siege.

At that moment. A large dust cloud approached from far away.

“.....!”

She reflexively raised her bow. Had more troops come already? According to the scouts, there was still some time. Her colleagues’ expressions hardened at Caska’s response. They stared at the horizon.

There was a caruk running while creating dust. And the one who was steering it...

A gnome.

“W-What is that?”

“Well...not an enemy?”

“A little...cute?”

The gnome had a scary expression on his face as he kicked the caruk. Behind him, a dark elf was holding his waist and shouting with a terrified face, as if telling him to slow down. They arrived in front of the gate.

The gnome looked up at Emeranian and shouted.

“I was so worried dot!”

“.....”

The dark elves looked at each other.

“I will help you stop the orcs! My name is Tiyo!”

No one answered. Tiyo shouted again without any hesitation.

“Come and lead me inside the castle dot!”

“.....”

Caska turned her head. “What is this?”

“He is called...Tiyo?”

“Tiyo? What is that?”

One soldier interrupted their conversation. “Tiyo, it is those guys. Travelers from the continent.”

“From the continent...that gnome?”

“Yes. A gnome and orc, and I heard that a dark elf recently joined to make them a group of three... The orc warrior earlier must be Crockta.”

“That guy is Crockta?”

Caska’s eyes widened. She had forgotten but now she remembered.

She recently heard that travelers from the continent were being active in the north. They went through the Luklan Mountains to Nuridot, Nameragon, and Spinoa, while their leader, an orc warrior, was on a completely different level from the orcs here.

He was stronger than anyone and righteous. He said that the Great Clan didn’t have honor. Orc warrior Crockta.

“Come in.”

The dark elves let Tiyo and Anor in. The gnome shouted and bluffed as he entered the castle, but they soon headed off to see Crockta.

Caska looked at their backs and nodded.

“The rumor was real...”

He was an orc who dealt with numerous opponents alone without looking back. The monstrous sword slew the enemies left and right.

Caska's expression became determined. Her colleague laughed at her appearance.

“Look at that. Are you serious?”

“What?”

Caska looked at him.

“If the orc survives, will you really give him your first kiss?”

Caska laughed. “Why, do you think I can't?”

“He is a good guy but... That orc could refuse.”

“What are you talking about?”

Caska pointed to her face. The traces of battle such as fatigue and dust were piled up, but her dark blue eyes shone brightly. She had a straight nose and red petal-like lips. A solid and voluptuous body toned through training. A beauty even among the dark elves.

Caska laughed as she indicated her face.

“There is no way he is a eunuch.”

Chapter 108 – Great Northern War (4)

Crockta was lying on a bed.

His wounds were recovering quickly. His Pinnacle ranked skill, Regeneration Authority allowed him to recover from the shock he received. As soon as the arrow was pulled out from his shoulder, the skin healed by itself.

Tiyo found his resilience amazing.

“I know it already, but that really is a brutish resilience dot.”

Crockta grinned while lying down. Even so, it wasn't easy for him to face the troops alone. Axes aimed at him blindly. He avoided any fatal injuries by twisting his body, but it was still uncomfortable.

However, thanks to Crockta, there was no large damage to the dark elves. If the orcs entered through the open gates, a slaughter would've begun. Perhaps all the dark elves in Emeranian would've been killed or enslaved.

But Crockta provoked the orcs and took on all the enemies alone. No, he overwhelmed them. The dark elves fired at their backs, but his actions couldn't be denied.

His understanding of the Pinnacle was maturing, and once he added in Introduction to Magic, Crockta's senses were as sharp as a blade. He was able to feel the blades flying from behind and the blood of the orcs. He felt like he was increasingly becoming a monster.

Could any of the users afford to go against him? No. Crockta was confident. As long as they thought of Elder Lord as a game, the users couldn't beat him.

“Hey. Orc?”

The door opened and a dark elf walked in. She was carrying a

bow, and her body looked flexible and strong. She looked like a black panther walking around. She turned towards Crockta. It was a beautiful appearance. Her face and body were covered in dirt from the long battle, but the light of her blue eyes couldn't be concealed. They shone like sapphires placed on brown skin.

Tiyo muttered, "Hoh, Crockta. You are quite good dot."

Anor was confused. "What is quite good?"

"You will understand if you look closely. The light in those eyes. Those gestures. That gait."

"I guess she is angry. Did Crockta do anything wrong?"

"This! You are an amateur dot. The eyes of Quantess' love expert, Tiyo, isn't wrong dot." Tiyo whispered, "If you look a little further, you will understand dot."

He spoke as she came straight towards Crockta. The dark elves standing on duty around the bed saluted. She gave a slight nod in response. She looked down at Crockta as he looked up at her with a confused expression.

She stretched out a slender hand towards Crockta. Crockta gazed blankly as her hands approached his neck.

Tiyo and Anor gulped as they watched.

"What is this?"

"It is exciting dot."

Snap.

".....!"

"T-That's it!"

Tiyo and Anor reflexively started chewing the cookies next to them as they stared at the sight before them. It was placed by the bedside for the family of patients. Anor had been visiting the sick patient; however, he became immersed in the sudden change of

situation, putting the corn cookie in his mouth. It was like watching flames across a river!

Crockta spoke, “What are you doing?”

He frowned at the woman who grabbed his collar.

“Crockta, right?”

“Yes. Rather...”

“My name is Caska.”

“I want you to release me before telling me your name.”

Crockta pointed at her hands holding his collar. But she just laughed and moved her face closer instead of letting go.

“You were cool.”

Anor blocked his mouth with one hand and grabbed Tiyo with the other.

“What a surprise, a surprise.”

“The man who fights in battles and saves the city will get a woman dot.”

“Captain Caska is really bold.”

The dark elf soldiers in the infirmary also nodded their heads.

However, the party involved, Crockta was uncomfortable. “Don’t come too close. I’m uncomfortable.”

“Uncomfortable?” Caska grinned. “Crockta.”

“What is it?”

“I half fell in love.”

“It is an honor.”

Caska lightly stroked Crockta’s forehead. “Shall we kiss?”

Her remark was like a bomb as the whole room became silent. Anor hit Tiyo’s arm.

“It hurts dot!”

“Wow, wow, what is going on, really!”

“It is simple and ignorant, just like Captain Caska.”

They were so immersed that they forgot to chew the corn cookies in their mouths. But the atmosphere around the characters of the romantic scene wasn't that warm.

“I don't like it.” Crockta replied while still looking confused by the hand on his collar.

“What?” Caska's eyes widened. “Am I not unbelievably pretty?”

“Hah.”

She pointed at her lips again. Her crimson lips looked like a blooming flower. Despite the long battle, the lips were moisturized and had no cracks. It was an alluring color, especially when contrasted to the brown skin.

“Really, you don't want to?”

Crockta hated this type of thing.

That...

He was a romanticist.

Crockta raised his injured upper body. Then he pointed towards her.

“No flower can stay red for 100 days! You are certainly beautiful. But you have made no contributions to that beauty. You just inherited that beautiful face from your parents. It isn't the result of any effort. A beautiful face itself will never represent your value!”

“.....!”

The men in the room were all shocked.

This orc...

He was big. He was a big and brave man. Indeed, a big man worthy of being a one man army. His faith and beliefs were so strong that he rejected the offer of a beautiful woman!

Caska's face stiffened. Crockta continued speaking.

"Of course, I like beautiful things too."

"T-Then why?"

"The beauty I speak of is not that kind," declared Crockta while pointing to himself. "Rather than the pretty flowers, I feel beauty from the diligence of the worker bees who flap their wings without rest to gather honey and pollen."

".....!"

"You might have looks, but bear in mind that character is more important to me."

Everyone knew this principle, but most didn't understand it sincerely. This orc. He showed it by rejecting this beautiful female elf.

Jung Ian, he was an ordinary man who once only knew this belief with his head. But that changed after meeting 'her' on the battlefield. Assault rifles and rocket launchers suited her. Crockta's face became depressed as he remembered seeing his old love. Then he seemed to look sorry at Caska's ignorance.

At this moment, everyone in the room realized it. Crockta wasn't simply a great warrior. A sage.

There was only the sound of Caska letting go and hurriedly walking away. She left the room as quickly as she entered it.

Tiyo placed the corn cookies to the side and walked over to Crockta. Then he raised a hand to Crockta's shoulder.

"Crockta."

"What?"

“You are the man, I admit it dot.” He had a truly admiring expression on his face. Anor was also filled with admiration.

“Amazing, Crockta. I’ll say it again.”

Tiyo sighed. “That elf was really beautiful dot... If that was me, I wouldn’t have been able to reject it dot. A true man...”

It was a sincere murmur.

Crockta reflexively denied it. There was still a trauma caused by the Love Mode lock.

“I-I’m not impotent.”

“.....!”

A slip of the tongue! Crockta realized his mistake but it was already too late. Everyone in the room realized the truth.

“C-Crockta...perhaps...!”

The eyes of all the men in this place changed from respect to awe. The emotion was even deeper than before.

Now they saw clearly.

Crockta wasn’t just a sage. No, he was a great sage.

Caska started running as soon as she left the room.

She was an excellent hunter and the captain of the third unit of the Emeranian guards. Once she started running in earnest, no one could catch her. She ran towards the walls. It was a place covered in orcs.

The dark elves were moving the bodies of the orcs. It was to be burned. Unarmed soldiers were repairing the gates and checking their equipment for the next battle.

“Hello!”

“Yes.”

Caska saluted and felt her close associate Linier, a lieutenant of the second unit. Linier was in charging of recovering and repairing arrows from the corpses of the orcs. Linier, who was disinfecting the bloody arrows, discovered Caska and turned towards her.

“Caska.”

“Linier. Come here.”

“I’m busy.”

“Come and see. It is just a minute. It is a big deal.”

Linier was taken away by Caska. They stood beneath the wall.
“What is it, tell me?”

“You know.” Caska placed her forehead against the wall. “I went to the orc called Crockta.”

“Whoa. Really?”

“So I tried.”

“Kiss? Really?”

“But he refused.”

“Things like that can happen. You are a stranger.”

“That is the problem.”

Caska hit her forehead against the wall and looked at Linier. Linier recoiled from Caska’s expression. Faint embers were burning in the beautiful blue eyes. Linier could see that it was a really big deal.

“In fact, half of it had been a joke.”

“I guess...”

“But... That guy...so cool.”

“So what, now...”

“Yes, now.” Caska nodded. “It isn’t a joke anymore. The real deal.”

“Yes.” Linier sighed. “This is really serious.”

“The troops at Emeranian were wiped out.”

“Kuhuhu. Stupid.”

“The young shaman was stupid.”

The warrior called Akhu laughed as he wiped his halberd. The army of the Great Clan was advancing slowly. They never rushed. As the large numbers pushed, the orcs would eventually win. There was no choice. They had the great chieftain and many powerful warriors were born.

“It isn’t too bad to obtain a base before the main army comes.”

He got up from his seat. They were located outside Juora, a city located to the west of Emeranian.

“The great chieftain will be delighted.”

“There are many dark elves. We should wait.”

“Do you feel doubts? I am the warrior Akhu. Emeranian didn’t have any proper warriors.”

“We should still wait.”

“Che, this boring fellow.”

Akhu looked at the walls of Juora in front of him. The dark elves were still cowardly hiding behind the walls and shooting arrows. In a siege, especially a siege against dark elves, the invaders had to suffer great damage.

Akhu dug at his ears and said.

“I’ll just play a fun joke.” He told the shaman. The shaman nodded silently.

His body was filled with strength. The big warriors had the power of magic behind them and were able to pull out all their battle power. Akhu was overflowing with confidence. It felt like he

could break through anyone.

He walked towards Juora. Then he shouted towards the top of the wall.

“I! I am the leader of this army, Akhu!” His call echoed. “You cowardly and weak dark elves who can only shoot arrows from behind! Every day you run away, and you are trash who doesn’t know what a real fight is!”

He smiled and started to pee towards the walls. The orcs behind him raised their weapons over their heads and cheered.

“If you are a confident person, come out! If you don’t hide like a sissy behind the walls, I will give you a chance!”

He raised his halberd. “No one! The dark elves really are cowards!”

He signaled to the troops in the rear. Then an orc handed a spear to him. He immediately threw the spear. It slammed into the gate. The gate shook violently. It was a tremendous force.

“You are a species that suits slavery! Soon all of you will fall down at our feet, licking shit in order to live!”

He burst out laughing. He liked lowering the enemy’s morale. He could provoke the enemy then kill any opponent that came out for a one-on-one fight. Even if they didn’t come out, the enemy’s morale would sink to the bottom. This was the habit of a Great Clan warrior.

At that moment.

The gate opened.

“Ohh.”

A dark elf walked towards Akhu.

“There is a man with some guts!”

Akhu laughed and spun his halberd around. The reaction was

unexpected. So far, there had been no response to his taunts but the anger of the dark elves must have accumulated.

The dark elf looked calm. In addition, his weapons were a little unusual.

“Hey, Garbage! My name is Akhu! What is your name?”

Akhu yelled in a pleased tone. He wanted to mutilate the dark elf then throw him towards the walls. Fear was the best means to trample the enemy. The joy of slaughtering was just a bonus.

But the dark elf didn't answer.

Akhu rubbed his nose and raised the halberd. Anyway, everything would be answered with a few swings of his halberd. After the harsh treatment, Akhu vowed to trample on that cheeky face. The halberd swung round and round.

The wind blew through the dark elf's gray hair. His violet eyes were calm. The dark elf raised his arms.

A pair of swords. A dim light shone around the two gently curved scimitars.

Chapter 109 – Great Northern War (5)

Emeranian completely defeated the enemy. At Juora, the leader of the orc forces, Akhu was defeated and killed in a one-on-one fight, causing the morale of the orcs to drop catastrophically. The progress slowed and the orcs waited for the main army without further attacks

Nuridot was devastated. Some survivors fled to other cities or the Luklan Mountains, but most lost their lives there.

In another city called Yekator, located on the outskirts of the dark elf territory, street fighting was taking place.

“Hopeless,” said Jaluten the dark elf as he cut one of the orc’s necks. “We have to join the main forces at Juora.”

“There are still a lot of citizens remaining.”

“There is nothing we can do.”

The dark elves following him had already reduced in number. Their fighting spirit was lost and their morale was at an all-time low. It was the same for him as well.

“But how can we leave them alone?”

Jaluten looked at the face of a young dark elf. It was a person who still had his sense of justice.

“I’d rather die fighting.”

Jaluten shook his head. “It is a dog’s death. Remember what happened today. Then later on, we will get a bigger revenge on them.”

He looked back. The city was burning. The landscape that their ancestors had lived in for generations had now become distorted and turned to ashes. Their friends, family, and neighbors had been split apart by axes.

Jaluten grabbed the young dark elf's shoulder.

“Jaluten...”

His hands were shaking. Jaluten stared into the eyes of the young dark elf and said, “Through any means, get revenge.”

He closed his eyes and nodded.

Yekator had fallen. The dark elves resisted using the city's buildings as shields, but the orc's axes broke their heads without any mercy. They slaughtered and looted like it was a game.

They asked a question. Execution or slavery. Those who chose slavery were cut in the ankles and forced to crawl. Execution literally meant their heads being split apart.

Hell was currently occurring. The dark elf Jaluten and his followers resisted to the end, but eventually had to watch the whole city burn.

“Go out from the rear wall. There will be caruks in the old barn behind the garrison. Go to Juora or Emeranian.”

They moved quickly. Jaluten knew better than anyone else. They ran while voiding the eyes of the orcs. It was towards the back road leading outside the walls.

At that moment.

“Rats still remain!”

An orc stood blocking them. Jaluten gave strength to the hand holding the long sword. He couldn't waste time. He had to kill this orc at once. But he sighed as he saw more soldiers emerge from behind the orc.

“Are they the last ones?”

They were warriors of the Great Clan.

The one in the front was a monster who wielded his axe and defeated any dark elf. It was far above the attack power of any

other orc here and he had a strong commitment to victory.

He stared at Jaluten. “You are moderately interesting.”

Jaluten whispered to the one behind him, “I will block them, so run away.”

“But...”

“It isn’t enough.”

Jaluten looked at the dark elf following him. It was a peaceful age. But Jaluten had known that such a day would come. He raised warriors hoping it wouldn’t happen in his era. They were his heritage. They were young people who insisted on committing themselves to a penance that no one wanted to do.

“For my sake, go,” whispered Jaluten. “Keep this in mind. Never die a dog’s death. Take revenge with all your might.”

It was his last testament. That determination was passed onto the dark elf. It was enough.

Jaluten rushed towards the warriors with his sword. Meanwhile, the dark elf received his signal and ran away. Orcs tried to chase after him but Jaluten stopped them with his sword. The long sword danced through the air. But it didn’t last for long. A big spear pierced his abdomen. Blood emerged. An axe cut his shoulder. His whole scapula was removed.

Jaluten staggered with his eyes wide open. Now his body wasn’t listening to him. His legs cramped. He was bleeding from the nose and the mouth.

“Kulkul, I admire your effort but it is over. I’ll show you.”

A warrior grabbed his hair and pulled him. Jaluten’s spirit was plummeting towards death. A black curtain was coming down from above his head.

“Look at that.”

Jaluten opened his eyes. The runaway dark elf had been torn

down by the orcs waiting. Screams were heard from far away.

“You didn’t do anything.” The orc smiled. “It was all in vain. The whole thing.”

As he said that, he twisted Jaluten’s neck.

Crunch.

Jaluten died.

124 years old. From an early age, he had held a sword behind his father. As a young man, he had no opponents in the city then he became a teacher to the young dark elves when he became older. He needed strength in order to protect the peace and watched out for the orcs. On the day that Yekator was captured, he died with his followers.

His eyes failed to detect it.

“His eyes didn’t see it,” Crockta said.

He closed the elf’s eyes. He didn’t know who the dark elf was. Based on the long sword, he seemed to resist until the end. He was a corpse on the outskirts of the city, along with another dark elf holding a sword.

Crockta prayed for him.

“We were too late.”

They had come from Emeranian towards Juora and then Yekator. Nuridot had already been completely destroyed and a defensive line was established to fend them off. They heard that Yekator was still fighting, but only found a ruined city and many dark elf corpses when they arrived.

The orcs occupying this place retreated without a fight. They were waiting for reinforcements. The orcs of the Great Clan were heading north. Two cities had been devastated by just an advance vanguard. The main army led by the great chieftain had much

greater numbers. The real war hadn't started yet.

"It is hard to stay here for a long time. The gates are destroyed," Caska said. She was the dark elf commanding the troops. Crockta's party was under her command as a type of mercenary.

"The nearby villages have evacuated... Now what?"

Caska sighed. The more she thought about it, the more impossible victory seemed. The dark elves weren't a match, both in numbers and the quality of the soldiers. Orcs were used to battle and seemed prepared for war. The only hope for the dark elves was hiding behind the walls and enduring a siege.

"How horrible."

They wanted to collect the bodies of the dark elves to be burned, but it was too much. There were no intact bodies. Rather than corpses, it was more like body parts scattered all over the city. Some dark elves were nauseous.

Crockta's face stiffened as he looked at the dead. Most of them weren't carrying weapons. Young children, women, the elderly, all of them were dead. Some of them had their ankles cut off and were crawling somewhere. It was a thoroughly devastating trail.

That wasn't the end. All the dark elves didn't have ears, like they were taken as souvenirs. There were no bodies with their ears intact, and sometimes there were a bunch of ears on the ground.

It was a slaughter just for slaughter.

Crockta decided not to think of them as orcs. They weren't orcs. It was totally different from the orcs living in honor on the continent.

"Where is the great chieftain?"

Crockta asked Caska. She flinched and opened her map. "According to the reconnaissance, he will reach the defense line a week later.

Crockta nodded.

Removing the great chieftain was the most important task. The source of all of this was the great chieftain. He was the one who brought together the orcs of the Great Clan and decided that they would take control of the north.

After unifying the north, they would strike at the continent. After he came, the real battle would take place.

“Caska.”

“Yes.”

“I would like to suggest an operation.”

“What is it?”

Crockta thought with his arms folded. They must attack the enemy. Hit a point that the enemy could never imagine. It was the most important point. And he was a man who had always been mobilized for such an operation.

“A raid consisting of a small number of elites.”

“The goal?”

“The great chieftain.”

Caska’s eyes widened. “What?”

“The dark elves are basically just trying to survive. Who would’ve imagined that we would hit the great chieftain with a surprise raid?”

“No.”

“The enemy will never think about it.”

“Do you know why? The success rate is low! Don’t even think about it. It is ridiculous. Nonsense.”

“Then the dark elves will be ruined.”

“.....”

Crockta closed his eyes. Then he opened them again.

[Grey God's Eyes (Outside the Ratings) has been activated.]

He didn't like this skill. There was a sense of repulsion in seeing someone's lifespan. It was natural to live and die. It was unnatural to force it. It was presumptuous to try and counteract it. So he had sealed it after he first used it at Nameragon.

But,

Crockta closed his eyes again after seeing the numbers floating above their heads. He didn't want to see anymore. The numbers above the heads of the dark elves were all different, but they pointed to a similar future.

A massacre. They would all be slaughtered.

"Caska, do you have a way to contact Zelkian?"

"Zelkian?"

"I have something to say to him."

Crockta's eyes sunk.

His instincts were telling him. There was only one method to win this war. Other operations and tactics would lead to defeat.

It was the only way.

Assassinate the great chieftain.

"Grr...."

A beastlike sound emerged from the mouth of an orc.

"How are you feeling?"

"Good."

He got up. His body, which was originally big, had become larger.

He was big enough to make other orcs seemed like a kid, and powerful enough to swing his axe with one hand. The word monster suited Calmahart, great chieftain of the orcs.

“We march again tomorrow. Increase the speed. Arrive as early as possible.”

“I understand.”

“As quickly as possible. Within 5 days.”

“Yes.”

He sat on a throne. It was a newly created one in order to accommodate his larger size. It was decorated with the skulls of the enemies he killed, and the slaves were forced to carry it during the march.

Calmahart smiled.

“Shaman. Your fate reading?”

“Huhuhu, my reading of your fate is always the same.” The shaman bowed his head. “You will win the north. Everyone will be killed before your armed forces.”

“Kuk kuk, is that so?”

The great chieftain grabbed his armrests.

“That...haha.”

He used strength and tore off the armrests. Then he threw them. The armrests rolled to the side of the shaman.

“There is no one who will entertain me.”

“Let’s see...”

“I want something unexpected.”

He grinned.

“Yes, like now. I hope someone will open that door in a surprise attack. No, tomorrow would be good. I want someone to swing

their sword towards me neck while I'm sleeping. When I arrive at the dark elves, I want all my troops to be destroyed."

"....."

"Do you know why I want to go to the continent?"

"How can I know?"

"I have no opponents in the north." Calmahart buried himself deep into the throne. "I hope to find an opponent. An opponent who can make me struggle."

The shaman laughed. Then he bowed deeply.

"I'm sure you will find it. Of course, you will always win."

The shaman closed his eyes. The future of Calmahart that he saw was always the same.

Death, killing, slaughter, and victory. He never saw defeat in his future.

Calmahart was the brightest star he knew. There were no doubts about the future.

Chapter 110 – Great Northern War (6)

Zelkian opposed the surprise attack. The others were the same. There were just too many practical limitations. In the first place, the great chieftain was moving at the center of a great army. The concept of a surprise attack wouldn't work, but Crockta wanted to directly see the face of the great chieftain.

Then a gift came from Jamero, the magician of Nameragon. To Crockta's surprise, it was an artifact.

[Read this well. This artifact is a gift for you. It is precious, but I shouldn't think about saving it when this is a war for the north. I will trust you since I believe there is no one greater in battle than you. Use it as you want.]

That was his letter.

Crockta's eyes shone as he confirmed the information about the artifact. It was a disposable magic artifact. But it seemed like something that existed for his purpose at the moment.

It was an old pumpkin.

[The 'Boundary Pumpkin' is an ancient relic of the elves with a mysterious magic spell on it. However, it can only be used once.]

Tiyo and Anor were worried for him.

"Is it really okay dot?"

"It's possible if I have this pumpkin."

"I still don't know dot. The great chieftain..."

"I have to see that guy's face," said Crockta.

Tiyo nodded.

“Then I will wish for your safe return dot.”

“Don’t worry.”

Crockta grinned as he claimed, “I’ll come back before the war even happens.”

The main army of the Great Clan headed north.

Calmahart stared at the distant lands. They just needed to move a little further and the cities of the dark elves would appear on the horizon.

He laughed, “Move faster.”

There were orcs, dark elves, and humans carrying his sedan. The slaves of various species walked quickly. His heavy body and large throne were hard to move using their own strength, but if they didn’t follow his command, they would be tortured and executed.

There were many slaves to replace them. Many slaves had been tortured in ways they couldn’t imagine, and in the end, they closed their eyes begging for death.

Calmahart was the devil.

The shaman suggested, “Calmahart, I think it is better to stop here for today.”

It was currently twilight.

“They will be well prepared so if we continue on late at night, enemy guerrillas might appear.”

The vanguard at Emeranian had collapsed. There was definitely something there.

The two units that went to Nuridot and Yekator had captured the places as scheduled. The orcs at Juora couldn’t advance due to the unidentified dark elf wielding double swords, but the troops were

still intact.

Only the troops at Emeranian had died. He couldn't guess what had happened there. Calmahart was marching to Emeranian first for that reason.

“Understood.”

There would be something. He laughed.

They stopped. The orcs began to prepare the camp. Tents and camping supplies were distributed. Calmahart's dwelling was the largest and most spectacular.

Calmahart descended from his sedan. The slaves were relieved. The tremendous weight on them had disappeared. Today's hell-like schedule was over and they would be able to rest until morning. At least, that was what they thought.

“You there.”

Calmahart laughed. The slaves' faces stiffened.

“Didn't it keep tilting to the right?”

The voice was gentle, but his natural inclination couldn't be hidden. The slaves were already able to foretell the scene that would occur next. There was only one time when Calmahart smiled like this. It was always just before killing someone.

His axe would cut the other person. He looked to the right while killing someone on the left, looked to the left while killing on the right side. His game was random. The slaves trembled at the thought that they would be next.

“My right hip kept on tilting down.”

Calmahart approached the slaves who were in charge of the right side. They bowed in unison. They couldn't kneel because they were still holding the sedan chair.

“I'm sorry!”

“I’m sorry!”

The slaves apologized quickly. Calmahart burst out laughing at their appearance. At just a few words from him, everyone would shudder with fear and seek forgiveness. They would do whatever he said to survive.

Fear was his strength. The sight made him delighted.

“Kukukukuk, you don’t need to apologize.”

Calmahart’s lieutenant and shaman approached as they noticed the situation. The orcs setting up the camp didn’t pay any attention to this place. It was a familiar sight to them.

“Just this.”

Calmahart’s body became a blur. He swung the axe on his back. It was so fast they couldn’t see it properly. Blood splattered. The sedan tilted.

“Kuheeok!”

“Waaaah!”

“Kyaaak!”

Screams rang out. The slaves on the right side were covered in blood. Calmahart’s axe cut the ankles of the right side slaves all at once. Except for the front and back, most of them lost their ankles due to his axe. Those far away were caught in the aftermath and swayed.

But they never backed down. They clenched their teeth and supported those with torn legs.

“Hoh.”

The sedan didn’t fall. It was because all of them would die if that happened. The tearful slaves persisted. The slaves on the other side moved around the sedan chair to try and ease the burden by moving the center of gravity.

However, Calmahart looked at them and they couldn't move further.

"If you hang on until the sun comes up tomorrow, you are free."

It was ridiculous. One person had already lost his right ankle. The bleeding was getting worse.

"If it fails, I will kill both sides. To prevent the suffering."

He said he would kill them and turned around. This was Calmahart's habit. Postponing the murder. The scheduled death sentence didn't happen right away, but it wasn't far off. In the meantime, he would laugh at how they struggled.

"....."

For a moment, the sedan tilted. One of the slaves on the left side with good ankles ran out.

"Die demon!"

He was carrying a small hidden dagger. He jumped at Calmahart's neck and swung the dagger. However, Calmahart's huge hands grabbed his head. He frantically struggled.

"Kuk...kuock..."

"Kukukuk."

Usually, the dark elf's head would explode. But Calmahart just threw him to the side.

Then he said, "You there. You. You. You."

He pointed to the slaves one by one. They were all orcs.

"Come out."

They came out. They were orcs who refused to join the Great Clan, were caught in the Luklan Mountains, or fought the Great Clan. Calmahart hated them the most.

"The dark elf tried to attack me in the face of death."

Calmahart was now speaking to all the orcs in this place.

“He did that despite knowing there is no hope! He came at me, Calmahart! But what about you?”

Calmahart raised his axe. The faces of the enslaved orcs became speculative.

“Orcs! Orcs! Hiding in the back like this! Hiding behind a dark elf’s ass!”

The orcs of the Great Clan stopped working at this shout.

“You aren’t orcs, but pigs!”

Calmahart’s axe split apart the head of one orc. The body was divided vertically. All types of organs hidden under the skin poured out.

“We are orcs! Never run away! Die fighting!”

The orcs cheered at Calmahart’s words.

“To the Great Clan!”

The other enslaved orcs trembled. This was a fearsome monster. Despite the fact that they were originally large orcs, Calmahart looked down at them from a higher height. He wasn’t an orc, but a different species that looked like an orc. The burly muscles could probably tear apart an ogre with his bare hands.

“Kneel.” Calmahart’s terrible face laughed. “You are pigs, so go crawl and grunt for your lives. Then I’ll let you live.”

The orcs hesitated. They were orcs unrelated to the Great Clan. They were living peacefully. Then one day, the Great Clan warriors appeared and forced them to prepare for war. When they refused, their villages were wrecked. They all became slaves. They were people who didn’t know how to fight.

At that moment, one of them came forward. It was the only stranger among them, an orc born in the Luklan Mountains. He wasn’t a warrior. However, he still maintained the traditional

beliefs of the orcs.

“Calmahart. Poor, mad person.”

“.....!”

Calmahart’s eyes narrowed. He had seen a lot of final efforts before dying. Everyone shouted and cursed him. However, there was no one who insulted him in such a calm manner. Despite the instinctive fear, the orc from Orcheim was staring at him with calm eyes.

“You aren’t an orc.”

“How interesting. Me?”

“Do you know Bul’tar?”

Calmahart laughed. It was the first time hearing such nonsense.
“Just a crazy guy.”

But his eyes were still clean.

“Keep this in mind Calmahart. Everyone dies. It is only our honor that death can’t erase.”

“You are just making sounds with that mouth. For you will definitely soon die by my hands. Kuhuhu.”

“You don’t understand this. Someday, you will meet a real orc and die.”

He bowed down. He grabbed the dagger hanging from the hands of the dark elf who had been thrown by Calmahart. Calmahart gazed at the dagger. However, the posture was lousy. This was an orc who didn’t know how to fight.

Calmahart laughed. Indeed, he was just someone who lost his mind.

“Yes, weak orc. What is a real orc? An idiot like you who can’t even hold a knife? A weakling? A fool like that?” Calmahart laughed cruelly. “The rubbish of the Luklan Mountains who will

soon be killed by my hands?”

Calmahart approached. The orc swung the dagger, but his wrist was immediately grabbed by Calmahart.

“Tell me. Who is a real orc?”

As Calmahart’s terrible face neared, slight fear appeared on the orc’s face. The fear he sowed filled the surroundings. Nobody could resist that fear. But the orc clenched his teeth and endured it.

“I have seen a real orc. Unlike you, who is playing as an orc warrior.”

“Hoh.”

“You will be seeing him soon.”

Calmahart’s hands gripped his neck. Those who resisted fear weren’t fun. The sight of people surrendering to the overwhelming fear and despair was to his taste. Even at the moment of death, this guy continued speaking nonsense.

It wasn’t fun. No matter how strong a person was, they eventually yielded to him.

“His name...”

The orc’s breath got stuck. The orc could barely speak anymore. The pressure from the grip on his neck was so overwhelming. He called out the name as he choked.

“Crock...ta.”

His body slumped down.

Calmahart had heard that name before. An orc from the continent. A bastard from the weak continent. That guy was a real orc. Calmahart laughed. Then the body of the dead orc was thrown to the ground.

“We advance tomorrow morning.” Calmahart turned around.

His pleasure had cooled off.

“What about those guys?”

“Leave it until tomorrow. I’ll see you then.”

The slaves sighed as Calmahard disappeared. Their lives would be extended until tomorrow. With the hope of someday being rescued, the warriors carried the sedan into the camp. Those with damaged ankles groaned on the floor. The other slaves gave them first aid.

And...

There was one man watching the scene.

A determined face. The tattooed body was distorted with anger. He looked at the body of the orc who called his name. Then he gritted his teeth.

It was Crockta.

[‘Boundary Pumpkin’ temporarily turns into a magical pumpkin carriage that no one can see. Once it is used, it can move through space again at midnight and then the pumpkin will disappear.]

He looked down at the orcs from the air and waited for it to get dark. He had to wait for Calmahart to be alone.

To the garbage who didn’t know anything about being a real orc. Crockta would inform him about what an orc warrior was.

Ogre Slayer in his hands hummed and cried out.

“Just wait,” Crockta muttered. As Ogre Slayer hummed, the world slowed down then accelerated again. The world repeated these actions. He could feel the trajectory of the wind on his skin.

His senses were extremely sensitive due to staying in the world of the Pinnacle.

A boundless anger towards the enemy. The optimum condition for killing.

Crocta's sword was aimed for Calmahart's heart.

The sun set.

The moon rose in the sky.

Chapter 111 – Great Northern War (7)

Crockta looked at the sky from the pumpkin carriage. It was the end of the lunar cycle. The thin moon made him the most sensitive. Darkness distracted the enemy's vision and hid his stature.

He just needed his greatsword.

He was currently floating above the tent of the great chieftain, Calmahart. But the area still hadn't calmed down. Orcs were carrying food into Calmahart's tent. They were carrying an enormous amount of meat. Calmahart's overeating was good for Crockta. Digesting a lot of food required energy, so it inevitably made the brain sleepy. The body would become dull and dull bodies created gaps in battle.

“Not bad.”

Once the orcs fell asleep, Crockta would descend from the carriage and hit Calmahart. The night was still young.

The next space time movement of this pumpkin was at midnight. He still had some time. Crockta touched the surface of the pumpkin carriage. It was really a pumpkin and a pegasus made of translucent light pulled it.

It was summoned by Jamero's 'Boundary Pumpkin.' He used it and a pumpkin carriage suddenly appeared. It was a carriage that only appeared in Crockta's eyes and allowed him to infiltrate wherever he wanted without a sound. If there wasn't a restriction that only one person could use it, perhaps he would've been able to pull off a greater surprise attack.

Crockta carefully searched below.

It was a large army. It was the spectacular sight of many orcs camping together. If all those orcs appeared in the north, it would be impossible for the dark elves to handle them. Crockta

reinforced how important this opportunity was. If he stabbed Calmahart in the heart here, maybe the war would be over. The origin of all this was Calmahart.

“One, two, three.”

He confirmed the number of guards around Calmahart’s tent. There weren’t many due to Calmahart’s confidence. Warriors on patrol sometimes roamed, but overall, the defense was lax. They didn’t expect a surprise attack at all.

Of course, they were right. If it weren’t for this mysterious artifact, Crockta would’ve never reached here. It was a one person raid.

The moon went behind a cloud. There was perfect darkness on the plains. The pumpkin started to descend gradually, according to Crockta’s will. Gradually, the campsite of the orcs came closer.

He occasionally heard the steps of the orc soldiers walking around. Crockta quietly added his own footsteps to the sounds. There was an orc soldier with his back to Crockta.

Step.

Suddenly, the orc soldier looked around.

Spit.

Patter.

Blood splattered as the orc’s head turned around. Crockta caught the falling head and eliminated the sound of impact. Once again, blood poured on him.

Then silence.

Step.

Crockta walked forward. There were three guards around at the tent. Crockta moved behind them in the darkness.

“I’m tired,” an orc muttered while yawning.

He had a halberd tied to his back. He never noticed as Crockta secretly approached.

[The skill Infiltration (Common) has been acquired.]

[You seem to be getting used to sneaking around? Your Infiltration skill has upgraded.]

[Shadow Infiltration (Rare) has been acquired.]

He shut the message windows off. Then in the same manner, he cut the neck of the orc from behind.

“.....!”

The orc responded. He felt something and quickly twisted. However, he couldn't avoid it and most of his neck was cut.

“Kuheeok...!”

His throat was cut and he couldn't shout properly. The orc looked up at Crockta with surprised eyes. Gradually, bubbles rose and the eyes became blurred. Crockta used his greatsword to completely separate the dangling head.

The orc's eyes died. Now there was only one left. The remaining orc was completely asleep. Crockta didn't bother using the greatsword. Instead, he reached out his hands to the orc's neck and twisted.

Crunch.

The orc still seemed to be sleeping. There would've been no pain.

“Now it is starting.”

Crockta muttered in a small voice. He stood directly before Calmahart's tent. Such a large tent was being used by only one person. It was as big as a building. The opponent wasn't easy, but Crockta wasn't an ordinary orc.

His greatsword was crying. Crockta smiled.

Then he took out a scroll and tore it.

[Wide Area Silence Scroll (Essence) has been consumed.]

He barely sensed it. It was like the invisible membrane enveloping the area. Now no sound would leak out.

Crockta opened the tent.

The interior was bright.

There was a fire blazing in the middle of the tent. One side contained fearsome weapons such as axes, hammers, and halberds, while the other side had a tactical map showing the current march of the orcs.

Crockta skimmed it. It wasn't significantly different from what the dark elves had figured out. At the end, there was a huge mass lying on the bed.

Calmahart. He was lying beside a huge throne decorated with all types of bones. Just looking at him from a distance, Crockta could guess his size. Crockta felt sick and tired. That really was an orc. He seemed one head bigger than Crockta. There was an axe under the bed. It was a huge double edged axe that seemed to be his main weapon.

Crockta approached. Calmahart hadn't noticed anything yet as his breathing was still the same. His face twisted as if he was doing something terrible in his dreams.

Crockta pulled out his greatsword. He hadn't come here to fight or play around.

This was an assassination. The sword descended. It was at that moment.

Kakang!

Calmahart raised his arm. He was wearing a steel guard on his forearm. It blocked Crockta's greatsword.

Calmahart's eyes tinged red. He laughed.

"Hoh."

Crockta stepped back. It had been just a hair away. How was he noticed?

"It is the first time that I've seen you. I would remember someone with tattoos." Calmahart got up.

His huge body looked down at Crockta. His head seemed to reach the top of the tent. He grabbed his double edged axe. It was a huge weapon that wasn't inferior to Crockta's Ogre Slayer.

Calmahart looked down at Crockta. His expression was interested. His arms were trembling because he wanted to wield the double edged axe right away. Crockta caught his breath calmly.

This had developed into a fight. He lifted Ogre Slayer. Anyway, he had been expecting this.

Crockta grinned.

Calmahart and Crockta, the two orcs stood facing each other. Then their worlds slowed. Extremely keen senses. A sudden exchange of attack and defense occurred in a short amount of time. Ogre Slayer and the axe hit each other.

Kakakaang!

"Kuhuhu..."

"Kulkulkul."

The two looked at each other and laughed. And at the same time.

Strong. With that exchange, they were able to gauge the other person's level.

Crockta plunged in. He aimed the sword at Calmahart's lower

body. At the same time, Calmahart's axe lowered. Crockta twisted his body to avoid the axe and corrected the sword's trajectory. The blade swung into Calmahart's abdomen. Ogre Slayer bounced off.

Kakang!

"Kuhuhu..."

Calmahart grinned. He was wearing steel armor on the inside.

"Shall we do it properly?"

He stretched his back. Then he approached Crockta. Crockta nodded.

"Yes, let's do it right."

At the same time, huge momentum burst out from their bodies. A storm raged into the tent. The two of them grinned at each other. Then they fought again. At a speed that wasn't visible, they aimed their weapons at the other's neck and heart.

Tremendously loud sounds like a thunderstorm occurred. Crockta became bruised while blood flowed from Calmahart's body.

Kakang!

Once again, their weapons collided. The power struggle continued. Crockta kicked Calmahart's legs.

"Kuhuk!"

Calmahart fell over, causing the tent to shake fiercely. Crockta jumped forward and aimed his greatsword downwards. Calmahart hit the greatsword with the axe and grabbed Crockta's neck with the other hand.

"Kuock..."

There was a strong grip on his neck. Crockta struggled. Calmahart smiled and gave more strength to his hands. It was a tremendous force. Crockta grabbed the wrist and tried to pull it

away, but it didn't move.

Then Crockta bit the hand with a wicked expression.

“Kuaack!”

Calmahart screamed and let go. One finger was tattered.

“You...!”

Crockta smiled and spat out the blood. “There isn't much taste.”

Calmahart's eyes turned red with anger as he laughed. “Kuhuhuhuk, kuhuhut!”

This guy was for real. He was someone who knew how to really fight.

Calmahart's mouth rose. A warrior like himself, who knew what slaughter and fighting for their lives were. This guy knew.

“What is your name?” Calmahart asked.

Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder.

“Crockta.”

“I see. You...”

Calmahart remembered what happened earlier in the day.

A real orc. Calmahart laughed. A real warrior would appear and kill him. The name was Crockta. An orc who was stronger and larger than average orcs. His eyes were deep and sharp. He wore a red headband and steel belt at his waist. The big greatsword used as a weapon.

Strong. An orc who reached the same ‘stage’ as him.

And...

That was all.

“You are a real orc...?”

Crockta laughed. He had also seen what happened during the day.

“What is a real orc, Calmahart?”

Calmahart raised his axe.

“Strong.” The axe contained a fearsome momentum. His muscles swelled up. The originally large body became even bigger. “Stronger than anyone else. That is an orc.”

He approached Crockta, who pulled out his greatsword.

“And I am the strongest,” declared Calmahart.

At the same time, the axe lowered.

Swaaaack!

Space was severed. Crockta’s eyes changed. It was an unusual attack. Crockta immediately moved to the side to avoid it.

Kaaaang!

The axe struck a part of the skull protruding from his belt. Crockta lost his balance in the aftermath and fell to one knee. He rolled to avoid the next strike from the axe.

“.....!”

The Demon’s Mouth was scratched. This was the first time.

He raised his head. The axe was coming in succession. Instead of stepping back, Crockta bowed his head and moved forward. The axe passed over Crockta’s head. The oversized Calmahart was bent down low and defenseless against Crockta’s incoming rush.

Crockta aimed his greatsword.

“Kuheok!”

Blood emerged from Calmahart’s mouth. Crockta twisted his greatsword. But the handle didn’t move.

“.....!”

Calmahart’s abdominal muscles held on to the blade.

He couldn’t believe it. Crockta raised his head. Calmahart was

smiling as he looked down at Crockta.

“I got you.”

Calmahart threw the axe away and grabbed Crockta’s neck with both hands. Crockta desperately pulled his greatsword but it didn’t budge. What a monstrous body.

Calmahart laughed. Crockta’s eyes became blurry as he looked up into Calmahart’s face.

“.....!”

Calmahart’s grip became stronger. His consciousness faded.

Then he saw something shimmering on Calmahart’s forehead.

His consciousness went to a distant place.

Chapter 112 – Great Northern War (8)

In the darkness, something fluttered. His past days fluttered by.
From that time onwards, which could be called the start.

‘You must protect your little sister.’

‘A brother and sister should have a closer relationship with each other than that with their parents. You have to depend on each other until you die. It is the deepest family connection. So...’

‘You must protect Yiyu.’

‘I believe in you.’

His father’s voice, which could no longer be heard, passed through his ears. From then on, his sister had always remained a small child, clutching onto his clothing from behind him.

Jung Yiyu, she spoke. He remembered when she hung onto his every word as a child.

‘I will leave it to you.’

‘You’ll be an adult soon.’

Who said that? Was it one of his relatives whom he didn’t see anymore? It was his uncle who couldn’t take Yiyu, his aunt who demanded money for Yiyu’s living expenses.

‘Your mission.’

‘Defend it.’

‘Even if you have to sacrifice your life.’

After joining the special forces, Ian’s first mission was to protect a civilian on the battlefield. The civilian’s identity was still unknown. He just remembered that the person didn’t fit the battlefield. The eyes from back then gazed at him with a glassy look. His body trembled in fear and he could only rely on Ian. He embraced Ian and cried while thanking him.

‘Please, Ian.’

‘Defend it, Raven.’

‘Crockta!’

It had always been like this. Ian, Raven, and then Crockta. People were always staring at him. Those countless gazes. No one would think it was good the moment he collapsed.

‘Crockta.’ Someone called him, ‘Crockta.’

He raised his gaze. There were eyes staring at him in the darkness.

“You.”

He knew this face. He was no longer a person.

“Blackmore.”

He laughed and then pointed behind him. The darkness lifted and the landscape of Chesswood was unfolded. The shattered villages were being rebuilt. Ingram was visible. He moved with the villagers, and with the users as well. NPCs, no, residents of Elder Lord and the users of Earth were raising the village together.

Blackmore gave a thumbs up before disappearing.

It became dark again. Soon, a rock appeared. Someone had carved letters on them. A familiar phrase.

[A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people.]

It was Arnin's landscape. He was looking at Enyanis who previously gave him citizenship. Now he was the mayor. He was reading a letter. The sender was Derek. He read the letter then tore it up. He threw it in the trash. Then he spat on it. Enyanis got up and looked out the window.

He smiled as he looked at the beautiful landscape of Arnin. Then

he turned and looked at something hanging on the wall of the office. It was a uniform. The uniform of those protecting the Arnin Plains. On top of it was Crockta's name. Enyanis looked at it and nodded.

The landscape blurred. The places of his adventures appeared before passing by. At the end, Crockta could see him. An unforgettable face.

“Lenox.”

Lenox.

Behind him stood the orc warriors. Where did they go after they died? Did death really erase everything? Or.. Lenox raised his axe without speaking.

Crockta's eyes widened. Lenox wielded his axe. The axe slammed into Crockta.

“Cough!”

“Cough!”

Crockta opened his eyes.

Calmahart the great chieftain's face was in front of him. His face was filled with surprise. He gave more strength to his hands. He was choking Crockta's neck with a tremendous force. The big sword stuck in his abdomen didn't budge.

Did Crockta have a short dream for a moment? Just what did he see?

Crockta gathered all the strength in his body and kicked the handle of Ogre Slayer. The moment that the greatsword shook.

“Cough!”

Calmahart bled from the mouth as his grip weakened. Crockta removed the loosened hand and rolled to the floor. Blood rose to

his face again. He stayed on the floor for a moment. Then he raised his head.

Calmahart was pulling out Ogre Slayer. Crockta tackled Calmahart before the sword could be fully pulled out. Calmahart and the sword fell tangled together. Crockta got on top of Calmahart. He pulled out Ogre Slayer completely.

He was about to thrust the sword down.

Peeok!

Calmahart's fist rose and hit Crockta on the chin. He recovered his mind and gripped the handle of Ogre Slayer tightly.

Peeok!

The punches continued. Ogre Slayer tried to target Calmahart but the ensuing punches kept interrupting. It was difficult to use the greatsword in this situation.

“Dammit!”

Crockta put Ogre Slayer away and swung his fist. One of Calmahart's teeth broke. Crockta's fist headed downwards without stopping. Calmahart also thwarted his attack. The two punched at each other.

Calmahart's arm was long enough to stop Crockta's attack, but Crockta's punch kept hitting the same spot. Their faces were covered with blood. But the moment that Crockta was about to raise a fist again,

“Yiiiiik!”

Calmahart's forehead shone. Then a huge force pushed at Crockta. Crockta rolled across the ground.

“Kukuku...this was nice.” Calmahart got up. His big body cast a shadow on Crockta. His eyes were red. “But now your tricks will end.”

A red aura covered Calmahart's body. His body swelled even

more. Now he was a monster, not an orc. Every time he walked, the ground shook.

Crockta realized that something was different. He lifted Ogre Slayer. Calmahart swung his fists without using a weapon. Crockta wielded the greatsword. The fist hit the sword. And it was Crockta who was thrown back. As the fist struck Ogre Slayer, a tremendous shock wave occurred.

Crockta was thrown out of the tent. Blood rose in his mouth.

“Kuheok.”

Crockta coughed up blood. Calmahart walked out. His red eyes burned in the darkness of the night.

“The entertainment was sufficient. Now you will die.” He laughed. “Crockta.”

Then he raised his fist up to the sky. He joined both hands together and made them look like a hammer. Then he brought it down towards Crockta.

If this hit, he would die. Crockta sensed it. Yes, blocking it might also kill him. He needed to avoid it. His instincts screamed at him. Crockta squeezed out all the strength in his body and rushed away.

The fist hit the floor. The ground convulsed. It was an incredible force. The red energy in Calmahart’s body was boiling like a haze. Crockta realized that it was the source of Calmahart’s power. He wasn’t in a normal state.

The situation had been so urgent that he couldn’t see it clearly, but there was apparently an apostle mark on his forehead, similar to Zekian’s. Their concerns were right. He could borrow the power of a god.

Calmahart ran up to Crockta, who turned around and ran. He was out of the range of the silence area that he had set up. The chase between them attracted the orcs’ attention. Orcs started to appear one after another.

They screamed as they discovered Calmahart chasing Crockta.

“What?”

“Great chieftain!”

“The enemy!”

The orcs grabbed their weapons. Crockta swung Ogre Slayer without hesitation. The screams of the soldiers rang out. Calmahart chased Crockta without caring about the well-being of his soldiers. The orcs were blown away by his movements. The orcs in front of his fists were instantly killed.

“Where are you running to? Weak bastard! Come here!”

Calmahart’s voice was distorted like a demon. The bodies of orcs were strewn around the area where he passed. He was a mad monster.

Crockta looked at the moon. It wasn’t midnight yet. Crockta rushed towards the army of orcs to buy some time.

“You can’t get away!”

One of the warriors interrupted him. Crockta swung his greatsword, but the warrior also wielded his axe and blocked Crockta’s attack. Calmahart was running from behind. Crockta continued to attack in a hurry, but the warrior calmly blocked. It was amazing since the warrior’s goal was buying time. Crockta’s eyebrows twitched.

“Bul’tarrrrr!”

The blade moved vertically. The warrior raised his axe, but Crockta’s sword slammed into him before he could. He was split in half.

Then Crockta ran again. Calmahart narrowed the distance. Something was flying behind him.

“.....!”

Crockta rolled on the ground as he received a shock in his back. It was the body of the orc he just killed. His blood and internal organs poured down on Crockta. There was an awful smell.

Crockta got up. Calmahart's fist flew. He rolled to avoid it. The shadow of Calmahart grew bigger.

"Dammit."

A monstrous guy.

Crockta grinned. Calmahart and the other orcs surrounded him. He was completely surrounded. In a situation where he couldn't escape, he confronted Calmahart alone. He held Ogre Slayer. He didn't think he would win, but he wasn't going to avoid a fight.

Calmahart smiled as he looked down at Crockta. Then he wielded his fist like a thunderbolt.

The greatsword blocked it but there was a shock wave. It was an absurd physical strength. Calmahart's other hand aimed towards Crockta's head. Outside his field of view, a giant fist made a circular trajectory.

If this hit, his head would burst. But his body was floating in the air. Ogre Slayer was on the other side of that fist. It was an attack he couldn't avoid or block. Shortly thereafter, the presence of the fist flying towards his head could be felt. Death was around the corner. This feeling caused the sensations on his body to sharpen.

The world slowed. It slowed down again. The fist flying towards him. The eyes of the orcs hoping for his death. The moonlight shining down from the sky and the wind. Everything was felt.

It was all pointing to his death. Just like a pebble falling from the sky, Calmahart's fist would cause his head to explode. It couldn't be avoided.

And Crockta.

He.

Refused.

The world's balance was reversed.

“.....!”

At that moment, Calmahart's eyes widened. Ogre Slayer. It moved and blocked his fist. The blade moved and met Calmahart's fist. Blood vessels burst.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Calmahart grabbed his fist.

Crockta couldn't believe what he had just done. It was clearly impossible to defend. In addition, Ogre Slayer had sliced through Calmahart's skin, which was as hard as armor. It was a miracle beyond cause and effect.

‘But beyond that, there is an area where you can wield the world.’

‘The people who managed to do it were called Heroes.’

That was it. Crockta's movements had temporarily surpassed the Pinnacle. Calmahart was still holding his hand. His eyes were filled with rage. Crockta turned and jumped into the orcs surrounding him.

“Stop him!”

“Stop him!”

The orcs shouted, but they were split in half every time Crockta's Ogre Slayer was swung. Crockta sprang from the ground and jumped over them.

The new moon was above his head. It was midnight. At that moment, the pumpkin carriage hovered above his head. Crockta quickly climbed onto the pumpkin carriage. Crockta's appearance gradually blurred.

Seuk.

Soon after, he disappeared. Nothing remained but the air.

Calmahart grit his teeth and roared madly towards Crockta.

“Crocktaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa————!”

It was a fierce cry that could tear through metal.

Calmahart shouted, “Right now! March——! Kill everyone————!”

He stomped his feet. The earth shook. His eyes were red. The mark on his head was also tinged red. Only a massacre of blood could relieve his anger.

The real war began.

Chapter 113 – Harsh March (1)

Crockta was able to return using the power of the Boundary Pumpkin, which startled Tiyo and Anor he appeared out of thin air. The dark elf unit led by Caska planned to leave Yekator and head to Juora to confront the orcs. If Crockta didn't appear, they would wait until daytime before leaving for Juora.

But unlike their worries, Crockta returned immediately at midnight.

“Ah, what a wonderful pumpkin dot.”

Tiyo felt admiration. He didn't care about Crockta lying on the ground. Crockta pointed at himself and complained.

“You should be worried about me first.”

“You don't seem to be dead dot.” Tiyo grinned.

Crockta's appearance was disgusting. His whole body was covered in blood and other flesh, while hand marks remained around his throat. There were scratches from where blades had cut him here and there, so it was easy to guess that a fierce battle had occurred.

“It's strange to see Crockta so beat up dot.” Tiyo laughed out loud. Perhaps this was the first time, apart from the behemoth and Gushantimur.

“How was the opponent dot? If you are alive, did the great chieftain die?”

“Phew. Tiyo is so tiresome. Crockta, grab my hand.”

Anor reached out to Crockta. Crockta grabbed his hand and raised his body. However, Anor freaked out after feeling the blood and flesh on Crockta's hand and left go.

Crockta fell again. “Cough!”

“Ah, I'm sorry. I was surprised. I need to go wash my hands.”

“.....”

Crockta became sad.

Once Crockta returned, Caska, who had been waiting, approached him. Except for her and Crockta, most of the dark elves were asleep. The soldiers patrolling also acknowledged Crockta's return with a wave of their hands. Crockta waved back at them.

Caska looked at him with relief and asked, “Crockta, are you okay?”

“It is as you can see.”

“You're not okay.”

Crockta first washed the blood off his body and then received treatment from the medics. His wounds were disinfected then bandaged. The wounds were inconvenient but there were no major problems with his movement.

“How is the great chieftain?”

Everyone looked at Crockta. The great chieftain was notorious but they had never seen him. It was only a rumor that he had torn apart an ogre with his bare hands. The Great Clan's mad chieftain. Crockta couldn't say anything about him apart from,

“He is strong.”

Definitely strong. But it wasn't the strength he normally thought of.

The great chieftain was a warrior who had reached one of the highest points. But the sharpness was less than Driden's dual swords. He also had tremendous power, but it wasn't more than creatures like ogres or cyclops. When it came to skills and combat senses, Crockta was superior.

At least, until he was engulfed in the red aura. Crockta had stabbed him in the abdomen during the fight. The chieftain was

obviously big and strong, but if the battle had continued, it seemed like he could win.

Then the mark appeared on the chieftain's forehead and he became a mad monster that couldn't be resisted. Grabbing the greatsword with his muscles and breaking a blade with his bare hands, the cause of that was the madness.

After that state...

It would probably be difficult to win.

"I think we need to be thoroughly prepared. He used an unfamiliar power and once he was surrounded by red energy, he had a truly incredible strength."

Caska became serious at Crockta's words. Crockta was a warrior who had charged along into an army of orcs. He was the strongest among those she had met. But now he was giving a serious warning.

"The good thing is that he did get hurt. Thanks to the unknown aura, it will probably recover soon but... I did stab him in the abdomen."

"His stomach will be aching dot!"

"Kulkul, of course."

Crockta touched Ogre Slayer.

Caska sighed with relief. "I'm glad. He is injured and their movements will be delayed."

No matter how much of a monster he was, he would still need a break if his abdomen was pierced. It was common sense. But Crockta didn't agree. The great chieftain had been incredibly angry at Crockta. Thinking about that boiling madness, it wouldn't be strange if he ran towards the north right away.

The great chieftain wasn't a common person. He was a madman.

"It won't be the case. The great chieftain..."

“You are hurt as well, so get some rest. It’s nighttime.”

Caska pointed to the sky. The moon looked like it did when he was in the orcs’ camp. Crockta nodded and said, “But tomorrow, we have to move early.”

“Understood.” Caska nodded.

Tiyo and Anor helped Crockta. He could walk alone but he decided to lean on them. No matter what they said, the group genuinely cared for each other. This was friendship and family. A band of brothers that weren’t separate.

“Oh, I smell blood. Crockta, you didn’t wash properly.”

“Don’t push my shoulders, Crockta! I will become shorter dot!”

Crockta canceled his thoughts at their complaints.

Bul’tar. Life should be alone.

The day was bright. They were still marching.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes. I can endure it.”

“Concentrate your strength.”

“Yes,” the orc replied. But neither his expression nor his voice was good.

The face of the warrior Surka became serious.

During the night, there had been a raid from the orc Crockta. It was at midnight. After his disappearance, the orcs had packed up their tents according to the great chieftain’s orders. The great chieftain had ordered a night march with an angry face. It had continued even after the sun went up.

Surka looked around but all the soldiers seemed on the verge of collapsing. It was a precarious pace.

“Hoo...” Surka sighed and walked over to a familiar face.
“Hammerchwi.”

“Oh, Warrior Surka. How are the troops?”

“There are many injured.”

Last night, Crockta had attacked them. It was the first time Surka had seen him. Holding a big greatsword, he confronted the great chieftain. He stabbed the great chieftain’s abdomen and damaged his fist with his blade. Then he escaped from the orcs’ siege and disappeared in an unknown way.

He had remarkable skills worthy of his reputation. After Crockta got away safely, the great chieftain pursuing him had gone crazy. The necks of several orcs around him were torn out. His madness only subsided after he saw countless corpses.

Then the harsh march began. There was no consideration for the wounded. Not just the soldiers attacked by Crockta, but also those wounded by the great chieftain. The heavily injured ones were rejected and left behind. Those who couldn’t leave their colleagues behind carried the wounded, but that just deteriorated the condition of the troops further.

It wasn’t a rational judgment. The great chieftain was going to wage war and create a river of blood.

“Warrior Kellerk.”

“Dead.”

“.....” Hammerchwi closed his eyes. “I pray for his soul.”

They didn’t say anything else. Kellerk was a tribe warrior caught in the great chieftain’s madness last night. He ran to awaken his allies as the great chieftain collapsed a tent. His spine was broken.

“Hammerchwi.”

Surka called to him again. Hammerchwi was an old and wise warrior. The fact that tribe warriors reached an old age meant they

survived many battles. Hammerchwi looked at him with deep eyes.

Surka faced him and asked the question he had been wondering.

“Hammerchwi. The great chieftain.”

It was a question that shouldn't be spoken.

“The great chieftain is fine.”

Surka turned his gaze. He looked at the great chieftain's giant sedan. Then he turned his attention to those carrying it from below. Slaves.

The slaves weren't all dark elves. Orcs, their kinsmen, were also collared and miserably holding it up. They became slaves simply because they didn't follow the Great Clan. Every time they paused, the Great Clan's warriors following them would strike with a steel studded whip.

Blood and flesh were scattered. The great chieftain laughed at the sound. The orc slaves staggered but they never broke the balance of the sedan chair. A mistake meant not only their deaths but all the other slaves as well.

It was a distressing sight.

“Surka...” Hammerchwi sighed.

Surka wasn't the only one wondering this. Hammerchwi was the same. But the great chieftain was the law in the Great Clan. Everything he said would become the will of the Great Clan. They followed the strongest warrior. That was the Great Clan's law.

Surka spoke. “Yesterday, I saw the orc Crockta.”

“Um...”

Crockta, the orc who came from the continent. He was a monster who defeated the Great Clan's plans in the Luklan Mountains, Nuridot, and Nameragon, and now he had joined the dark elves. An apparent enemy of the Great Clan. A strong and deadly enemy that couldn't be ignored.

“He is strong.” Hammerchwi had experienced it so he was well aware. He faced Crockta with the Great Clan’s warriors but all of them had been defeated. “A very strong warrior.”

“Last night.” Surka recalled the moment last night when Crockta confronted Calmahart.

The great chieftain had been surrounded by the red madness of fear. But despite the crisis, the orc Crockta from the continent had smiled while facing him.

Surka knew that expression.

“His face was like...”

“Like?”

Surka didn’t say anything else.

There was a time when he had also made such an expression. It was when the great chieftain before Calmahart led them. The Great Clan’s warriors had been the subject of fear everywhere.

They were strong and never backed down against any enemy. The orcs of other villages, the dark elves they were in conflict with and the wandering gnomes, all of them had been afraid and had to yield under the axe of the Great Clan.

Overwhelming force. The pride of the Great Clan. The pride of a warrior. They had it. Even if their numbers were inferior, they never showed their backs. In a dangerous battle where death was at hand, they fought rather than running. The stronger the enemy, the larger the smile.

They were warriors representing the northern orcs, the orcs of the Great Clan. At that time, he could feel the full glory of being part of the Great Clan.

“...It’s nothing.

Surka shook his head.

Hammerchwi raised a hand to his shoulder. It was with eyes that

understood. He knew Surka's heart. He was a warrior who fought with the former great chieftain under the banner of the Great Clan.

"Don't worry. The die has already been thrown."

Surka dropped his head.

"Raise your head. Warrior Surka." Hammerchwi hit his shoulder and walked on.

Surka stared at Hammerchwi's back and wanted to ask, 'Can you raise your head, Hammerchwi?'

"Hoo."

Surka looked forward again. The march continued. The Great Clan was still the subject of fear. They were cruel and merciless. The whole north was afraid of them. They were more famous than they had ever been.

Then why?

Surka looked up at the sky.

Why didn't he feel proud when looking at the Great Clan's flag now. If it was just fighting and killing, why did he feel ashamed?

He forced a smile. There was a time when he smiled as he waved his axe in front of many arrows. He had killed the enemy and roared. At that time, he was an orc who laughed wildly. But now he no longer laughed like that.

That smile wasn't his now. Last night, Surka had envied Crockta's smile.

His sword. It was very heavy.

Surka saw the flag of the Great Clan fluttering behind the great chieftain. At one time, it was something he had proudly done. Now a new rider was holding up the long flagpole. In addition, a strange orc was riding next to the great chieftain.

Shaman. The real head of the tribe. He planned all battles and drove the great chieftain.

Maybe.

The shaman suddenly looked back. Surka naturally shifted his eyes like he was paying attention to another place. The shaman looked ahead again.

One day, the shaman had suddenly appeared. Maybe...

The moment he thought this, the shaman turned his head again. It was an unexpected move. Their eyes met. Red eyes.

Surka froze. The shaman stared at Surka before smiling. Then he turned to the front again. Surka let out a breath.

It was really awful.

The great chieftain raised his body in the sedan. The huge body looked around at the army.

He raised his double edged axe and shouted, "Don't weaken! March! Continue to walk! Kuhahahahat!"

The flag fluttered. The harsh march continued.

Chapter 114 – Harsh March (2)

The day shone brightly. Crockta opened his eyes. His body felt refreshed.

“.....!”

Then it hit him. He felt too refreshed. He looked around, unable to see Tiyo and Anor, who slept in the same tent as him.

Crockta ran out.

“Wow. Did you just wake up dot?”

“Crockta is a sleepyhead.”

They had created a griddle and were cooking an unidentified meat on the campfire while laughing. The sun was bright.

“Why...?”

They were supposed to march along the path of the Great Clan once morning came, but morning had already arrived a long time ago. Caska walked forward with a smile.

“Why are you looking like that? I was being considerate towards you.”

“Did you delay it on purpose?”

“Yes.”

“The Great Clan...”

“The great chieftain is wounded. He won’t overdo it for a day or two so you can relax.” She deliberately delayed the march for Crockta.

“The faster we are, the better.”

He looked around. The dark elves were sitting around and enjoying their meals.

Crockta’s face stiffened. “Caska.”

“Why? Are you impressed?”

Crockta realized as he saw her smile. They didn't know war. They experienced combat, but never war. They didn't know how important half a day really was. They didn't know that one hour could determine defeat or victory in a war.

It was a bit hard and their bodies might be tired, but they had never experienced the result of delaying the schedule for a while. A knife was sufficient to kill a person. War was the process of sweeping p people with huge weapons. The wielded blade would never wait for them.

“Have you detected the Great Clan's movements?”

“The scouts will be coming back soon.”

“You have failed to grasp it yet. We have to start.”

“Crockta.” Caska sighed, “We aren't the only troops. Even without us, there is a force in every city and the cities are working closely together. Try not to do it alone.”

Her words weren't wrong. But even so, Crockta's instincts were telling him that they should move now.

Last night, he had seen the great chieftain's red eyes. There was no compromise or mercy in them. He didn't even see justification or ambition. There was just a strong desire to fight, blood lust and extreme aggression. Common sense shouldn't be applied to him.

Crockta spoke again. “We have to start as soon as possible.”

Caska nodded at Crockta's determined gaze.

“Okay, okay. But you should eat first.”

Despite her bad mood, she turned Crockta around and prompted him. Crockta felt hungry after hearing Caska's words. He should eat something as she said, then hopefully it wouldn't be too late when they started moving.

The anxiety that he felt might just be his overestimation of

Calmahart.

Behind the tent, Tiyo and Anor were giggling while cooking the meat. Crockta walked up to them.

Tiyo went alert. “Those eyes seem like they desire meat dot.”

Anor chimed in, “If you don’t work then you don’t get to eat.”

“I won’t give it to the slacker who slept until noon dot.”

Tiyo shook some plants. “Well, how about this?”

Then Tiyo grabbed his body and laughed, Anor laughing along with him. The two of them were well suited for each other.

Tiyo said with a smiling face, “It is a joke dot, a joke. Now, take this. We can’t be inhospitable to Crockta dot.”

Then he picked up a small piece of meat. It was so small that it didn’t need to be bitten. Tiyo smiled.

“Crockta, diet dot!”

Then he glanced at Anor and they started giggling again.

“Ahahahat. How funny! Crockta on a diet”

“I’m just worried about the health of my companion dot! Kahahahahat!”

It was like the main character of a movie being annoyed by Extras 1 and 2. Crockta looked at Tiyo and Anor in turn. They were still giggling as they made skewers from branches and barely managed to turn the meat.

“Kilkil, ah hot! The branch is short dot!”

“Be careful. We are running out of twigs.”

“There is meat but no tool...”

Tiyo laughed again, “Well, there is a poor man over there who doesn’t even have meat dot... Huhuhu.”

“That isn’t a good attitude when trying to comfort someone. Hihit.”

“Then why are you laughing dot? Kuk...”

“What about Tiyo? Huhut...”

“The weather is so good that I’m laughing dot! Kuhihihihit!”

“I am just laughing because of the wind. Hihihihit!”

Crockta closed his eyes.

How sad was this? The young man Anor followed them because he trusted the warrior Crockta, only to be tainted by an opportunist called Tiyo. The recently odd man out, who only knew how to swear, was now trying to bully him!

Crockta raised his greatsword, its long shadow covering their heads. Tiyo and Anor flinched.

“D-Don’t tell me...”

“Hey, we were just teasing a bit...haha...”

Crockta’s eyes were sharp like needles. He shouted and swung the greatsword without hesitation.

“.....!”

“...Ah!”

The tip of the blade headed towards them. A piece of meat was on top of it. Crockta started using Ogre Slayer as a griddle to cook the meat. The masterpiece of the Golden Anvil Clan seemed greasy as the meat didn’t stick to it, sliding smoothly with every flick of Crockta’s wrist.

Tiyo and Anor watched as he scattered salt on the meat. He wanted a moderate amount of time before turning the meat over. The surface was smooth and the insides lightly cooked. The concentrated juices were caught in the meat.

“.....!”

Tiyo and Anor looked down at their branches. The roasted meat was burnt and some leaves were clinging to it, making it look completely unappetizing. However, if they used smaller branches, then the wood would keep breaking.

Crockta cut it with the blade. The perfect steak was shining right in front of them. Tiyo and Anor watched Crockta's grilling and stared at his meat without realizing that their own cuts were burning.

Crockta's hand moved slowly. The perfect steak was entering his mouth. The red juices would flow out when he bit it. The meat entering Crockta's mouth wasn't a simple meal, but a feast of flavor!

For Tiyo and Anor, who hadn't enjoyed proper food due to the long camping, it was a delicacy. The first one to figure out the situation was Tiyo.

"I'm sorry dot...!"

Tiyo bowed humbly.

Crockta looked at Anor. Anor noticed it and succumbed to Crockta's skills.

"Euh..." He flopped down. "I want to eat steak..."

Crockta stared at the two of them.

In the hopes that they wouldn't fall prey to this evil path again, Crockta cried out.

"Say my name."

".....!"

"Who am I?"

Tiyo and Anor raised their heads. Crockta was flashing a benevolent smile at them, like the face of a god in an old mural. They muttered blankly like they realized something, "Crockta..."

‘Yes, I am Crockta.’

Crockta stood up and got the meat from Tiyo and Anor’s side. Three big pieces were placed on Ogre Slayer. The greatsword was placed on the fire.

“A very gracious warrior.”

Tiyo and Anor repented over their behavior as they saw the sizzling meat.

“We really arrived,” muttered Warrior Surka.

The great chieftain’s harsh march eventually ended. They grabbed their weapons as they looked at the far-away fortress.

Emeranian. A dark elf city. It was one of the most prosperous places on the outskirts of the dark elf territory. If they broke it down, they could immediately go to key cities like Nameragon and Lorgarch. Beyond them was the world tree.

The moment they set fire to it, their victory would be confirmed. The north would fall and lay the foundations for the continent invasion. The great chieftain would make the whole north a tool for war and directly destroy the areas below them.

What would the world be like after the conquest was over?

Surka tried to let go of the thought.

“This is a city of weak people, garbage, made to be our slaves.”

The great chieftain rose from the sedan. His rough voice rang out. The shaman made a gesture with his hand.

The voice of the great chieftain rang out even further, “Take that place. I will allow you to do whatever you want. Make that place yours. I am giving it all to you.”

His eyes were red. He looked around at the orcs. The orc soldiers were tired but they started to feel excited again.

Surka also felt something unknown burn in his chest. His heart started beating wildly. It was the feeling just before the battle begun. He wanted to feel the weight of the axe in his hand and listen to the weapon. He felt a sense of liberation whenever wielding the axe. He wanted to split the enemy's head apart.

Fight and win. These two thoughts dominated his head.

“The operation is against those weak bastards.”

The great chieftain descended from the sedan. It staggered for a moment. The slaves flinched but the great chieftain showed no signs of caring. He just calmly wielded the axe. Some of the slaves holding the sedan chair died, the center of gravity collapsed and the rest were crushed by the chair.

The great chieftain jumped up immediately. He placed the weight of his whole body on the sedan. There was a snapping sound as bones were broken. The crushed slaves screamed. Blood flowed from beneath the sedan.

“We can obtain many slaves there.” He laughed, “I will run and break the gate.”

The great chieftain stretched out his hand. A huge gate. It was a solid gate that wouldn't collapse even when shot several times with a siege weapon.

“I will push them out.” Then he lifted his axe. “Follow me. Slay! This operation will begin.”

The orcs raised their weapons.

The warriors shouted, “The Great Clan's victory!”

The orc soldiers shouted along, “Victory!”

Surka was swept away by the voice of the great chieftain and the atmosphere here. He shouted along with the warriors, “Death to the enemies of the Great Clan!”

The orcs replied like they had been waiting, “Death!”

It was a signal. The great chieftain started running. The orcs followed him. The harsh march obviously depleted their stamina but the orcs went on a rampage. Everybody ran without a fuss. There was a rain of arrows trying to stop them but they didn't care.

The great chieftain. They could only see him running. The giant rushed towards the fortress.

“Kuaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

The great chieftain's body swelled. A red aura surrounded him. It was the speed of a beast. The ground rang as he ran towards the fortress. His goal was the gate.

He raised the axe on his shoulder. It collided with the gate.

Kuaaaaaaang!

One of them was broken. Dust rose. It was broken. Not the great chieftain but the gate.

“These garbage! Kill!”

The great chieftain shouted as he entered. He swung his axe. The severed bodies of the dark elves flew. The great chieftain alone broke the line of defense inside the gate. Like a swarm of ants, the orcs surged inside.

The slaughter began. No one could imagine the explosive and harsh march. In addition, the terrifying breakthrough.

A massacre. That day, Emeranian was eliminated.

The news about the fall of Emeranian was conveyed to Caska. The whole unit was amazed.

“We need to go to Nameragon,” she spoke curtly.

Crockta didn't say anything. Her hometown was wiped out. Caska held herself accountable for the delayed march.

Therefore, Caska's troops turned towards Nameragon instead of their home. Just yesterday, they had been on their way home. But now everything was gone.

They left their hometown and walked towards Nameragon. She lost everything but her troops lowered their heads and grabbed each other's shoulders because they lost the same thing.

When the emotions rose, they dropped their heads and cried. They couldn't stop. They continued to walk. They tried to suppress the cries of the heart with physical pain.

It was a harsh march.

Chapter 115 – Make A Sound In The East, Then Strike In The West (1)

Surka breathed out as he recalled the fight that just happened.

The trembling hands had ripped apart the enemies. He had slammed his fists into the faces of those who begged for their lives and broke their skulls. Then he had grabbed the pieces of their brains and threw them in the air while laughing.

This. It wasn't his way. It wasn't the way of fighting for Surka, elite warrior of the Great Clan and son of Shiktulla who had been the greatest warrior of the Steel Axe Tribe.

His heart still hadn't calmed down. The heartbeats shook his entire body. Every time his pulse jumped, the craving for blood rocked his body.

“Cough!”

He grabbed the neck of a dark elf who had swung a sword at him from behind a building. The dark elf's eyes widened. Surka's hands gripped tighter. The eyes of the dark elf became increasingly blurred. Saliva flowed down from his mouth.

Surka lifted the dark elves. The eyes were filled with fear at the thought of soon dying.

He stared into them. His face was reflected in the dark elf's eyes. Surka's eyes were as red as the great chieftain's. Surka was surprised at his appearance. He swung his fist and smashed the dark elf's face. The dark elf slumped down. He became a corpse and sagged down like a rag.

He threw the corpse and looked around.

“Kuaaahhhh!”

“Die!”

“Kuaaaaah!”

“Kyaaack!”

“The Great Clan’s victory!”

The noise of the battlefield flowed into his ears. Emeranian surrendered. All those able to fight the orc warriors had died.

The remaining dark elves were unable to fight. Women, children, the elderly. They were left. The battle was over but the slaughter continued.

It felt like Surka had lost his sense of reality. There was no sense of reality. He took a step forward. Someone’s legs were severed. They were thin and long, and belonged to a woman. He walked beyond it.

He met someone’s eyes, the eyes of a dead child. They couldn’t see anything and were looking into the distance. There was no body. The head had flown from somewhere else and turned upside down, showing the area that had been cut.

Surka went past it. He walked further and further. There were dark elves being collared and dragged by orcs. Those who rebelled were taken care of in a straightforward manner. Once the axes chopped at their friends or family, the rest calmed down. However, it wasn’t resignation, but hate burning in their eyes.

Suddenly, he made eye contact with an old dark elf. The elves lived twice as long as orcs. This dark elf had lived for a very long time. Surka could see the landscape of his life in his eyes. He didn’t despair or even cry. He just stared at Surka. Then his head was split apart.

“Why are you staring at a great warrior for, you bastard? Kuhuhu...”

The young warrior glanced at Surka. Surka moved past them. At the end, he found an old warrior looking at the landscape. Hammerchwi was watching the massacre with folded arms.

Surka called out to him, “Hammerchwi.”

“Surka.”

The great chieftain could be seen in the distance. He was a unique giant even among the orcs. Every time he laughed and waved his limbs, buildings collapsed or dark elves died. He searched for all the dark elves remaining in Emeranian, along with his warriors.

“It has ended.”

“That’s right.”

“Then what do you feel?”

Surka looked at Hammerchwi. “Earlier, I wasn’t myself.”

“Surka...”

Once the great chieftain broke through the gates of Emeranian, all the orcs had been in a berserk state. They only instinctively called the enemy. They became strongest and faster beasts, but they lost their reasoning.

Surka didn’t want to end up like that again. The aftermath of the frenzy still disturbed him.

“I...”

“You aren’t the only one.”

Hammerchwi nodded. The moment Emeranian was destroyed by the orcs, there were those who paused and grabbed their heads. They looked around the city with perplexed eyes.

“I don’t know.”

Hammerchwi also knew what Surka was talking about.

What happened to the Great Clan? Obviously, they won. It was an overwhelming victory. Victory was the main goal of the Great Clan. However, the current scene before him didn’t feel like a victory.

“Surka.”

“Yes.”

“You are the son of Shiktulla.”

“That’s right.”

Shiktulla, the chief of the Steel Axe Tribe, was a renowned warrior in the north. The Steel Axe Tribe had fought the Great Clan to the end, but they were eventually defeated by the Great Clan’s leader and incorporated into the clan. It was the result of a fair fight. Shiktulla was famous, even when he became a member of the Great Clan.

“Do you know this word?”

Then he whispered something to Surka. Surka’s eyes became distant. He had heard it once. Yes, it was the word that his father had told him. The forgotten voice was revived.

“Yes, my father said it sometimes.”

“I see.” Hammerchwi nodded. Then he placed an arm around Surka’s shoulder. “Don’t forget to remember this.”

“What do you mean?”

“I knew about it. But...”

Someone grabbed Hammerchwi’s foot.

An orc. They had won, but there were orcs who suffered from the dark elves’ intense resistance. This orc was dying and blood spilled out from wounds covering his entire body. Hammerchwi looked into his eyes and nodded.

Then his hammer broke the orc’s head. A clean blow. Hammerchwi sent the unknown orc to his death.

Hammerchwi held his hammer and said, “One day, it might answer you.”

The old warrior, Hammerchwi, smiled. He was old but as he grew older, he realized that he didn’t know anything. Everybody

encountered a shipwreck in life. Sometimes it was because of them or sometimes it was through malice. They might not know where they were going but they would eventually wash up somewhere. However, sometimes a lighthouse was sufficient to get them back on track.

“Hammerchwi. Surka. The great chieftain is convening the warriors,” an orc soldier told them.

The great chieftain had set up his throne in the middle of Emeranian’s square and was sitting on it. The newly picked dark elf slaves were by his side. The great chieftain laughed. The core power of the Great Clan, the great warriors were gathered. They weren’t many but they were skilled warriors who had gone through many battlefields. For ordinary soldiers, they were elites who were difficult to engage with.

The great chieftain explained the next plan.

Surka looked at the shaman while listening. He wore a robe and stood silently behind the great chieftain. It was surely a thought from the shaman’s head.

“The next goal is Juora,” declared the great chieftan.

“The orc troops are heading north towards Nameragon. The unit that captured Nuridot will also join them. Their numbers are huge so let’s go quickly.”

Caska said. They marched without a break after hearing the news. Caska felt guilty about not listening to Crockta’s words and had a stricter command over the schedule.

“Isn’t there a possibility that they will go to Juora?”

“They will act to capture Nameragon. Then they will quickly advance to Spinoa.”

Crockta nodded. The battle at Nameragon would happen in a

matter of days. The great chieftain had to be removed there. The adventure in the north was now approaching the climax. There was a lot of work to do in the meantime. Most of the problems were caused by the mad great chieftain. He would calm the north and then return to the continent again.

“Depart.”

The troops began marching again. They needed to arrive at Nameragon in the shortest time. The harsh march continued. Nameragon was quiet. There were no signs of fighting yet. Caska was relieved.

They had hurried to Emeranian and now it was time to take a break. The orc army hadn't arrived at Nameragon yet. Crockta entered Nameragon and suddenly felt strange.

It was an unknown feeling. It was calm. His instincts warned him of something. It wasn't the air of a city just before a war. As if this wasn't the next battlefield, his whole body was telling him to look elsewhere.

He looked outside the city. The orcs weren't visible yet.

Crockta invoked a skill that he didn't want to use.

[Gray God's Eyes (Outside the Ratings) has been activated.]

After discovering the world of Elder Lord was another dimension, there was a sense of rejection about reading the life span of others. So he used this skill once more. But at this moment, it was necessary.

Then he read the lifespan of Nameragon's citizens and soldiers.

“.....!”

No. It wasn't here.

Crockta stopped.

“Crockta, why are you so slow dot?” Tiyo asked.

Crockta didn’t answer as he looked at Nameragon with the Gray God’s Eyes. The lifespans of those who were at war were mixed up. It was a war between those who would die soon and those who would die later, a cross between life and death.

But none of the children in Nameragon would die in the near future. At the very least, they wouldn’t die in the next week. This meant the battle wouldn’t happen soon.

He realized the source of his discomfort. It wasn’t Nameragon. If so, what was the identity of the large unit?

“Make a sound in the east, then strike in the west,” muttered Crockta

The large army was clearly heading towards Nameragon. However, another force would be heading towards Juora. With the power of the great chieftain and the great warriors following him, it was possible to take a small city. That was the great chieftain’s crazy power. Juora was in danger.

“Did you say Driden is at Juora?”

“I heard it dot. That bastard.”

“.....”

Even so, Driden couldn’t deal with the great chieftain. Right now, they had to move.

“Caska!” Crockta called out to her.

She looked back. “Crockta.”

It was still a weak voice. Crockta approached her.

Her eyes widened at Crockta’s urgent voice. “What’s going on?”

“There is no time to explain in detail.”

Crockta explained the whole story. He had a weak ability to predict where battles would take place and it wasn’t here. After the

big army had settled in, they would use a few elites to strike Juora. There was no time left.

She didn't seem to believe it. "Even so, we can't leave the large army alone. It is also too late if we join now."

"Juora is in danger."

"It can't be helped."

Emeranian had changed her personality. She became more serious about the war. It couldn't be helped, even if Juora fell. She was afraid of Nameragon and Spinoa being invaded. It would soon be followed by the fall of the dark elves. The larger mission was to protect this place.

"Then I'll go alone." Crockta declared.

Caska frowned.

"Crockta, it is too late now. Rather..."

"No, I have to go."

Crockta had no intention of letting the sacrifices grow any further. Kill the great chieftain. He had to try.

"What are you saying dot?"

Tiyo and Anor walked over and stood beside Crockta.

"I won't let Crockta go alone dot. We will go together dot."

They had listened to Crockta's conversation. Tiyo had never seen Crockta talk nonsense. Sometimes he made odd jokes, but he also made the right decision when it came to someone's life. Crockta was a man more reliable than anything else. If Crockta said Juora was in danger, Juora was in danger.

Tiyo trusted him. It was the same for Anor.

As Tiyo and Anor looked up at her, Caska was forced to nod. She was concerned about Crockta, but he was the strongest warrior so knew and a man who determined his own path. It wasn't necessary

for her to worry.

“I’ll give you the fastest caruk...”

“No,” interrupted Anor.

Crockta and Tiyo looked at him. Anor didn’t meddle in much.

“I heard that there was a museum in Nameragon,” Anor said.

He was a dark elf who grew up in Nuridot. Although he had no affection for them, he saw the innocent people of his hometown dying. He couldn’t hide behind Crockta and Tiyo just because he was scared. It was his turn to act.

There were also things he could do in his own way.

Anor suddenly said, “I heard that the stuffed body of a super fast mutant wyvern that frightened Nameragon in the past is contained there.”

Chapter 116 – Make A Sound In The East, Then Strike In The West (2)

Nameragon had a museum that recorded the history and events of the city.

There was a display of the wyvern Boro, who once terrorized the citizens of Nameragon. It was killed by the hunter Tunishi, who left his name on Nameragon's history. Boro was a quick and brilliant wyvern who enjoyed hunting dark elves, unlike the wyverns who rarely attacked the cities.

Boro would invade Nameragon under the cover of night and kidnapped people for dinner. There was a huge number of victims. Nameragon invited Tunishi, a well-known hunter who had profound knowledge. He was able to kill Boro by installing traps and tracking his nest.

The identity of the wyvern was a mutant. He was much bigger than a usual wyvern and his teeth were sharp. The steel-like skin was incomparable to any wyvern. Now he was on display as a piece of Nameragon's history.

Tiyo muttered to himself, "This is a wyvern right dot?"

The hard skin was removed and its fierce eyes were empty. However, the magnificent skeleton still had its wings spread wide and seemed to be threatening the dark elves.

"How are you going to do this dot?"

Right now, the dark elves were in an emergency state and had to use anything to counter the invasion of the orcs. So when Anor said that he would use the displayed wyvern, Mayor Radet nodded without a word.

However, Crockta and Tiyo didn't know how Anor planned to use this. They could only guess. And it surely became a reality.

Anor closed his eyes, the power of the young necromancer embracing the old skeleton. The magic power flowed in streams and captured its core. A necromancer linked life and death. The soul that left the world couldn't be restored. But the traces of the dead left behind would follow his will. There were things that remained after death.

Their grudges. Would there be such a thing in this old wyvern's body?

Anor focused his mind. It was empty, but he didn't give up and persuaded the wyverns. Sometimes there would be unforgettable memories that didn't disappear, even after the wyvern's death.

“.....!”

The wyvern's wings were shaking. The museum manager watched with shock.

“Ohhh...!”

“I've found it.” Anor smiled.

Anor reached out his hand and the wyvern's skull moved slightly. The rest of the wyvern bones started to move.

“What do you want?”

Anor was no longer seeing just a pile of bones. Boro was a breathing and living wyvern. He gazed at the serene eyes of the wyvern who ate a lot of dark elves.

Anor winked. Boro made a sound that conveyed his intentions to Anor. It was what the wyvern wanted. Anor nodded. He would do what the wyvern wanted.

“Crockta. Tiyo. Jump.”

“G-Get on this dot? I think my bum will...”

“It will be okay.”

Anor was well aware of the experience due to being a friend of

Third Dragon. Drakes and wyverns were different from horses. There was no need for a saddle because they didn't shake up and down.

Boro responded to Anor's resurrection magic and stepped forward. The museum started shaking. It was a magnificent spectacle. Boro moved his head. He looked around the museum where he was confined before glancing up at the glass ceiling. Towards the blue expanse.

Crockta asked the museum director to get a thick cloth and rope. The cloth was placed over the bones and tied with the rope. Anor, Crockta, and Tiyo then got on Boro's back.

"Excuse me..."

The museum director opened his mouth with much difficulty and asked, "Why inside...?"

That's right. Why were they riding Boro here?

Anor grinned. "Because we are going right now."

"Huh?"

Boro's wings started to move. The bones that made up his body started to slowly rise. A gust of wind struck the museum director. Boro sprang from the floor and flew towards the sky. The glass ceiling was instantly broken by the body.

"Wahh!" The scream of the museum director was heard from below, but they didn't care.

Boro flew into the sky. The wide expanse. It was his dream. He wanted to soar in the blue sky once again.

"Let's go, Boro."

Boro made a loud sound. He didn't have any vocal organs but they seemed to hear the roar of a wyvern. Then the wyvern started to fly south, towards Juora. The air was torn apart. Boro quickly moved through the sky.

“Ohhhh! I dot! The sky dot! Crockta! We’re flying!”

“Kulkukul, why are you such a hillbilly? You’re acting like it’s the first time you’re flying or something.”

“What, what dot? You’ve never flown in the sky before either! How would you get into the sky dot?”

“There is such a thing.”

“Don’t lie dot!”

“Rural gnome...”

“You can’t get away with that remark dot! This is species discrimination, discrimination! Besides, Quantas is a city!”

Crockta started laughing. Of course, it was different. Sitting in a plane was completely different from feeling the wind directly brush against his skin. Besides, he had friends next to him.

Crockta grinned. He wouldn’t let Juora fall to ruin.

“Crockta, Tiyo.” Then Anor opened his mouth, “Can I ask one thing?”

“Of course.”

“What is it dot?”

“Why are the two of you going so far as to fight against the great chieftain?”

Anor first met them in the Luklan Mountains. At the time, the orc and gnome had protected the Luklan Mountains from the Great Clan. He helped Nuridot by defeating the orcs of the Great Clan. Crockta gave advice to Anor about the bullying and after Nuridot, he rescued Nameragon. Crockta was able to defend Emeranian by fighting alone against all the orcs. Zelkian, the leader of the dark elves, trusted him.

They were an orc and gnome, and right now the dark elves were the ones in need. If they wanted to live comfortably, they could.

However, they came to this hard and inhospitable place and helped people.

Tiyo delayed his search for his father while Crockta turned the orcs into his enemies.

The great chieftain was strong. A fearsome monster. Anor wanted to know what made them fight to the end against such a being.

“The question is wrong dot.”

“Huh?”

“We know why we are doing it, and you do as well. The whole world knows that the great chieftain is crazy.”

“Ah...”

Anor realized.

It wasn't ‘why.’ It was ‘how’. How couldn't a strong and righteous man fight for what he believed in?

“Huhu, you have the chance to ask again dot. This won't come twice.”

Anor held Boro's neck tightly and asked again. He heard Tiyo's reply and became more curious.

“Then, how can you fight so hard?”

Why struggle for their lives? Instead of answering, Tiyo knocked on Crockta who was sitting behind him. It was the signal for Crockta to respond. Crockta started laughing.

He knew Anor's heart. At one time, he also had that question. Of course, now he knew the answer.

Crockta replied, “Because I am afraid of dying.”

“Huh?”

Anor looked back with wide eyes. It was difficult for him to understand heading into a dangerous battlefield because of a fear

of dying.

Crockta grinned. He threw out an old question, “Anor, are you living right now?”

Anor still didn’t understand.

Crockta recalled old memories. They were the final words that Lenox, the great warrior, had shouted to Crockta. At that time, he had the same expression but now he could answer. He wasn’t an apprentice anymore but an honorable orc warrior.

“Just because you are breathing doesn’t mean you’re alive, Anor!”

A look of realization appeared on Anor’s face.

Crockta smiled. “Just because your body is moving doesn’t mean that you are alive. I fight to be truly alive.”

Anor had a bemused expression on his face. As if responding to Crockta’s voice, Boro the wyvern sped up again. He moved through the wide expanse. The wind rushed past them as they headed towards Juora.

Anor grabbed Boro’s neck. “In order to be truly alive...”

Now Juora was really close. They saw the collapsed walls of Juora from far away. Orcs had already entered inside. From the sky, the huge figure of the great chieftain could be seen. He was indiscriminately wielding his axe and destroying the city. A dark elf was wielding a double sword against him, but he had already lost.

The warriors started their slaughtering. The dark elves were helpless.

“Boro!”

Crockta shouted. Tiyo prepared General at the cry.

“Rush at full speed!”

In response, Boro moved even faster downhill. The goal was the great chieftain. Boro dived towards that place.

“I will descend by myself!”

Crockta got up from his spot. The great chieftain realized and raised his head. His red eyes met Crockta's.

Crockta grinned.

Boro turned his body at a breathtaking angle. Crockta didn't miss that moment as he used the gravity to fly towards the great chieftain.

A great drop!

"Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr——!"

There was an explosion as they collided.

Surka moved his axe. Thanks to the shaman's power, they could deceive and infiltrate the enemy's border.

It wasn't difficult once they entered through the gate. It was sufficient to run along with the great chieftain. The great chieftain started to run rampant and the warriors followed. They were elites of the Great Clan and knew better than anyone what to do the moment the gate was broken.

“Kuaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

The great chieftain wielded his axe with a roar. The head and body of a dark elf were separated. The confused face flew through the air. The great warriors also went wild. Their eyes were red. Their boss was a monster who smashed a gate with his body and dyed the earth red in one strike.

He felt a surge of emotion. Blood was needed.

“Cough!”

Surka cut the shoulder of the dark elf who had fired an arrow at

him. The dark elf fell over. Surka stepped on his face and jumped. The escaping dark elf raised his weapon. The enemy was instantly killed. The feeling of the spine being crushed was always sweet.

The dark elves were weak. The great chieftain was right. Surka smiled. The great chieftain's madness was spreading like a plague as they killed everything in their sight.

The area around the main gate of Juora started to be flooded with blood. The reinforcements from the other walls were rushing, but now there were no strong walls protecting them. There was nothing standing between the axes and the bodies.

They just faced each other. It was clear what would be broken.

“Victory!”

Surka wielded his axe towards a dark elf.

Kakang!

However, it was blocked.

“.....!”

He stepped back, but the blades chased him. Surka focused. At that moment, the world slowed. He was a great warrior. A great warrior who knew he could split apart the world at this moment.

But,

“Keuak!”

The opponent's blade split apart his realm. Fast. It was too fast for him. A powerhouse. Surka twisted his body and barely avoided a mortal wound. Blood flowed from his arm. Surka retreated and stared at the opponent.

A dark elf wielding double swords. The purple eyes gazed at him without any emotion.

“You...!”

Surka tried to attack again, but the dark elf ignored the orc

warrior as if he didn't care about him. He headed towards the great chieftain.

Surka's pride was hurt, but he could only watch as the great chieftain grinned at the opponent. He couldn't interrupt the great chieftain's fight.

The dark elf and great chieftain started fighting. His dual swordsmanship was brilliant. It was so fast and elaborate that the great chieftain found it hard to follow. The swords moved through the gaps and wounded the great chieftain's body.

However, the opponent was a non-standard monster, the great chieftain Calmahart. This wouldn't work on him. Despite the accumulated damage, Calmahart's madness seemed amplified as he laughed. In the end, he managed to catch the dark elf.

“Kuhahahahat!”

“Kuheook!”

“How ludicrous!”

Calmahart's fist collided with the dual wielding dark elf. He flew through the air. He had sliced Calmahart many times with his blades. Then Calmahart struck once with his fist.

However, that one blow was stronger. The great chieftain's wounds had already recovered, leaving no traces of the sword. The dark elf squirmed on the floor, unable to recover. This was the difference in power.

“Kuaaaaahhhhh!”

The great chieftain roared. The warriors were thrilled and repeated their war cry.

“For the Great Clan's victory!”

“Death to the enemies of the Great Clan!”

Then the great chieftain laughed and raised his axe to finish off the dark elf.

The moment he was about to kill the enemy...

Suddenly, the sound of the howling wind was heard.

“.....?”

Surka raised his head. The wind made a rushing sound. From the distant sky above their heads, something was closing in. Incredibly fast.

Before he could figure out what it was, it had already nosedived towards them.

“!”

Its target was the great chieftain. Gradually, it got bigger. The great chieftain was also amazed. However, it was too late. It flew from the sky and slammed into the body of the great chieftain.

At that moment, Surka heard it clearly.

‘Do you know this word?’

It was the word that both Hammerchwi and Surka's father had said, "Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr——!"

A huge explosion occurred where the great chieftain was. The orcs and dark elves stared blankly.

As dust rose from the aftermath, Surka saw it. The great chieftain was lying down. The thing that hit him was staggering up. It was the appearance of an orc warrior holding a greatsword.

‘One day, it might answer you.’

Chapter 117 – First Strike (1)

Crockta raised his body.

His whole body creaked and groaned, a cacophony of injuries that was hard to bear. Calmahart, who was the victim of his kinetic energy, should be a mess inside and outside the body. He looked down at the great chieftain, who didn't move like he was a dead man.

Now that the dust settled down, all eyes in Juora were on him. The orcs and dark elves, everyone was shocked by Crockta's appearance.

Crockta raised his greatsword before the orcs could recover. The warriors finally realized the situation and moved their bodies, but Crockta's greatsword didn't stop. Ogre Slayer descended towards the fallen Calmahart.

“Waahh!”

“Great chieftain!”

The screams of the dark elves and the orcs mingled together.

And Crockta. His face distorted.

“Kuhuhuhu...”

Truly a monster. Calmahart had grabbed the greatsword with his bare hands. Crockta gazed at him and smiled. The eyes of the great chieftain were clearer than ever. Calmahart also smiled at Crockta. It was a horrible smile that didn't care about the blood flowing from his mouth.

He got up. Crockta tried to pull back the greatsword but it didn't move within the grasp. Crockta kicked Calmahart's body. It felt like a rock. But it was useless. The great chieftain slowly lifted his head.

“We meet again...”

Calmahart stood up while still holding Ogre Slayer's blade.

"Crockta."

He remembered Crockta's name and then wielded Ogre Slayer.

"Kuhahahahat!"

"Kuhuk!"

Crockta persisted in holding the handle of Ogre Slayer. As Crockta didn't let go even when it was shaken left and right, the great chieftain threw Crockta along with the greatsword. His body was thrown back and he hit a wall.

"Cough!"

Crockta raised his body. His head was ringing. The moment he wanted to grab his forehead to recover from the shock...

A shadow entered his field of view.

".....!"

Crockta instinctively wielded the greatsword. It was stuck in something heavy.

"Ueeh...!"

It was a halberd that a great warrior had aimed at him. Crockta swung the greatsword back around and beheaded him. Blood flowed onto the ground from the body of the dead warrior.

His opponent wasn't just Calmahart. This was a war. The Great Clan warriors slowly started approaching Crockta. Crockta raised his greatsword.

Then he laughed. "Yes, it should be like this."

Things were never easy. He always performed the most difficult missions in the most dangerous place. It would be too easy if it was finished like this.

Crockta searched for any gaps as he was surrounded by the warriors. He had to kill the weakest one and escape the

disadvantageous formation. Grasp the weakest person, the weak point, and then bite.

It was war.

At that moment, he could hear, “Don’t forget us dot!”

There was a colorful bombardment of energy. Magic power bullets poured from the sky, causing the warriors to retreat. It was Tiyo. Tiyo’s General had developed even further. General Vulcan rotated and fired bullets indiscriminately.

Boro kept turning around, making it easier for Tiyo to attack. Then the dark elves recovered their minds and started fighting. Arrows flew.

“It has been a while.”

A familiar voice was also heard. Life was always unknown. He never expected that he would welcome this twisted voice.

“Are you weak? You must be exhausted with that blow.”

Driden. He had recovered from the impact and was standing with his double swords. His face was a mess thanks to Calmahart, but he was gazing in front of him in a sharp manner.

Crockta laughed, “You really look pitiful after just one blow.”

“What, were you watching?” Driden also grinned. It was hard to see his smile.

“A monster.”

“Monster.”

They muttered at the same time as they gazed at the approaching Calmahart.

“I will take care of the rest.” Driden said. His double swords started to flow like he was already in combat. The moment someone entered that trajectory, it would become a storm.

“The great chieftain?”

“You take care of it.”

Crockta laughed out loud. It was a pleasure to be recognized by a great fighter like Driden, but it was never pleasant to deal with that monster alone. But it couldn't be helped. Crockta raised his greatsword. He exchanged a glance with Driden. There was brief eye contact and they nodded. Then both of them rushed out at the same time.

The great chieftain was in front of him. Crockta jumped up and roared, “Bul'tarrrr!”

He brandished his greatsword. The great chieftain also wielded his double edged axe. Both weapons hit each other. His hands shook from the crushing impact. Crockta dug in and aimed for the great chieftain's lower body. The great chieftain stepped back and aimed at Crockta's head. The attacks of the two missed. They hit air instead of each other.

Crockta accelerated his body. His field of view was clear. His keen senses read the surroundings. Now his power was at the Pinnacle. Crockta's movements encouraged the great chieftain. He also entered that realm.

This was no longer a fight, but a dance that was a mix of the sword and axe. The axe aimed at the neck while the greatsword aimed at the abdomen. Just before they dealt the fatal blow, their bodies twisted once again.

Their weapons stopped in the air. Their bodies met instead of retreating. They punched and kicked each other. Crockta was pushed back. The great chieftain laughed and raised his axe again. Crockta spat out blood and lifted the greatsword. Ogre Slayer vibrated.

“Join me, Crockta.” Calmahart laughed. “You are qualified to enter the Great Clan. I'll give you the position of a clan chief.”

Clan chief. There was no such position in the Great Clan. The

leader of the clan was the great chieftain. Calmahart wanted Crockta so much that he even created a new position.

But...

He knew Crockta and knew that Crockta would refuse. Crockta lifted Ogre Slayer instead of responding.

“Kuahahahat! Good answer!” The great chieftain jumped forward while reaching out a hand. Crockta’s greatsword responded by blocking the axe held in one hand. It was an overwhelming confidence in his strength.

Crockta squeezed more strength into his muscles. Just before Calmahart’s other hand grabbed his head, Crockta’s greatsword blew away the axe and became stuck in Calmahart’s side. Calmahart’s eyes widened.

“Too prideful, Calmahart!”

Crockta twisted the blade and made the wound wider. Calmahart groaned. Crockta kicked him. Calmahart fell back. Calmahart grabbed the axe and defended against the new blow from the greatsword.

Kakang!

Kang!

Kakang!

Crockta attacked while Calmahart defended. The great warriors watching the great chieftain couldn’t believe their eyes. No warrior had pushed the great chieftain this far. The previous attack was a raid. But now, even in the unfavorable situation surrounded by opponents, the orc from the continent was facing the great chieftain.

The great chieftain swung his axe but Crockta avoided it. Calmahart’s abdomen was pierced again.

“Kuhuhuhu...”

Calmahart laughed. But unlike his facial expression, an intense anger was boiling up inside him. It was different from Driden's case. Crockta's blows were heavy compared to the double swords. The internal damage was huge.

This shouldn't be the case. He was the great chieftain, Calmahart. He always had to win overwhelmingly.

"Kuaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

His eyes reddened again. The muscles swelled. A tremendous power rose. This unprecedented power made him feel like he could tear apart the orc from the continent with his bare hands. The madness eroded his head. He grasped the axe. His hands gripping the axe trembled.

The wounds instantly recovered. Calmahart's red eyes stared at Crockta.

"Look at the little tricks again. Kuhuhuhu."

Crockta's eyes changed. Calmahart had once again fallen into a frenzied state. Something was shining on his forehead. Now Crockta could see. Calmahart borrowed the power of something in this world, just like how Zelkian was the apostle of the world tree. This was what made Calmahart a terrifying monster.

Crockta declared, "How shameful, Calmahart."

"What do you mean?"

"Your strength isn't something that you obtained yourself."

Crockta stretched and placed his greatsword on his shoulder. He openly stared at Calmahart.

"If it weren't for that power, you would be worse off than your own men. Isn't that right?"

"Nonsense!" Calmahart exploded, "Stop the bullshit! Garbage——!"

He wielded the double edged sword furiously. Crockta retreated

but his front was still cut. The berserk Calmahart had unbelievable power and speed. Despite the world slowing down, Calmahart's axe tore through that slow world.

Crockta blocked with his greatsword. However, the impact shook his whole body.

“Trash from the continent———!”

Calmahart didn't miss this chance and came running at Crockta. As soon as Crockta hit the wall, the double edged axe would mangle his body.

Crockta gritted his teeth. He couldn't change directions in the air. The great chieftain was going to kill him.

At that moment. He felt something flying from behind him. His extremely keen senses recognized it without seeing it. It was General's bullets that were aiming for the great chieftain.

Tiyo's support. However, that alone couldn't deter Calmahart. He wasn't an ordinary orc but a monster. Crockta quickly calculated how to break through this crisis. The short moment where the great chieftain was holding his axe felt like eternity.

Maybe. Crockta gritted his teeth. One method came to mind. It was a scene drawn through his instinct, not his head.

Crockta threw his greatsword. Ogre Slayer flew in the air, spinning round and round. He couldn't put any strength into it because he couldn't pivot. The greatsword slowly moved towards the great chieftain, or it was more like the great chieftain was rushing towards the stopped sword.

And...

General's bullets hit Ogre Slayer.

“.....!”

They hit the handle of Ogre Slayer. The sudden shock caused Ogre Slayer to turn fiercely towards the great chieftain. It spun

like a pinwheel towards the great chieftain. Calmahart, who was about to swing the axe, couldn't avoid Ogre Slayer and clutched his face.

“Kuaack!”

Ogre Slayer raked across his face as it passed by. Calmahart let go of the axe and grabbed his face.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Crockta finally hit the wall and slid to the ground. A huge shock wave. He felt nauseated.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Calmahart's mad shout resonated through the area. Crockta hurriedly got up. Ogre Slayer was at Calmahart's feet. The bloody face of the great chieftain stared at him. Crockta forcibly smiled.

Calmahart's huge body was approaching him. Calmahart's bloody face made him look like a demon. It was an urgent situation.

Crockta quickly said, “Look at that expression.”

Then Calmahart's face distorted further as he lifted his double edged axe high into the air, its grim shadow covering Crockta's head.

Chapter 118 – First Strike (2)

Surka took deep breaths. The fight was taking longer due to the sudden appearance of Crockta and the unknown wyvern.

“Anor! Use your strength dot! Raise the corpses dot!”

“Boro alone is hard!”

“Just slow the orcs down dot!”

“I’m afraid I have to go down to do that. My strength has also fallen...”

“This useless bastard dot!”

“What? Fuc...oof!”

Annoying voices were heard above him but there was no way to shoot them down. Some took a bow from the dark elves and fired, but the bone wyvern skillfully turned and avoided the attack. The bombardment from the artifact was gradually decreasing. The gnome’s magic power was running out so he didn’t indiscriminately fire his magic bullets like the first time.

It was a little slow but it was almost their victory. The dark elf archers dropped one by one while the dual-wielding swordsman was blocked by the warriors. No matter how strong the dark elf was, it was useless if there were a lot of warriors sticking together.

The only thing left was the orc. The orc warrior from the continent, Crockta.

Surka was watching his fight with the great chieftain. Then he was surprised once again.

Power, speed, skill, battle senses, everything blended to make the perfect warrior. As Surka watched the battle between him and the great chieftain, Crockta became the standard of warrior that he wanted to be.

The great chieftain overwhelmed with his opponent with

tremendous power and physical abilities. But that was it. Surka couldn't feel any elegance or surprise from him. The monstrous power was the only astounding thing. However, the techniques and calm responses that Crockta showed were on a higher level.

He didn't shake even as he fought the great chieftain. Rather, it was the great chieftain who received a critical wound.

Surka didn't know what to do as he clenched his fist. In the end, the great chieftain opened his power, which caused his eyes to become the distinctive red color as he was swept up in the berserk state.

Even Crockta couldn't deal with the rampaging chieftain. He lost his sword. It was surprising enough for him to injure the face of the great chieftain in a desperate sword throw. However, in the end, he stood before the great chieftain with his bare hands.

“Ahh...”

Surka didn't know why he felt sad when he saw the orc being beaten up.

“Kuhahahahat! Die! Die, scum! Orc traitor!”

The great chieftain wielded his double edged axe, but within a short time, he was mercilessly beating Crockta up with his bare hands. It was to destroy the enemy in the most primitive way. Crockta, who had been wielding his fists, eventually started to get hit with no resistance. It was an overwhelming power difference that technique couldn't overcome.

The ragged Crockta was lying on the ground.

“Die!”

The great chieftain wielded his fists towards the fallen Crockta.

Peeok! Peeok! Peeok!

Every time he punched, Crockta's body shook.

Surka turned his eyes away. It was a distressing sight. The

opponent was a great warrior who shouldn't die here. However, he was caught in the great chieftain's madness and would eventually die a gruesome death.

“Surka.”

As Surka turned, one of the great warriors called out to him, “The dark elves are running.”

“What do you mean?”

“Due to the battle being delayed over here, the residents are opening the gates on the opposite side and escaping from Juora.”

“That...”

Surka was about to unconsciously answer before stopping. There were complex emotions in the eyes of the warrior facing him.

They didn't deal with civilians. They might've won the battle, but their opponents were soldiers and warriors, not the inhabitants who didn't know how to fight.

However, Calmahart changed this rule once he became the great chieftain. They shouldn't let the residents escape; their options were either to kill them or enslave them. The great chieftain wanted to reign over the north with overwhelming fear.

Surka had participated in the massacre of Emeranian. Under the direction of the great chieftain, he forgot the guilt and slaughtered people. However, as the adrenaline from the battle fell, he became doubtful about the things he had done.

But even those feelings were gradually being worn down. Surka suspected that he might be going mad like the great chieftain.

“Stop them.” But this was currently the battlefield. They had to follow the instructions of the great chieftain first. “Quickly clean up this place and catch the residents. The great chieftain needs slaves.”

“But...”

The warrior pointed to the battlefield. The gnome was still firing magic bullets from the wyvern, while dark elves ran around the buildings and fired arrows. The dark elf with the double swords was resisting to the end.

More than anything else. Crockta had suddenly got up and was facing Calmahart. His bloody and swollen face rose again to confront the great chieftain. The Ogre Slayer that he had recovered while rolling around was dragging against the ground. He staggered and it seemed difficult for him to even hold the sword.

“You don’t deserve that quality piece of equipment.”

Calmahart raised his double edged axe and prepared to run forward and finish Crockta off.

Surka approached Calmahart and said, “Great chieftain.”

The great chieftain looked at him the moment he called. Surka flinched. The killing intent in the eyes was directed at him. It felt like Calmahart would swing his axe at Surka.

Surka gulped and continued, “The residents are escaping.”

“So?”

“If the fight becomes longer...”

As Surka was reporting to the great chieftain, laughter was heard.

“.....!”

It was Crockta. Crockta laughed as he looked at them with his messed up face, while the greatsword was on his shoulders.

“If you want to go...”

It was a weary voice. It seemed difficult to lift the greatsword.

“You will need to pass by me.”

However, he once again opened his mouth. He lifted the

greatsword from his shoulders. It was a horrible face was broken and made swollen by Calmahart. It was a sad sight as the tattooed body became completely covered in blood. However, he smiled again.

“Come.”

Surka saw his appearance and was thrilled once again.

‘What do you think a true warrior is, Surka?’

His father, Shiktulla, the chief warrior of the Steel Axe Tribe had asked him. Surka had said things like power, skill, physical fitness, battle senses, etc. He wanted to be a big and strong warrior, so he always ate meat and worked on his muscles.

Shiktulla just smiled at Surka. His father never answered him directly. One day he would become aware of it himself. Today, Surka met a man who had everything he mentioned in childhood. But it wasn’t what really made him a warrior. This.

That smile. It was that smile that resembled Shiktulla.

“I understand, no more dragging it out. I will kill you.”

Calmahart laughed. Now the battle was almost over. The dark elves were out of their league and the ranged bombardment of the gnome from the sky was slowly fading away. The only thing left was the orc.

The great chieftain and all the warriors who followed him turned their gazes to Crockta. However, he never turned his head away. He took one step forward.

The sword made a sound. An orc fighting alone against an army.

“I’m envious,” Surka muttered to himself.

He envied Crockta. He was ashamed of himself. He had crossed the line to become a warrior. He had fought and killed on the great chieftain’s command. He looked down at his axe that became increasingly covered in blood. He had believed that he would

someday become a true warrior in the north and throughout the continent.

But now he knew that would never come to pass.

He couldn't attack the warriors of the Great Clan alone, as one person against an army. A warrior was someone who confronted others with a sword, not someone who wielded that sword towards civilians and turned them into slaves.

"Father..."

After the roar of the great chieftain, the warriors rushed towards Crockta. The result was obvious. His body was already in tatters and the great chieftain was still in his frenzied state. If all the warriors rushed together, it was perfectly clear how the orc would end up.

The great chieftain and his warriors were briefly blocking Crockta from view when a thunderous sound shook the earth.

".....!"

At the same time, a wave of energy pushed out in a fan shape. Apart from the great chieftain, the rest of the warriors fell apart with sword marks on their abdomens.

Surka saw it. He saw it clearly. A fire was burning in Crockta's eyes. He was a wreck, but his eyes were still burning with the will to fight with a hot, combative spirit.

Surka couldn't believe it. Where did that power come from?

"What are you doing? Surka!"

One of the great warriors hit his back. Surka recovered his spirit and raised his axe before running towards Crockta. However, he didn't dare confront Crockta. Surka stayed behind the great chieftain and the other warriors. They were strong enough to occupy anywhere in the north.

That orc was alone. However, he seemed bigger than all the other

monster that overwhelmed dozens of great warriors. All their eyes were burning like Crockta's.

It was a bizarre illusion. Crockta was clearly alone but he looked like an army was fighting with him.

“Killing innocent people!” Crockta shouted. “Making slaves of orcs and other species!”

Now Crockta went forward, prompting the Great Clan warriors to retreat.. The great chieftain stood and wielded his double edged axe, but Crockta blocked it with his greatsword. Sparks flew.

“Great Clan in the north————!”

Crockta's roar overpowered all other sound in the world and captured their eardrums. Crockta jumped and aimed the greatsword at Calmahart's neck.

“Where is your honor as a warrior————!”

Surka dropped his weapon.

Chapter 119 – First Strike (3)

“Team Leader-nim!”

“What?”

“It is serious.”

Park Jujin leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. Elder Lord’s system was thoroughly controlled by Albino. The core system Albino was so good that it didn’t need them, so there were rarely any states of emergency. But if the researchers came running like this, there was only one reason.

“Why, is there another system lock?”

“Wow, that’s right.”

“Wow?” Park Jujin twitched. “Wow?”

The researcher laughed. “It can’t be helped so I’ve resigned myself to it.”

“This bastard... You aren’t the one that it will rain heavily on. If there is a heavy rain, it will be on me!”

Park Jujin folded the papers he was holding and beat his own side, mimicking the ceremony of an old soccer player.

“Heavy rain! Heavy rain!”

“Ah, Team Leader-nim!”

“Heavy rain! Fuck!”

Park Jujin swung the paperwork. The researcher was astonished and ran away. How hysterical was the team leader? This was on the verge of workplace violence!

But Park Jujin’s fingers stopped moving as he recovered his mind, an instinct that adapted to the system.

“Don’t you need to do something if there is a system lock?”

“Huh?”

“Monitor everyone right now!”

“We have been doing that, but it doesn’t work.”

“Shut up! I think that it’s best to watch Choi Hansung. He’s really skilled these days. Check him and any famous rankers!”

“By the way Team Leader, is there nothing we can verify? Why is it a problem if the assimilation rate goes so high...?”

“Stop wondering why and just do it!”

The researcher stepped back as Park Jujin lifted the paperwork. After measuring the throwing distance, Park Jujin dropped the documents back on his desk. “You don’t know?”

“Yes.”

“You really don’t know?”

“I thought about it...”

“Okay. Think about it and write a report.”

“Huh?”

“Think well and write a report! You have until tomorrow!”

“Ah...that...yes.”

The researcher left through the door. Park Jujin looked at his back and folded his arms.

In fact, he didn’t know. The mysterious existence that exceeded a 90% assimilation rate. What he would do if he found him was unknown to even Park Jujin.

However, Albino gave the warning that ‘access is temporarily locked due to a 90% assimilation rate’ so there seemed to be a clue in it. There was a clue to approaching Albino, the core system that no one could access.

“There is something...” Park Jujin muttered as he recalled Yoo

Jaehan's face.

Surka's eyes widened.

It was a series of incredible situations. Crockta had burst out with an explosive force and fought against the great chieftain and the warriors. After noticing that the great chieftain was pressured by Crockta, the dark elves were inspired by his efforts and also recovered.

Surka couldn't afford to enter that fight anymore.

"Where are you looking? Orc."

The dark elf with double swords, who was almost destroyed by the great chieftain, faced him. Of course, he was limping because his body wasn't recovered. He looked like a wreck. However, Crockta's fighting spirit seemed to be infectious as the tattered arms raised the double swords.

"I will kill you."

Surka was afraid the dark elf would collapse at any time.

"Ah~ lucky~ Juora! We protect~! Macho! With verve!"

The gnome seemed to have recuperated as he sung a strange song while aiming his artifact. At crucial moments, his magic bullets would fire and disturb the great warriors. The moment that Surka looked up at the sky-

"Don't look away!"

The dark elf swung his double swords. It was still an unpredictable swordsmanship. But as he lacked stamina, it wasn't good enough. Surka blocked the attack. The dark elf, who was thrown back, fell down and took deep breaths.

His stamina was obviously exhausted.

Move right now. A chance.

His head thought so, but Surka somehow couldn't attack the dark elf. It felt like if he attacked now, those swords would pierce his neck. As proof of this, the dark elf was staring at him while tightly holding his swords, despite sitting down.

That wasn't the only worrying thing.

“...Hat!”

An arrow flew. Surka brandished his axe and hit it. It came from a soldier of Juora. They had recovered and started the guerrilla warfare again. Once they ran out of arrows, they grabbed their rapiers and attempted melee combat.

It was extremely unlikely that the dark elves would win in a melee against the great warriors. Even so, they raised their weapons. All of them were determined to die in order to buy time so that the residents could evacuate.

Surka faced the frantic battlefield but couldn't wield his axe.

“Honour...”

He once followed it, but now that word felt strange.

One of the warriors cried out to Surka again.

“Surka!”

“What is going on?”

“It is serious,” he said urgently. “An army is coming down from the Luklan Mountains!”

“.....!”

“It is the allied forces of Orcheim, Dejame, and Altanas. They are near Juora.”

“The troops guarding the mountain!”

“Defeated and withdrew.”

Surka nodded as he grasped the situation. Everything was going badly. They should retreat. Juora hadn't been taken over, but most

of its soldiers had been killed and a severe blow dealt. In any case, Calmahart's ultimate goal was the world tree, the divine being of the dark elves. Every fight was just a preparation to capture Spinoa.

Surka approached Calmahart and said, "Great chieftain."

He didn't answer.

"An army is coming down from the Luklan Mountains. The residents have also escaped from Juora. We gained enough so we should withdraw..."

Surka couldn't speak anymore.

Calmahart was looking down at him. Calmahart's eyes were now completely red. A fierce killing intent rose from his body. A red pattern, a bizarrely twisted cross, appeared on Calmahart's forehead.

He swung the axe towards Surka.

"Kuheeeek!"

Surka reflexively blocked it but his body flew away. His whole body shook; he was still bleeding from the great damage that he received from that one blow.

"Kuheok..."

"Calmahart...?"

The great chieftain frantically wielded his weapon. His whole body was now clearly covered in a blood-red haze. He was in a blood frenzy, slaughtering anyone who got close to him. Even the warriors fell under his axe. Some lost their heads and collapsed.

The orcs were frightened as they shouted, "G-Great chieftain!"

"Kuaaaaak!"

The mad eyes turned to Crockta. The great chieftain shouted.

"Kuaaaaaah——!"

The earth shook. It was literally an earthquake. His body swelled even further. The great chieftain was no longer an orc. He was a monster.

“You are okay dot.”

“I’m okay...”

Crockta groaned from where he was lying on a bed. This was Juora’s medical center. Tiyo slapped Crockta’s thigh and laughed.

“You were beaten up by the great chieftain dot. Huhihihit. It is a rare sight dot.”

Anor agreed. “Crockta isn’t invincible either. Kuhihihit.”

“.....”

They truly seemed to have a bad influence on each other. Crockta was in agony as he watched both of them laughing.

“By the way, it is a relief. We made it in time.”

The Great Clan withdrew from Juora. In the end, the great chieftain had become an impossible monster. He attacked indiscriminately and then walked towards Crockta. Even the bold Crockta had stepped back with dread. The red energy coming from his body was so bloodthirsty.

He really thought he would die. Crockta forgot he was a user and desperately had to remind himself that he was a user.

Then the Great Clan’s shaman suddenly appeared. His face was covered by a hood, but the air changed when he appeared. There was a strong wave of magic power coming from him, similar to Tashaquil.

As the shaman chanted something, Calmahart’s red energy gradually faded. Within a short period of time, Calmahart lost all his red energy but he still glared at Crockta. Then his mouth opened and he spat out.

“I’ll see you again. Trash from the continent.”

Then he ordered a withdrawal. When the shaman talked to him, the great chieftain held his head. He seemed to be in a bad physical condition due to the aftermath of the frenzied state. He walked with a fine limp. Then the shaman used a healing spell and a slight light surrounded his body.

After that, the clan warriors quickly retreated. The reinforcements from the Luklan Mountains only arrived after they were gone. They disappeared just as quickly as they came. That was the skill of an elite.

According to later reports, the orcs were gathering between Nameragon and Spinoa.

“Just relax and concentrate on your treatment. Boro has become faster.” Anor said with playful eyes. The party didn’t plan to move until Crockta recovered to a certain extent since they had Boro as a means of transport.

“Kyulkyulkyul! It is good to see you again!”

A welcome face, Caburak appeared. A few of his teeth were still missing so he spoke in an airy voice as he struck Crockta’s shoulder.

“Cough! Be careful!”

“A greeting! Kyulkyulkyul!”

Not only that, Yona was present so there was a strange atmosphere around Tiyo.

“Crockta. Are you okay? I’ve heard the story. I heard about your great actions. Truly Crockta.”

“Thank you. I’m okay now...”

She glanced at Tiyo before Crockta finished answering. The two of them left the room together. They wanted to have the long conversation that hadn’t been possible in the meantime.

Crockta became sad. “Kuheok...”

Crockta suppressed the sad feelings and asked Caburak something he was curious about, the shaman who seemed to be manipulating the great chieftain.

“Caburak. I saw a strange man while fighting against the great chieftain.

“A strange man?”

“The Great Clan’s shaman.”

“Shaman...”

Crockta explained to Caburak what he saw.

The fact that the great chieftain was strengthened by an unknown force, the pattern on his forehead that seemed to resemble Zelkian, an apostle of the world tree, and the fact that the great chieftain seemed to be controlled by the shaman.

Caburak’s playful face became serious.

“Hah...! Perhaps, that...!”

Caburak’s face was shocked. He lamented as he looked out the window towards the sky.

“Unbelievable...”

Crockta also became serious as he asked, “Do you know something?”

Caburak turned slowly from the sky towards Crockta. His eyes were filled with anxiety. He opened his mouth, “That...!”

“That...?”

Caburak gulped and replied, “I don’t know.”

“W-Wha...t?”

“Kyulkyulkyul! I don’t know! Kyulkyulkyul!”

“.....”

Crockta fell back on his bed and covered his head with the quilt.

“Don’t wake me up.”

Caburak giggled. “Kyulkyulkyulkyul! Are you sulking?”

“.....”

“You are sulking! Kyulkyulkyul! The warrior Crockta is sulking!”

“Shut up. Good night.”

“Kyulkyulkyul!”

Crockta became sad again as he listened to Caburak’s laughter.

Seriously, where were all the people concerned about the future of the north?

Chapter 120 – Before The Storm

Crockta's injuries weren't recovered yet so the troops of the Luklan Mountains set off first. Crockta's group was able to catch up quickly on the undead wyvern so they decided to delay their departure.

Crockta had a monster-like resilience. Wounds that would take others a long time to heal were recovered in seconds. Indeed, Crockta was an amazing warrior.

"Crockta is a very important figure," said Gorit, Caburak's father.

He was in charge of the Luklan Mountains Alliance.

"He is one of the keys in this war. Kyulkyul!"

"What would the north be like if it weren't for him?"

Crockta hadn't ruined Calmahart's plans just one or two times. Even the fate of the Luklan Mountains wouldn't have been assured without Crockta. They might've become slaves working for the Great Clan.

"Father."

"What is it?"

"Calmahart wasn't always mad. How long has it been since he got this madness?"

Calmahart was originally rough, but he wasn't crazy enough to slaughter the other species in order to unify the north and invade the continent. He followed the logic of power and respected the strongest of the warriors: those who had inherited the position of great chieftain by defeating the previous one.

He was cruel but also able to restrain himself. However, he became a maniac at some point and everything changed. Everything in the Great Clan was determined by the chieftain;

therefore, the moment the chieftain changed, the Great Clan did as well.

“I don’t know very well, but I do remember the first time I felt like something was wrong. It was when he sent a messenger to join him.”

“When was that?”

“I guess it was around two years ago.”

“Umm...”

“The conditions were filled with nonsense so I couldn’t accept. At that time, I felt like he wasn’t normal. He seemed to be treating us as slaves.”

Caburak nodded as his eyes deepened in understanding. “I understand.”

“Why?”

“Just curious. Kyulkyul!”

“This brat, right now you’re someone who can’t help much. Once the fight begins, be careful not to get involved too much.”

“Kyulkyul, don’t make a fuss, Father. I specialize in running away.”

Gorit couldn’t get rid of his concerned expression. Caburak touched his father’s back as if he wasn’t worried.

He looked around at the Luklan allied forces. The orc warriors were leading the charge while the dark elves and gnomes were mixing arrows, crossbows, and all sorts of tools. This was a benefit created by mixing the abilities of all three species. It was more advanced than a unit made up of orcs rushing with axes or of dark elves launching volleys of arrows.

However, he had an ominous feeling. If it was as he thought, these soldiers or crude weapons might not be necessary in the first place.

“No...”

He shook his head. The following battle would decide the future. Nameragon and Spinoa were both important cities that couldn't be left for the dark elves. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that all other cities could collapse as long as these two remained.

In addition, Spinoa had the world tree. Occupying Spinoa would never be easy as long as the world tree was present.

So Caburak wondered about the Great Clan's next move.

Head to Nameragon or Spinoa? If they headed to Nameragon, it would probably fall. Even if Spinoa's personnel went out to support them, they wouldn't be able to stop the madness of the great chieftain and the Great Clan. It would be difficult unless they moved the world tree.

However, the dark elves couldn't give up Nameragon, so the siege would be fierce. After breaking down Nameragon, their forces might be too weakened to take Spinoa.

Caburak thought that would be the best way. But...

“Where is the Great Clan heading? Is it still the same direction?”

“According to the most recent news...” Gorit scratched his head. “They seem to be heading to Spinoa, but it still isn't certain.”

“.....!” Caburak stopped. “Why?”

The Great Clan was leaving Nameragon alone and heading to Spinoa, which meant that their goal was the world tree. Their goal was neither the territory of the dark elves nor their submission, but the acquisition of the world tree.

“...No.”

Caburak closed his eyes. He prayed to the nameless god that his imagination was wrong.

“Those guys have turned to this place.”

“Yes.”

“Understood.”

Zelkian nodded.

Jenado, an apostle of the world tree like Zelkian, bowed and withdrew.

Zelkian stood on top of the world tree. From the summit of the world tree, he could see the distant scenery. It was a beautiful scenery allowed only to apostles.

But the landscape no longer looked beautiful to Zelkian. The cities of dark elves, as well as his children, had all been devastated. There seemed to be no life in the distant cities. Nurido, Emeranian, and Yekator, places he occasionally visited, were now reduced to rubble and piles of dead bodies.

Everyone had died and perished.

Zelkian felt a burning pain in his chest.

“Kuock...”

There was a deep pain. The world tree was mourning. Its painful emotions were transferred to its apostle, causing Zelkian to suffer. He knelt on one knee and waited for the world tree to calm down. The joys and sorrows of a great being like the world tree would make mortals suffer just by sharing that pleasure.

Zelkian, who groaned in pain for a while, finally caught his breath. The world tree became calm. Zelkian kicked the huge branch that he was standing on.

“Hey, relax. I am also in pain.”

A branch of the world tree rose and hit Zelkian’s legs. The two fought for a while.

“Anyway, I’m not joking.”

Zelkian's gaze moved.

There were things filling up the plain near Spinoa.

Orcs. It was a really large army. Even if he joined the forces of Spinoa and Nameragon, it seemed to be several times their number.

Furthermore, the orcs were familiar with fighting. While the dark elves locked their gates and enjoyed their own peace, the great chieftain continued fighting and subduing orcs. Fighting was part of their species' culture. It was different from the dark elves' experience with war.

And the great chieftain.

Zelkian borrowed the power of the world tree to capture his appearance. He was much larger than the other orcs, an oppressive appearance. A menacing presence.

“.....!”

His chest burned again. Zelkian closed his eyes and took deep breaths. The world tree shook. Calmahart's sedan was being supported by only dark elves. Although there were many slaves, he made only a small number carry his sedan. It was a scene where he was enjoying his power. The orc soldiers following Calmahart periodically wielded the whip and urged the dark elves on.

The world tree was furious. It also became Zelkian's anger. He opened his eyes in order to carve the appearance of Calmahart inside him. The world tree could never forgive him. Zelkian confirmed his face.

And...

Their eyes met.

“.....!”

He was aware of Zelkian. He gazed at Zelkian and smiled, his eyes a clear blood color.

A mark appeared on the great chieftain's forehead—a red, bizarrely twisted cross. At that moment, the world tree recognized it and flinched. The world tree shook for a short time. The dark elves inside the world tree screamed at the abrupt shaking.

Zelkian asked the world tree, “Just what is that?”

But the world tree didn't answer.

“He looks like an apostle. Who is he the apostle of?”

The world tree was silent. The answer that came from it was difficult to understand.

Zelkian shrugged. “Well, we will be fighting soon. Are you scared?”

The world tree slapped his head.

Zelkian grumbled, “You are very violent. Tree brat. Ah, stop!”

He tried to find the great chieftain again, but Calmahart was no longer visible. Where was that giant mass of muscle hiding? Zelkian touched his chin. The great chieftain was probably an apostle like him.

Who was the existence behind the great chieftain? As a result of the great chieftain's appearance, there was a high probability of fighting over the world tree. It wouldn't be easy to borrow the power of the world tree. The world tree had a dirty nature, but it wasn't a good fighter.

As he worried about the future battle, the world tree tapped his shoulder.

“What?”

The world tree pointed to the sky. Zelkian's gaze followed the direction that it was pointing. Something was coming. Zelkian laughed as he saw it.

“What the, those people? What are they riding?”

Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor were rushing through the sky and heading towards Spinoa on the undead wyvern, Boro. Crockta had bandages on his body but he seemed fine. Zelkian had been worried after his battle with Calmahart, but Crockta still seemed capable of fighting.

His mind felt reassured at the sight of them approaching. Crockta was a warrior who had already shaken the north several times. He had rescued several cities from the Great Clan. Now that the final battle was approaching, they couldn't be left out. Zelkian laughed.

Dark elves had gathered from all over and reinforcements came from the Luklan Mountains. As long as the world tree existed, the dark elves were one. The Great Clan or the great chieftain didn't matter.

Zelkian opened his arms. He appeared to be embracing the landscape of Spinoa. Beyond it was the Great Clan.

“Yes, let's end the great chieftain.”

The world tree trembled in response.

The orcs gathered in front of Spinoa. It seemed like the Great Clan decided that the decisive battle would be at Spinoa instead of Nameragon.

As a result, the dark elves guarding Nameragon joined Spinoa. Spinoa prepared all of its strength. The walls were reinforced to become much higher and tens of thousands of arrows were prepared. Jamero's magic strengthened the defenses around Spinoa.

“Amazing.”

Crockta watched the scene from the walls. It was the largest battle he ever experienced in Elder Lord.

“The number of orcs is terrible dot...”

Tiyo watched from beside him on the wall and muttered in a stricken voice.

“Too bad dot. If this were Quantess, I could’ve wiped them all out with the magic engineering cannons...”

“Instead you have General.”

“That’s right dot. This will deal harsh damage to the orcs. Huhut.”

“A tragedy.”

Crockta turned his head away from Tiyo after the joke. Tiyo wasn’t the only one waiting for the fight. Driden’s scimitars were moving through the air. Like a painter imagining a composition before drawing it, he was imagining his own trajectories. He felt Crockta’s gaze and glanced over.

Radet, who led the army from Nameragon, and Jamero also appeared. The troops from the Luklan Mountains were deployed throughout the city in preparation for the battle.

And...

Crockta looked back.

The pillar of the world, the world tree was standing in the center of Spinoa and overlooking everything. Standing on top of it was Zelkian. He waved his hand. Crockta waved back.

“Crockta. Are you ready dot?” Tiyo asked.

Crockta followed Tiyo’s gaze. The large army of orcs in front of Spinoa was slowly advancing forward. Leading them was the oversized great chieftain, the monster called Calmahart. He walked towards Spinoa. The large army advanced along with him. The orcs that covered the plains marched towards Spinoa.

Crockta held Ogre Slayer in his hands.

“I was born ready.”

“What dot? Then I was ready from my mother’s womb dot.”

Crockta and Tiyo started laughing.

Tiyo laughed aloud as he said, “Crockta, I’m glad I met you dot. I got to experience such a great adventure.”

“Why are you already amazed? This is just the beginning.”

“Hoh. Really dot?”

Crockta smiled.

“After the war, there will be more grand adventures waiting. Don’t spread it around.”

“Kahahat, how fun!”

Tiyo raised General.

The Great Northern War, which began with the call of the mad chieftain Calmahart, was now heading towards the end.

Chapter 121 – Secondary Round (1)

The battle began with the appearance of siege weapons.

“That...!”

It was the weight displacement catapults using the principles of levers, the trebuchets. The dark elves were shaken by the appearance of the siege weapons. The chieftain, who normally would've run directly at the gate, was staring at it with his arms folded.

“Counter measures!”

“Unfold the shields!”

“Use the magic!”

“We can't allow it to hit!”

Opinions differed. Several orc soldiers were loading tremendous rocks onto the trebuchets. Once the bar holding down the launcher was removed, the weight caused the levers to rotate and the rock to be thrown. Dozens of these weapons were lined up on the plain, all ready to immediately fire towards the walls.

Crockta looked at the troops. There weren't any countermeasures for the siege weapons. In addition, they were out of reach of the arrows. If this was the case, the walls would be one-sidedly hit.

“Orcs are moderately smart dot.”

Tiyo muttered to himself.

The rocks flew and the dark elves bent down.

Kwaaaang!

Kwaang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

There was the sound of the impact as the walls shook violently.

The dark elves couldn't balance themselves and sat down. Crockta leaned over and stared at a distant place.

Calmahart, the great chieftain, was laughing. Then he raised a hand.

The orcs once again rolled rocks and loaded them on the trebuchets. Thanks to the unique strength of the orcs, the huge rocks were lifted and continued to fly, like an exaggerated war scene from a medieval movie.

Kwaaaang!

Crocka endured the shock and glared at Calmahart. His eyes passed by Calmahart towards the shaman standing behind him. The shaman was the cause of all of this. At the moment, he seemed to meet the shaman's eyes. However, the rocks hit the wall and shook his balance again. Crockta grabbed onto the wall.

“Ballista!”

The dark elves hurriedly loaded a large crossbow. They put a big arrow as large as a spear into it and lit it on fire. The fire arrows were aimed at a trebuchet. Dozens of fire arrows and rocks crossed in the air.

The gate shook and several trebuchets were burned. Nevertheless, the rocks continued to fly.

“Kuheeok!”

A rock was aimed at the railing on the wall. The whole area was overwhelmed and the dark elves standing there died instantly. As the dust from the rocks continued to rise, the morale of the dark elves fell.

Crockta peered through the dust that blurred his vision. The orcs had started their march.

“Attack!”

“The enemy is advancing!”

“Fire!”

The commanders called out. The dark elves pulled back their bows in unison but were unable to maintain their positions, due to the subsequent bombardment. The orcs were repeatedly aiming at the wall railings.

Hwiiiing!

“Cough!”

One rock flew next to Crockta. The dark elf who couldn't avoid it had his head burst appear, then the rock continued and slammed into the interior of the city. A building collapsed.

“Dammit.” Crockta bit his lip. He hadn't imagined this. The orcs, who Crockta believed would rush indiscriminately, were attacking Spinoa in a calm manner.

“Why didn't they do this until now?”

Crockta smiled as he saw orcs rushing while carrying huge ladders. It felt like the genre of the game had suddenly changed. But no matter what the scene was, he had one job.

He picked up Ogre Slayer. Between the successive shocks and arrows, the sound of the ladders couldn't be heard properly. The commanders shouted until their voices were hoarse but were buried by the other loud sounds.

The orcs started climbing one by one. Crockta looked down the wall. Many orcs were stuck like ants. Their mad eyes were only filled with the obsession of completely breaking down the city. There were no signs of fear.

The chieftain's madness was contagious. However, the dark elves weren't quiet. They poured boiling water, oil, and logs down the ladders, knocking down the orcs. They were all brutal weapons prepared in advance. Orcs were unable to climb the walls and fell in terrible ways.

“Vicious bastards.”

The orcs stepped on the bodies of their companions and used them as a ladder. Crockta wielded Ogre Slayer at those climbing the walls. The orc near the railings had his neck cut and fell to the ground. Several orcs underneath were caught up and also fell.

Crockta grabbed the ladder.

“Huaaat!”

Then he pushed with all his strength. His tattoos burned hot and the tendons on his neck pulsed.

“Kuaaah!”

The ladder started tilting. The orcs hanging on the ladder fell off and the ladder went in the opposite direction.

“Those who have forgotten their honor—————!”

Crockta’s battle cry covered all noise on the battlefield. His roar rang in the orcs’ ears.

“I will kill you directly—————!”

The Orcheim warriors raised their weapons following Crockta’s cry.

“Bul’tarrrr!”

Crockta wielded his weapon. The body of the orc on the railing was chopped in half and flew through the air. Blood spilled from his head and fell on the head of the orcs. Then he kicked an orc grabbing the handrail.

The greatsword was swung and another ladder was broken. A stone from a trebuchet headed towards Crockta, who didn’t avoid it. Rather, he wielded the greatsword. Ogre Slayer smashed against it. The huge rock shattered in the air and fell on top of the orcs. Some were hit on the head by the debris.

His sword was aimed at the orcs. His sword was aimed at the

rocks.

The morale of the dark elves on Crockta's area of the wall rose.

"Kill the invaders!" In the east, Caska was commanding the archers. She used her distinctive manner of talking while continuously flying arrows. "Kill those bastards who want to trample on our home!"

Arrows flew over the heads of the orcs. They had to blow with weapons or die. The death cries of the orcs resounded. Crockta killed the orcs trying to climb onto the walls and looked around.

The orcs were still advancing.

"It will be a long day."

He could see Tiyo playing in the distance. Using the characteristics of General's high-speed shooting, he swept at the orcs approaching the walls. Each time the colorful energy swept over the ladders, a great number of orcs fell.

It was a tremendous play, but Crockta felt a strange flow in the atmosphere. His skill Introduction to Magic and Heart and Soul Penetration were activated, and he started to feel the flow of magic power. Then Tiyo pointed at something.

"That..."

Crockta hurriedly looked around the battlefield. In the back of the army, the orc shamans were gathering together. There were five of them and energy was rising from their bodies. The magic power was swirling in the sky like a whirlwind. Magic power rushed up to the clouds in the air. It became a huge sphere.

It looked like the sun. The blinding light coming from it disturbed his eyesight.

Meteor!

It wasn't a real meteorite, but one that fell down like a giant meteor. The blazing magic power started to slowly approach the

wall. Manifestation magic.

The dark elves were confused and stopped attacking. Even Crockta also didn't know what to do. This would cause tremendous damage and the walls would completely collapse.

At that moment, a magic power barrier was unfolded. It was a translucent net in the sky. It infinitely expanded. A new net was weaved and then another new one. It doubled and quadrupled until a huge wall covered the entire sky above Spinoa.

A magnificent voice cried out, "The net of heaven might look thin, but it will never miss anything."

The magician of Nameragon, Jamero. He raised his staff and shouted.

"None of you will ever see the world tree or Spinoa!"

A blue light emerged from his staff. At the same time, the barrier of magic power spread in the sky started to vibrate. It glowed as the meteor fell on it. The two magic powers clashed.

A loud sound emerged.

".....!"

Crockta frowned at the tremendous light. The terrible explosive sound seemed to shatter the whole area. Flames exploded and light scattered. He became deaf and confused. It was like he was witnessing the end of the world.

The two magic powers kept bumping back and forth against each other. But Jamero's magic net kept expanding and pushing back the meteor. The heat gradually faded. The magic power of the shamans broke in a flash of white.

The meteor turned into white ash in the air. It was destroyed. It was Jamero's victory. But he had consumed a lot of power and had to sit down. The dark elves cheered. As morale rose again, their arrows flew through the air. Orcs fell down.

The march of the orcs started to stall. There were orcs on the walls, but they failed to enter due to the dark elves' desperate resistance and died. They poured oil on the orcs and burned the ladders. Dark smoke rose.

However, Crockta couldn't feel relieved. Crockta felt a huge presence and looked up. He was coming.

Ogre Slayer was raised. A huge shadow covered him. It looked like a rock from the trebuchet, but Crockta knew it was actually an orc.

Kwaang!

The huge orc landed on the wall. He got up. His appearance looked like a giant mountain on the wall. Crockta stepped back and all the dark elves escaped from the area at once. The mad great chieftain, Calmahart. The region of wall where they were standing contained only Crockta and Calmahart.

"I said I would see you again, Crockta."

The red eyes glared at Crockta.

Crockta grinned as he replied, "Likewise. You look handsome, Calmahart."

There was a scar on his face due to the wound caused by Crockta. Calmahart looked down at him and laughed. It was uglier than before.

"You only bite with your mouth. Kuhuhu."

Crockta and Calmahart raised their weapons. Suddenly, Crockta looked around.

"Where is your nanny?"

"What do you mean?"

"The shaman who tells you what to do, just like a nanny looking after a kid."

Calmahart's face stiffened. Crockta smiled and provoked Calmahart again, "Back then, you looked like a well-behaved kid as you backed away with your nanny. Now you're allowed to charge in here?"

Flames surged in Calmahart's eyes.

"Shut up———!"

He swung his double edged axe. Crockta avoided it. The bottom of the wall collapsed. Crockta gripped Ogre Slayer tightly.

Things didn't look good. Orcs were climbing up the walls. With the emergence of Calmahart, the walls became useless. No one could stop the ladders around him so a few orcs started to climb the walls. The orcs ran to the other side and attacked the dark elves. The dark elves resisted, but they were no match against the orcs in close combat. The dark elves were starting to collapse. Their bodies fell down the walls. The orcs cheered.

".....!"

Crockta's body trembled. He wanted to help them but the great chieftain was blocking him.

"Where are you looking?" Calmahart headed towards Crockta with an emotionless face. Crockta stepped back.

Calmahart spat out in a rough voice, "Keep talking."

A red haze appeared around his body. It was different from their confrontation in Juora. There was a fierce aura as always, but his eyes were calm. He was stronger and cooler. If so, the provocation was useless.

"I apologize," Crockta replied politely.

Derision appeared on Calmahart's face. "Kuhuhu, already frightened..."

Crockta interrupted his words. "That guy, he wasn't your nanny, but your mother. Is your mother healthy? Are you still depressed?"

Calmahart's face changed.

“This trash——!”

Chapter 122 – Secondary Round (2)

Calmahart wielded his axe like crazy. His gestures grew larger. Crockta smiled as he penetrated through a gap. Ogre Slayer headed towards the great chieftain's abdomen.

“Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrr——!”

The greatsword and double edged axe hit each other. Each hit caused the flow of the battle to reverse. The contest of strength continued.

Around them, the orcs were fighting while the dark elf arrows rained from above. The rocks flew high in the sky. The orcs, who became fiercer thanks to the power of the shaman, ran along the walls.

It was a gory battlefield field with death. However, the eyes of the two people didn't shake. One moment of weakness meant death. The two of them stared into each other's eyes. The axe and greatsword descended again. Blood flowed and sparks flew as the weapons collided.

“You can't win against me.”

Calmahart laughed. Crockta moved the blade instead of answering. Ogre Slayer slashed Calmahart's chest. Blood flowed down. The wound became smaller. It healed at a visible speed.

“Did you give up everything to become strong?”

Calmahart smiled. “I did.”

His wound became clean. It was a fearsome recovery ability.

“You! You can't win against me!” Calmahart screamed. At the same time, he became even faster. Crockta focused and entered the realm of the Pinnacle.

The world slowed. An infinitely accelerated world where the arrows in the sky seemed to have stopped. In that realm, Crockta

wielded Ogre Slayer. But Calmahart had already entered that world. The both of them accelerated in the still world. Avoidance, hit, block and swing.

Whenever they hit each other, sparks flew in the air. The sparks grew bigger as the axe and greatsword hit again, scattering red light in the air like firecrackers.

The one who was thrown back first was Crockta.

“Cough!”

Calmahart’s kick had penetrated through a gap and hit Crockta’s abdomen. Crockta rolled across the wall. It was hard to breathe. He relied on the greatsword to raise his body, but his legs were trembling.

Calmahart used the momentum and rushed forward. Instead of retreating, Crockta charged and slammed into the great chieftain’s chest. Calmahart fell down. Crockta also staggered from the impact. Their eyes clashed. Crockta once again swung his greatsword.

It was at that moment. The rock from a trebuchet struck right in the middle of the wall where they were standing. The walls shook violently.

The orcs shouted. The floor started to slowly tilt.

“.....!”

Crockta and Calmahart fell along with the wall. Crockta’s vision reversed as he was caught in the collapse. Heaven and earth were flipped. Dust obscured his vision.

“Cough, cough!”

As soon as he got up and looked around, he saw the great chieftain and orcs staring at him.

Calmahart smiled as he said, “It is the end of Spinoa.”

This time, Crockta couldn’t open his mouth. The wall collapsed,

opening a path for the orcs. The crowd of orcs was just waiting for Calmahart's order. As soon as they passed through the walls, Spinoa would be painted with blood.

Crockta looked around and saw that the orcs had already occupied the walls on the other sides. The bodies of dark elves who lost their heads were thrown from the walls. Despite the desperate resistance, Spinoa would soon be broken completely.

However, he couldn't give up obediently. Buy as much time as possible. He could do it.

Crockta raised his greatsword. The great chieftain Calmahart and an army of orcs were in front of him. They would soon extend like a swarm of rats towards Spinoa.

At that moment.

“Don’t take on the weight alone.”

“ ! ”

Crockta turned around as he heard a voice. They were familiar faces. Orcheim's leader Gorit as well as the warriors of Orcheim. They stood side-by-side behind Crockta. Their numbers seemed pathetic compared to the great army in front of them.

“The dark elves’ spirits have become very poor.”

Gorit grinned. Crockta also smiled. Calmahart shouted.

“Kill them and enter Spinoa! Charge!”

“Kuaaahhhh!”

The orcs rushed. Crockta and the Orcheim warriors raised their weapons. They yelled at the same time.

[illegible]

Orcs rushed towards each other. There was a shock as the two sides came into conflict. Crockta ran through the orc warriors towards Calmahart. Calmahart also wielded his double edged axe

towards Crockta.

“Let’s finish this!”

Both weapons hit each other.

Surka clung to a ladder.

On the western wall, Crockta and the great chieftain were fighting each other. Sparks flew whenever both of them wielded their weapons. Orcs on the ground shouted for Crockta’s defeat and the great chieftain’s victory. There were constant, dazzling attacks.

Surka turned his gaze away. There was no time to be distracted. His fight was right in front of him. The head of the orc above him fell off. The ladder rattled. Surka closed his eyes and held onto the ladder. He once again endured the shock. The orc that first climbed the ladder hit his shoulder as he fell. Surka gritted his teeth and persisted.

Surka was now at the top of the ladder.

Surka shouted. “The Great Clan’s victory!”

Then he frantically climbed the ladder. Directly below, the great warriors were climbing the ladder along with Surka. Surka used his momentum to grab the wall railing. At that moment, he made eye contact with a dark elf swinging his sword at Surka. Surka brandished his axe and cut the dark elf’s head.

“Kuaaaah!”

Blood poured out. Surka’s spirit became elevated. The orcs hanging on the ladder were also excited to see the blood. They instantly climbed onto the wall. In the end, the dark elves retreated from the invasion of the orcs with flustered expressions. Their faces were weak.

The wall shook as a rock hit it. Behind him, his brethren were

marching while striking at arrows. There was no time to delay. Surka brandished his axe and opened a path. Orcs came flooding up from the ladders.

It transformed into a melee. It became an exchange of weapons on the walls. The dark elves couldn't stop the momentum of the orcs. Surka was about to swing an axe towards a dark elf.

However, he instinctively felt a threat and stepped back. Two sword trajectories were waving in front of him. He had seen these swords before.

The dark elf who used double swords, Driden. He stared at Surka.

“Kulkulkul...”

Surka started laughing.

This dark elf was strong. However, Surka had also experienced many battles and reached this place today.

“This time I'll deal with you properly.”

Surka's body was already soaked with the madness of the battlefield. The adrenaline rushing through his head meant he didn't feel any fear. He wielded his axe at the border of life and death, on the battlefield where death and killing felt enchanted.

Orcs continued climbing up the walls. There was impatience on Driden's face. Surka didn't miss this gap and moved his axe. The double swords flashed at him but Surka didn't retreat, instead pressing his opponent with the power of an orc.

Time was his. Anyone seeking to protect the walls couldn't help feeling nervous. Surka blocked Driden's attacks while looking around. The fighting had stagnated.

The first change occurred at the place where Chieftain Calmahart was.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The wall collapsed due to the rock attack and the accumulated

damage from Crockta and Calmahart's intense fighting. Dozens of orcs waiting to climb up were thrown back by the impact. Within the rubble of the collapsed wall, Crockta and Calmahart stood.

Then the orcs began to advance. The orcs swarmed over the collapsed wall like ants.

Surka brandished his axe at Driden and laughed happily. "Kuhahahahahat! Look!"

Driden defended by crossing his double swords. Surka used the momentum of the deflection to swing it downwards again.

"Spinoa will be trampled!"

As soon as the walls broke, one thing would happen.

A massacre!

The other walls were already occupied by orcs. The numerical advantage and battle experience weren't obstacles that could be easily overcome. Furthermore, the weapons devised by the great chieftain's shaman were effective.

Now cracks would spread along the collapsed wall. Then...

Strangely, the heat inside him stopped. Surka looked back at the place. At that moment, Driden's swords surged towards Surka. Surka missed blocking it due to his momentary anxiety.

"Ugh!"

A blade aimed at his neck. Surka couldn't move, but another orc on the warrior appeared and attacked Driden.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm okay."

Surka took deep breaths as he was barely saved. Now Driden was dealing with many warriors. Surka stepped back. He wasn't proud of it, but this was a war. Surka picked up the axe he had dropped and looked at the collapsed wall. Calmahart and Crockta were

standing there.

“.....!”

At that moment, the high Surka received from the battle disappeared in an instant. The ecstasy he felt after capturing the wall and slaying the enemy cooled down. The blood lust filling his body drained out like a change caused by magic.

The sight wasn't what he expected. The orcs were supposed to be advancing inside Spinoa. It was natural. Then...

It wasn't a large number of orcs guarding the collapsed wall, but Crockta with his greatsword. Now he was a new wall. The orcs of Orcheim were supporting Crockta.

There was a scene where orcs and orcs confronted each other, with Calmahart and Crockta at the center. The two sides hit each other. Each one cried out their slogan as they became tangled together.

“The Great Clan's victory!”

“Bul'tarrrrr!”

The Great Clan was clearly overwhelming in numbers. However, Crockta and the Orcheim orcs blocked the enemies. The unstoppable march that was similar to a tsunami was blocked by their defense line.

They were the Great Clan, a force that was always stronger than the enemy. But in the present fight, they were being pushed back despite their numbers. The enemies were a small number, but they fought as warriors.

Surka turned his head and saw Driden cutting down the Great Clan's warriors.

“Dammit.”

The warriors of the Great Clan had proved themselves in battle. But as the battle continued, the dark elves and their allies showed

their true worth. Rather, it was the Great Clan assaulting and being destroyed by the enemies without any meaning.

Countless orcs had already died. This wasn't what any warrior of the Great Clan wished for.

‘Where is your honor as a warrior?’

Crockta's shout towards the great chieftain was revived.

Honor. They had their honor. The honor of Crockta from the continent and the honor of the Great Clan in the north were clearly different. Nevertheless, Surka didn't feel like he had honor right now.

The cries from the people on the walls, the sound of killing and dying, the rain of scattered blood, the feeling surging inside Surka. There was no sense of reality. This entire war felt like a dream, except it wasn't.

Surka looked back. All of the northern orcs of the Great Clan were madly rushing with red eyes. There was no willpower or pride as they were caught up in the great chieftain's madness.

It wasn't a dream.

How could he wield his weapon on this shameful battlefield?

“Full army retreat!”

The dark elves started to retreat. In the end, the walls were deserted. The walls were worn down by the continuing siege. One side had already collapsed. The gate was also breached. Orcs were pushing in. The orcs of Orcheim started slowly retreating.

“Hah, hah...” Crockta took deep breaths. His body was a wreck.

However, Calmahart showed no signs of tiredness at all. Rather, he seemed to become stronger as the fight continued and the wounds on his body increased. He raised his arms and roared, “For the Great Clan's victory————!”

The orcs of the Great Clan responded to the cry, “Death to the enemies of the Great Clan!”

Calmahart rushed and brought his double edged axe down towards Crockta. Crockta threw himself down and rolled to avoid the damage.

“Are you tired now?”

Crockta looked around. All of the soldiers had abandoned the walls and were rushing towards the center of Spinoa. The orcs aimed their axes at any dark elves in the rear. Nevertheless, everyone ran towards the centre of Spinoa.

To the heart of Spinoa. The world tree.

Crockta slowly backed away. Calmahart didn’t chase him. He just stood in his place and laughed at Crockta.

“Are you going to retreat to the world tree?”

“.....!”

Crockta looked up at him. A vivid red pattern appeared on Calmahart’s forehead. The bizarrely inverted cross looked like a terrible scar. A red aura emerged from his body.

Calmahart’s body started to mutate.

“The world tree will burn by my hands today. The same goes for you, Crockta.”

Crockta didn’t answer. Instead of Calmahart the orc, he saw a monster of an entirely different species. Then he ran back with the orcs of Orcheim.

Crockta looked up at the world tree. The sun was still bright. Except for around the world tree, all of Spinoa had been occupied by the orcs.

The world tree would burn or Calmahart would die. Today, it would be settled before the sun set.

Chapter 123 – Decisive Battle (1)

The orcs surrounded the world tree.

The buildings surrounding the world tree were burning. The dark elves who saw that sight were heartbroken. The orcs didn't have to approach the world tree; The sole act of reducing Spinoa to rubble tormented the dark elves.

Calmahart watched all of this as if he was enjoying the dark elves' pain.

“There aren't any dark elves apart from the ones in the world tree?”

“Everybody else was evacuated.”

Zelkian stepped out of the world tree, something he rarely ever did. There were no more walls or the city. The only thing left was the world tree and their bodies. The residents who didn't know how to fight were holding weapons. Only the old people unable to fight remained inside the world tree.

The army of orcs was encircling the world tree. Against the backdrop of Spinoa up in flames, those covered in blood prepared for the final fight. There were no holes to escape out of. It was an extreme siege.

Soon, the slaughter would start and they would be killed.

Spinoa was quiet. It wasn't the peaceful silence, but the terrible silence that triggered their nerves. Only the sound of buildings burning touched their ears.

Crockta and Driden stood beside each other. They were in position to face the most dangerous enemy, the great chieftain.

“Crockta.”

“Hmm?”

“What is the continent like?”

Crockta thought for a moment at the abrupt question before replying, “It is a good place.”

“Wider than the north?”

“Of course. Why, do you want to go to the continent?”

Driden raised his double swords and said, “After killing the great chieftain and getting revenge on my father’s enemies, there is nothing more to do here. I would like to see the continent once.”

“If you go to the continent, stop by Orcrox. You will see true warriors.”

“Orcrox? Are the orcs there stronger than the great chieftain?”

“The great chieftain?”

Crockta burst out laughing. “If he were on the continent, that guy would’ve never received the title of a warrior.”

“I see.” Driden laughed as well. “Fascinating.”

“It is so wide that you won’t be able to see all of it in your lifetime.”

Crockta held Ogre Slayer.

The atmosphere of the Great Clan was changing, like the orcs were on the verge of exploding. It would soon burst.

“Don’t die.”

“You too.”

The great chieftain took one step forward. At the same time, the orcs stepped forward. The ground shook violently.

Crockta grasped the handle of his greatsword. He didn’t like wars. He could never enjoy killing on the battlefield. So he returned to South Korea, to be by Yiyu’s side. But he eventually stood here again. It was destiny’s joke. He encountered a battlefield much worse than the ones he had previously experienced. An enemy would who directly cut off the enemy’s

head.

He asked himself.

‘Any regrets?’

The great chieftain was charging towards him. An ugly face. Their eyes met.

“Not at all,” muttered Crockta.

Driden glanced over at Crockta. Crockta grinned as he said, “It isn’t scary at all.”

The great chieftain came closer and wielded his double edged axe. Driden moved forward with his double swords.

“I agree!”

The two scimitars slashed at the body of the great chieftain. Crockta lowered his posture and charged for the lower body. A clean link of moves. But both were bounced back. The great chieftain was the strongest monster they had ever seen. The atmosphere glowed red every time he moved.

The great chieftain roared madly, “Kuaaah!”

The orcs rushing behind the great chieftain reached the front lines. The dark elves raised their shields. Arrows flew in the sky. Gradually, the distance between the two camps got closer.

“Kill them all! The north will be ours!”

The great chieftain shouted and the two sides collided.

Overwhelming. It was the most appropriate word to describe the present Calmahart. Overwhelming power.

His enormous size meant that everyone on the battlefield could see him. Every time he waved his double edged axe, the blood and guts of the dark elves would pour out. The torn bodies of fellow dark elves were all around him. Orcs were roughly advancing.

They disregarded any death and trampled on the corpses of their friends and enemies. Then they swung their axes at new bodies.

“Bow your heads!”

Jamero cast a spell with his disciples. Lightning flashed in the sky and numerous orcs were blown away, but their momentum didn't change. The shaman standing in the rear shook his staff. A red energy swept through the crowd of orcs. They pressed at the dark elves with even stronger bodies. In the sky, the dark elf mages and the orc shamans met. Fire, lightning and all types of forces that could kill the opponent clashed.

The aftermath fell to the ground and struck the orcs and dark elves on the front lines. Both sides moaned.

Calmahart ignored Driden and Crockta as he moved around the surroundings. The two struggled to stop Calmahart but every time their attacks were stopped, his double edged sword would slay those around him.

The dark elves started to be pushed back.

It was a desperate situation. At that moment, cheering was heard from the rear of the dark elves' camp. Crockta turned around and his expression brightened.

“Zelkian!”

The dark elves parted in the center, revealing Zelkian walking out. A green energy flashed around his body. He looked like the incarnation of the world tree.

He glanced at Crockta and Driden, before passing them to stand in front of Calmahart. The difference in size was remarkable, but the energy seeping from his body covered that gap.

“You are Zelkian.”

“You are Calmahart.”

Zelkian, the dark elf who communicated with the world tree and

led the dark elves. Calmahart, the mad chieftain who ruled the Great Clan. The two faced each other.

No words were necessary.

Calmahart swung his axe while Zelkian spread out the green energy. The energy of the two met. The red aura around the axe seemed to tear away at Zelkian, but Zelkian's green energy didn't back down. The clash between the two of them shook the earth.

It caused a deafening sound.

Crockta and Driden exchanged glances with each other. If Zelkian was dealing with the great chieftain, they only had one task to do. The two of them turned away from Zelkian and Calmahart towards opposite sides. Then they unleashed their weapons at the orcs in front of them.

“Bul'tarrrr!”

Crockta started to advance. A storm. Orcs flew through the sky. His greatsword broke through all obstacles in his way. Big warriors would sometimes block his path, but he scattered their flesh across the battlefield.

“I'll spare you if you throw away your weapons——!” Crockta's shout took over the battlefield. “Anyone who meets me will die——!”

Crockta stepped forward. The orcs stepped back. They had frightened expressions on their faces. But nobody abandoned their weapons. Crockta grinned. They all came running at once.

Five orcs lost their heads to his sword and fell down. He stepped on their bodies and found his next opponent. The ground shook under his feet. Every movement of his body was designed to kill the enemies. An efficient slaughter.

His movements that were in the realm of the Pinnacle surpassed every enemy.

When looking to the right, his greatsword headed to the left. When an axe was swung at him, without needing to block or escape, he swung his sword and split the enemy apart. The orc shamans shouted a spell but he picked up an axe at his feet and threw it, splitting the shaman's skull apart.

Soon, the shamans in the rear noticed his movements. Their spells started targeting him. However, Crockta didn't receive any damage. The orc soldiers around him were caught up in the magic and fell to the ground. Once the magic stopped, Crockta shoved his sword into the heads of the orcs squirming on the ground. Life and death were just fleeting moments.

“Aaaaaaah!”

Colorful energy was blown above his head. It was Tiyo. General was pushing the orcs away. He occasionally stopped like he was exhausted by the continuous firing. However, once the magic bullets stopped, a more vivid energy would strike the enemies.

This was Tiyo's spirit.

“Phew, phew. Hwaaat!”

Crockta took a deep breath and squeezed his muscles. There was no time to rest just because he was exhausted. A river of blood! Like the writing on a hero's sword, he should paint the world red. Like a technician. It needed to last until this war was over.

Suddenly, an orc soldier holding the body of a dead orc glared at Crockta. Was it a friend, a colleague? Maybe even lovers. He didn't know. This was a battlefield. There was no need to be sad. The orc soldier ran forward with his weapon. Crockta sent him to where his friend was. Another orc appeared and swung a weapon.

He killed the enemy, but elsewhere, the enemies were killing his friends. Orcs and dark elves screamed as they died.

There was a battlefield where everyone was a sinner. Therefore...

“Kuheeok...monster...”

He had no choice but to become one. Crockta stabbed the greatsword into the body of an orc. The corpses he created were filling up the surroundings.

But in other places, the orcs were superior. As they rushed, the frontlines were pushed back. The dark elves lacked combat experience. In addition, the red aura around the orcs made them all fearless warriors.

But...Crockta saw the bodies of the dead rise.

The dead dragged their bodies and walked towards the orcs. The orcs panicked at the strange sight. The undead wielded their weapons towards the orcs. The orcs shook at the appearance of enemies who wouldn't die.

“Anor.”

He also used his power for this fight. Since leaving Nuridot, he had hardly ever used his power as a necromancer.

Everyone was desperately fighting.

“It has been a while. Crockta.” A familiar voice called to him. Crockta turned to the owner of the voice and nodded.

“That's right.”

Hammerchwi. The old but still fearsome orc was holding his hammer. The warriors who followed him surrounded Crockta. Crockta raised his greatsword.

“You are still living shamefully, Hammerchwi.”

“...It has been a long time but I don't think there is a need to say anymore.”

The big warriors rushed at Hammerchwi's signal.

“If you are so confident, survive this battle!”

It was a brutal all-out war. Only the winner would survive.

“You haven't changed.” Crockta laughed.

Hammerchwi was still ignorant. It wasn't just him. Everyone was stupid. Everyone knew he was an orc from the continent, but no one here knew what it meant.

It meant living. And they were already dead!

“Look well, Hammerchwi————!”

Crockta greatsword struck the great warriors. A huge energy rose from his body. The air crackled.

“I am alive now————!”

The battle continued. Dark elves and orcs, everyone was dying.

But the most important fight was between Zelkian and Calmahart. The two were clashing with a higher level force that ordinary beings couldn't imagine. Zelkian caught his breath as he looked at Calmahart. He had the infinite power of the world tree but the great chieftain seemed tireless, even compared to Zelkian.

It seemed like Calmahart was getting stronger as the fight continued.

“War...” Calmahart muttered.

Zelkian raised his gaze.

“The pain...screaming...”

Right now, Calmahart's eyes seemed possessed by something. The red aura was eroding him as his eyes turned completely red. Every time the giant body moved, it was like a haze covered up his body.

Calmahart's axe aimed at Zelkian again. Zelkian pulled strength into his power. It was the power of the world tree. The green energy blocked the attack.

At that moment.

Kaaaang!

Zelkian was thrown back.

“Kuheook!” Zelkian coughed up blood.

Just then, a wicked energy had flowed from Calmahart’s body and struck him down. His eyes blurred from the pain. Calmahart approached. The red aura had thickened and was now a dark red.

Calmahart quietly opened his mouth.

“Tribulation. Lulenska.”

Zelkian’s eyes widened.

Lulenska. Only a few existences knew this name.

“Lulenska, you and your children will come to an end today.”

Calmahart wasn’t looking at Zelkian. He was speaking towards the world tree looking down on the tragedy occurring in Spinoa.

Lulenska. The name of the world tree. Only Zelkian and Jenadu knew that it was the name of the old god inside the world tree that protected them. Zelkian tried to raise his body but the green energy was repressed. Calmahart’s red energy overwhelmed him.

Zelkian raised his gaze. Far away, there was a shaman watching from behind Calmahart. He was so deeply covered by a hood that his identity couldn’t be seen.

Zelkian used all his strength to shake off Calmahart’s power and blasted the green energy towards the shaman. It was clear that he was the source of Calmahart’s corruption. Zelkian’s green energy poured down and struck the shaman.

The shaman immediately fell down.

“.....!”

No, the clothes covering what seemed to be the shaman fell down. The hood and robe crumbled to the ground, like there was nothing inside it. The shaman couldn’t be seen.

In the place where he was standing, there was only a red fog. It

was a mass of black energy. This was the identity of the evil shaman. Its shape leaned slightly. It was like it was laughing at Zelkian. The red fog flew to Zelkian and entered his body.

“Kuaaaaaaaah!”

Calmahart roared. His tendons popped out and his muscles swelled. More red energy rose.

Truly a monster.

Calmahart wielded his double edged axe.

“Shit!”

Zelkian raised his arms and reached for the power of the world tree. But.

“Kuaack!”

Calmahart’s attack tore through the world tree’s energy and severed Zelkian’s arms. There was a fountain of blood. Zelkian lost both arms and fell to the ground. This was seen by the dark elves and orcs around them.

One side lost their morale while the other side raised their weapons and cheered.

Calmahart roared like a beast and the orcs’ strength increased. The moment when it was going to be completely over...

Kuuong!

The earth shook with a loud sound.

“Kuhahahahahat!” Calmahart burst out laughing.

He could clearly feel it. Everyone on the battlefield realized it.

Kuuong!

The giant ‘it.’

The world tree was raising its body.

Chapter 124 – Decisive Battle (2)

The earth shook as the world tree raised its body. The roots rose from the earth and the branches shook the atmosphere. The orcs stepped backward for the first time at the spectacle. The dark elves forgot their words and gazed blankly at the shocking sight. It was the wrath of the world tree.

“Kuhahahahahat!”

Calmahart laughed like he was enjoying the sight before him. He lifted his axe. The world tree was around the size as a mountain, but he didn't care at all. Instead, the red energy around his body increased in intensity as he prepared to fight against the world tree.

“The day has come!”

Calmahart was emitting a dark red aura from his whole body. His voice was mixed with an insidious aura. It didn't seem like Calmahart, but something else in his body.

“I have been waiting for today, Lulenska!”

Calmahart's voice rang through the battlefield. The world tree waved its branches. The thick trunks moved like the tentacles of a creature. The dark elves and orcs withdrew. It was a fight between Calmahart and the world tree.

Huuuuuuong!

The world tree struck at Calmahart, scattering green energy. The branches caused blasts of winds to blow. The ground shook and debris was scattered. But Calmahart wasn't in that place. Calmahart avoided all the branches and moved ahead, aiming his double-edged axe towards the body of the world tree. The bark of the tree was broken and the interior was revealed.

“Kuhahahahahat!”

Calmahart went after the rest of the world tree, which would tear every time the double-edged axe hit it. The world tree mourned. Just like a woodcutter, Calmahart hit the world tree with its double-edged axe.

The world tree angrily waved its branches. This time, Calmahart was unable to dodge and was hit.

Kwaaaaang!

His body was thrown and he slammed into the ground. He was in shock for a while. However, Calmahart rose again and wildly rushed the world tree again like he couldn't feel any pain. The world tree tried to stop him several times, but Calmahart just received the blows with his double-edged axe. The branches were cut and sap flowed down.

“Kuaaahhhh!”

Calmahart roared.

Once again, the world tree and Calmahart confronted each other. The fight of transcendent beings!

The dark elves and orcs recovered from the sight and started to fight again. The battle of the world tree and the great chieftain. The melee between orcs and dark elves. Bodies piled on top of each other.

Crockta felt lost in the middle of this scenery. There were no more orcs running towards him. There were countless orc bodies around him. He turned his body. Orcs and dark elves wielded their weapons. Sometimes arrows flew. The arrows of the dark elves pierced the orcs while their weapons pierced other dark elves.

The chaos continued.

He could see the exhausted Tiyo in the distance. He was leaning against Anor due to the aftermath of General's rampage. A weary face. It was the same for Anor. The necromancer was active in raising bodies but there was a limit to the power. Right now, he

could only raise a handful of bodies to keep the nearby orcs in check.

Crockta shifted his foot.

He saw the dead among the dark elves. There were some familiar and unfamiliar faces. The guard he met at Spinoa, the captain whose name he discovered in Nameragon. A dark elf with only one eye was grieving as he looked at a corpse on the battlefield.

Such a tragedy was continuing.

Suddenly, he found a familiar face. Crockta fell to his knees.

It was Caska. Her eyes stared at the distant sky without seeing anything, her stomach torn apart. All animation was drained from her body, making her seem like a doll. She always smiled like she was provoking him, and he never knew if her confession was a joke or not. Crockta forced this feeling down.

He couldn't wallow in sentimentality on the battlefield. Crockta looked at her with burning eyes. She still had a tight grip on her bow. He laid her hand on her chest and closed her eyes.

He got up. He found Radet facing an orc with his bastard sword. Crockta ran towards him. Just before Crockta arrived, the orc's halberd broke one of his wrists and his hand flew through the air. Radet winced as blood flowed. The orc's halberd didn't stop and headed towards his neck.

Crockta ran and attacked the orc. Ogre Slayer pierced the orc's body. The orc had moderate skills and survived Crockta's attack, but lost his balance and fell down. Crockta's greatsword descended towards his head.

There was no resistance. The opponent died without a sound. Radet grabbed the hand that he lost and gazed at Crockta. Crockta patted his shoulder instead of talking. The dark elves in charge of medical tasks ran to Radet.

Crockta passed through them and headed for Calmahart, who

was fighting the world tree. He needed to cut Calmahart down. The world tree wielded its branches and struck Calmahart. Calmahart struck them. Every time the axe cut one of the branches, the sap dripped out.

Calmahart gradually became more overwhelming. The movements of the world tree became dull and more branches were cut off by Calmahart's axe. The evil red energy springing from Calmahart's body seemed to shatter the green vigor of the world tree.

“Crockta.”

Caburak approached him and said, “Calmahart is strange.”

Crockta turned to him and Caburak continued, “The spirit has taken over, with the help of Calmahart's lust for power, and the spirit's power has become his power. That is no longer Calmahart, it is just a devil wearing the mask of an orc.”

Crockta nodded. He could feel it. He had felt it as Calmahart emitted a terrifying power. Behind him, there was always an unknown shaman.

Caburak stared at Crockta and said, “He will destroy the north.”

“Yes, if it continues like this.”

Crockta didn't take his eyes off Calmahart. Calmahart was laughing madly as he aimed his axe at the mighty body of the world tree. Every time his axe moved, the surface of the world tree would burst. He would trample on everything himself.

“Yes, if this continues. Kyulkyulkyul.” Caburak laughed, “Crockta.”

“Caburak.”

“Will we act?”

“Of course.”

Caburak laughed and then led the way. “Then let's go.”

He didn't know what Caburak, who lost his power, was capable of doing, but his back was resolute. Crockta followed him.

Calmahart continued to strike the world tree without being aware of the existence of Crockta and Caburak. Calmahart was on the offensive against the world tree. However, eventually, the world tree was damaged by the double-edged axe. The battle against the world tree was dominated by Calmahart's power. In the first place, the nature of their powers was different.

Calmahart's strength was the power of destruction.

"Get started."

Caburak started to chant a spell. He didn't have much magic power left. But the atmosphere changed. Crockta's eyes widened. It was obvious that magic power he shouldn't have was continuously emerging.

"Caburak!"

Crockta realized something. Caburak was casting the magic with his remaining life force.

"The more you use your magic power...!"

Caburak grinned instead of answering. Crockta was silent. He couldn't stop Caburak. It wasn't just Caburak, Crockta himself would risk his life. In order to stop Calmahart, everyone had to put everything on the line.

This fight could only end in someone's destruction.

Within a short period of time, Caburak's mysterious magic power tangled up with the world tree. Calmahart's gaze turned towards him. The presence inside Calmahart had finally noticed them. His expression changed upon finding Caburak.

"You———!"

Caburak's magic wound around Calmahart. Then it started to push at his red energy. The broken cross pattern flashed on

Calmahart's forehead. As if separating the two of them, the shape of the being inside Calmahart's body started to rise above his head. It twisted and resisted the magic.

“Impossible———!”

Crockta watched carefully.

The strange image of a demon was above Calmahart. This was a true darkness. The image of an ugly demon in the darkness. The captured demon glared at Caburak and Crockta. As if trying to be separated from Caburak's power, the form repeatedly overlapped on Calmahart. It was like an out of focus blue as two shapes overlapped over one.

Caburak shouted, “We meet again!”

“Kuaaaah!”

“You are neither Calmahart or an orc!”

Calmahart grabbed his head. Caburak's magic drove him.

“Reveal your identity!”

“Kuaaaah!”

“Who are you?”

“I...!”

Calmahart's eyes turned red. At the same time, the illusion of the demon above Calmahart disappeared. It became quiet. At the sudden situation, both the dark elves and orcs stopped fighting and watched Calmahart.

Calmahart stood tall and said, “I am a tribulation.”

He took one step. The world tree, which had already been struck again and again by the axe, spilled its sap. The branches tried to attack him but when Calmahart raised his axe, it paused and stopped.

Calmahart laughed as he looked at Caburak and Crockta. Now

the being had completely taken over Calmahart's flesh.

"I am the one who makes the world starve, the one who cleanses the world with screams, the nightmares you have made yourself, the tribulation."

"The greedy and stupid Calmahart has accepted me; and with his body, I will fill this world with endless tribulation."

"I will kill you, remove the foolish Lulenska and drive the continent back into the flames of endless war."

"Scream. I am here to help you do that."

He held his axe. There was already a lot of fatigue.

"Now, kill. Orcs, follow me and throw the world into chaos. Repeat the endless tribulations."

Caburak flopped down. His hair had turned white. He had exhausted all his strength. Then he said, "Crockta. Stop the orcs. I know that it is huge..."

The war was already lost. There were many more orcs standing than dark elves. The dark elves were barely holding on, and if the fight continued, only the orcs would be left standing. It was flowing according to the will of the demonic existence.

Crockta looked around at the orcs. The orcs were perplexed by Calmahart's strange attitude.

"Drop the futile hope. Crockta."

Calmahart approached. Crockta hurriedly retreated. Calmahart looked down at him with the axe on his shoulder. The image of the demon seemed to be reflected in Calmahart's ugly face.

"The orcs follow the great chieftain."

As the wickedness in Calmahart's eyes exploded, the red power around the orcs strengthened. The orcs growled. The madness that longed for blood was spreading once again. It wasn't a normal appearance.

Calmahart roared loudly. The orcs raised their weapons and responded to him, “The great chieftain Calmahart commands you————!”

Calmahart pointed to Crockta and Caburak as he commanded, “Kill those bastards!”

The orcs encircled them slowly. The dark elves no longer had the power to fight back. All support troops were killed or wounded. It was the orcs’ victory.

“Kuoh...”

Caburak closed his eyes. Calmahart’s true colors might’ve been revealed, but the orcs still didn’t give up their allegiance to him. To the orcs, the command of the great chieftain was absolute. Right now, their loyalty to the great chieftain was combined with the demon’s madness. No matter Calmahart’s identity, his commands were the top priority.

“There is no way,” Crockta muttered.

He couldn’t see a path. Calmahart was a monster and defeated the world tree. The dark elves were mostly wiped out. Strength and numbers, everything was lacking. The north would soon fall into the hands of the demon.

“It is up to here.”

He couldn’t always win in wars. This was an extremely unfavorable war they had struggled to win, but there was nothing more he could do.

At that moment.

“Everyone stop————!”

An orc from the Great Clan walked out. All eyes turned to him.

He lifted his axe towards Calmahart.

Surka couldn't believe his eyes when the image of the demon appeared above the great chieftain's body.

That was Calmahart. There was something above Calmahart's head. It called itself the tribulation.

All his uneasy feelings and suspicions so far were true. One of the countless gods in the world, but it was one of the old villains that had been buried long ago and whose origins had been forgotten.

"Kill those bastards!"

The great chieftain commanded. He started moving. The Great Clan followed the great chieftain. It was a law that had kept for a long time.

At the same time, the red aura covered Surka's head so that he could no longer think clearly. The combat instincts, the craving for blood and violence filled his head. He wanted to kill the enemy and drink their blood.

Surka desperately resisted. This was a battle between the fate of the north and the northern orcs. He had to stop this. He was the son of a great warrior, Shiktulla of the Steel Axe Tribe.

'Where is your honor as a warrior?'

He remembered Crockta's words that caused him to feel a thrill.

Honor. They had honor. But the demon was covering the eyes of the northern orcs.

Surka stepped forward and shouted with all his power, "Everyone stop————!"

The orcs stopped for a moment, multiple red eyes turning towards him.

He couldn't help laughing. It was a strange thing.

When he followed the words of the great chieftain, he kept doubting himself. Even though all the orcs of the Great Clan did the same thing, his mind continued to shake like they were making

a terrible mistake.

Now he was going against the great chieftain and putting himself in danger. A strange confidence filled his mind. This wasn't wrong, even if he ended up dying. He would never be ashamed. It was an emotion he hadn't felt for a long time.

Self pride. He had confidence in his decisions. As he thought this, the madness disturbing his head faded.

Surka said to Calmahart. "I no longer recognize you as the great chieftain."

Calmahart laughed, "Surka, my stupid child. It doesn't matter if one of you disappears."

"Don't call yourself my father when you have already sold your soul! My father was a real warrior!"

Surka raised his axe and ran towards Calmahart. He used all his power. However, he was thrown back by Calmahart. It was the overwhelming power difference. Surka rolled to the ground. He barely managed to get up. It might be a single blow but the insides of his body were shaking and blood emerged from his mouth.

"That's enough."

A monster. He looked around. The orcs of the Great Clan were still looking at him with red eyes filled with madness.

There was only one way to save them all. And it was something that he couldn't do. Surka looked at Crockta.

"Crockta."

Surka had watched him from a distance, but this was the first time facing him directly. Crockta's eyes turned to him. An orc with full body tattoos, a red headband, and a greatsword. An honorable warrior from the continent.

Surka called him over. Crockta narrowed his eyes and approached. Surka whispered to him.

“.....”

Crockta’s eyes grew bigger as he heard Surka’s words. He looked down at Surka.

“Really.” Surka smiled and spat out blood. “Crockta, we are orcs.”

“.....”

“The great chieftain has fallen to the wicked god, but we have our honor. We won’t forget our roots just because of the evil energy. It is true for all the orcs here.”

Surka’s eyes shone.

“We will remember this much.”

As Surka and Crockta talked, Calmahart raised a hand, as if he didn’t like it. It was an order for the orcs to exterminate them.

“Crockta.”

Surka grinned. Then he grabbed Crockta’s arm.

“Please, save us.”

Crockta nodded. Then he looked at the great chieftain. It was an intense gaze.

Calmahart laughed in an insulting manner. “Kuhuhu, the ones who will soon die are having a conversation among themselves. Watch the world fall into tribulations.”

“Calmahart.” Crockta ignored his taunts and raised his greatsword. “I came from Orcrox on the continent.”

Calmahart cocked his head at Crockta’s words.

“What nonsense is this...?”

But that didn’t stop Crockta.

“My teacher is the great warrior Lenox. He taught me the laws of a warrior. I believe in that and won’t run away from a fight, even if

it means my death. I know that honor is greater than death.”

Crockta’s voice rang through the battlefield. He aimed the tip of Ogre Slayer at Calmahart’s heart.

“I am an orc, a warrior.”

Calmahart’s face stiffened as he realized the situation. The most important law of the northern orcs. The sacred duel that no one could interfere with.

“My name is Crockta.”

Killing intent flashed in Crockta’s eyes.

“Calmahart, I challenge you to the position of great chieftain.”

Chapter 125 – Northern Conqueror

To become the great chieftain, one had to kill the former great chieftain. No one could interfere in the fight. It was a one-on-one duel in front of all the warriors of the Great Clan. It was the most sacred ritual of the orcs in the Great Clan.

“You are not qualified.” Calmahart looked down at him and said.

Crockta shook his head. “I am an orc like you. What else is necessary?”

It was like he said, there was only one thing necessary to become the great chieftain: be an orc. Anyone with the birthright of an orc could become the great chieftain.

Surka and Caburak stepped back. In the midst of the numerous orcs, Calmahart and Crockta stood there staring at each other.

Calmahart laughed, “Kuhuhu, kuhuhuhu...” He bowed his head and his chuckles became loud laughter, “Kuhahahahahat! A disgusting last-ditch effort! Crockta!”

His eyes flashed and he shook his head.

“The orcs are under my control! Don’t you know what that means?”

“You aren’t controlling anyone.”

“Look! And despair!” Calmahart raised a hand. “Orcs of the Great Clan. I am the great chieftain, Calmahart. Your ruler!”

A red aura emerged from his body, scattering about and surrounded the orcs. The madness in the orcs’ eyes thickened further. The orcs trembled. The orcs shook their heads as they became thirsty. The energy of the tribulation.

“Kill the trash from the continent.”

Calmahart’s eyes shone wickedly. His dominant voice rang out, “Slay him.”

The orcs began to step forward. Calmahart's red power was encouraging them. Some were pushed to the brink of insanity and raised their weapons.

Crockta looked at them one by one.

Will, or beliefs. There was no such thing. They were just pulled by the madness that dominated them as they headed towards Crockta. The cold light of many weapons turned towards Crockta.

Calmahart had won.

Crockta raised his greatsword. Even so, he wasn't going to give up without a last hurrah. The moment that Crockta was about to wield his weapon towards them,

Clang.

There was the sound of a weapon dropping onto the ground.

“.....!”

It was an orc standing in the front. He wasn't a warrior or a commander. He was one of the many orc soldiers who would die nameless on the battlefield. A small part of a huge army. He dropped his weapon. As he held back the madness, he struck his chest with his fist.

Then he declared, “A duel is sacred.”

He didn't advance any further. Rather, he stepped back. It was the beginning. The orcs standing beside him also dropped their weapons. They hit their chests.

“Nobody can interfere with the duel of the great chieftain.”

Weapons dropped in turn. The orcs continued to retreat as the red energy around their bodies was reduced to a faint haze. The orcs struck their chests.

“No one can intervene.”

“The great chieftain can't refuse a duel.”

“The winner will become the great chieftain!”

Now Calmahart and Crockta were the only ones holding a weapon. It was a Colosseum created by the orcs.

Crockta looked around at the orcs.

Will, or beliefs. He could see it in their eyes.

Crockta smiled. Suddenly, he met Surka’s eyes. Surka beat his chest and nodded. Crockta also hit his chest in accordance with the northern ways. Then he looked at Calmahart. The distorted face looked like a demon.

He was furious at the rejection of his command. He lifted his double edged axe.

Crockta raised his greatsword in response. The blade was stained with blood. Considering the number of lives that had fallen under Ogre Slayer today, it was hard not to be crushed by the weight of the sword.

Even so, he had to grab the handle. Its weight. He would only be liberated of it with Calmahart’s life.

“Don’t think you can win if it is a one-on-one duel.”

The sunset on the horizon cast a red tint. Long shadows covered the ground.

“You talk too much, Calmahart.”

Calmahart slowly began to turn sideways. Crockta responded to the way the body moved. They circled each other and stared at the opponent.

“I will kill you today and trample on all your precious things. The continent will be burned to ashes and your Orcrox friends will become slaves at my feet. I’ll make a cup from your skull and watch all of it.”

Calmahart taunted him.

Crockta didn't answer. He focused his mind. The world slowed. He saw the moving Calmahart.

One step.

One step.

One.

Step.

Step.

One.

A quarter.

Back to one.

The world was extremely slow. A moment of infinite suspension. The rough breathing of the orcs surrounding them, the expulsion of the waste through the lungs, the eyes watching the duel, the rough texture of the ground. He felt everything.

He could feel the strands of twilight shining out from the horizon. He could see for certain how powerful Calmahart was. His presence was huge. Even if he combined the energy that he felt from the horizon on all sides, it couldn't be compared to the aura of Calmahart standing in front of him.

Meanwhile, something raised its head in his heart. It built an antenna in his body.

Fear.

Crockta started laughing.

Calmahart had an awesome presence. Calmahart, who accepted the power of the tribulation, might've been the most powerful enemy he had ever met.

So Crockta moved first.

Kwaang!

He took the lead. The earth shook. It was just like the way he trampled on the bud of fear. Crockta wielded his greatsword. The double edged axe and Ogre Slayer encountered each other. Sparks flew as the weapons bounced off.

It was an acrobatic like fight. They avoided any damage from attacks in their gaps. The weapons clashed, causing sparks to rise in the air and fill the eyes of the spectators.

Calmahart with the monster like body and Crockta with his sturdy orc body. It was a fight between those who didn't look quick, but their movements were at a speed that the eyes couldn't follow. Flashes of light filled the area.

Kwaaaaang!

Both weapons collided and caused an explosion like there was gunpowder present. The first one hit by an attack that couldn't be avoided was Crockta. The flesh was cut and blood burst out. Calmahart smiled. It was only a light graze, but it was enough to split the skin and caused bleeding. It was an incredible force.

Crockta ignored the blood and gripped Ogre Slayer tighter. The two exchanged blows again. This time, it was Calmahart who received damage. There was a slash on his thigh. However, it healed at a visible speed. The bleeding stopped.

Truly a monster.

Their movements gradually became rough. Now the testing period was over. It was the time to put their flesh and blood on the line to kill the other. At the same time, both of their blood were scattered about. The two of them roared and collided.

His ears were ringing. He couldn't hear any sounds.

Crockta raised his head. The axe heading towards him shone red. Crockta could see the glow of the sunset on it. The sun hadn't fallen yet.

He twisted his body. The axe passed by the side of his neck. Blood flowed. He raised his legs and got into a stable posture. He raised his greatsword and stared at the enemy.

His vision was blurry. His swollen eyes weren't working properly. He raised his hands and rubbed them. Two or three blurred images gathered into one. Calmahart was swinging an axe towards him.

He rolled across the ground. His wounds filled with dirt and caused him pain. Crockta endured the pain and got up. It was actually fortunate. His mind cleared from the pain.

Calmahart was looking down at him with an arrogant expression. "How boring."

Crockta gulped. Blood spread.

Calmahart was strong. The blows severely broke his body. The difference in physical strength was clear. Crockta gritted his teeth.

His mind entered the realm of the Pinnacle again. In the slowed world, Crockta brandished his sword towards Calmahart. Calmahart laughed. In a world where everything converged to a stop, Calmahart moved quickly. Before Crockta's attack could hit, he kicked Crockta's legs.

Crockta grabbed his abdomen and fell over.

The sky appeared. It was an expanse of blue and red.

Crockta thought about it. Why did he have to endure the pain here? Elder Lord, another world that existed somewhere. But this wasn't his world. His world was Earth, the land of South Korea where his little sister and cafe were.

He got up.

The orcs were still watching him. The sacred duel ended when one of them died or surrendered. Crockta still hadn't yielded.

"You can't beat me."

He looked at Calmahart. It was a fearsome face. The scar Crockta created made him seem even more heinous. Crockta smiled instead of answering.

Familiar faces were seen behind Calmahart. All of Spinoa was watching this duel. There was Tiyo, Anor, the faces of those Crockta met in the Luklan Mountains, and those he fought with in the north.

Everyone was looking at him. They believed in him.

‘I believe in you.’

‘Raven. Your mission.’

‘As expected from Oppa.’

He always had to shoulder this burden. But he never resented it.

Crockta smiled. He fought because he had to. So he did it. That was all. One reason covered all his actions. He could stop this.

“A warrior doesn’t yield.”

It was just a joke when he selected an orc. But then he met the warriors of Orcrox and became a warrior. They were characters in a game, but great spirits that existed here in the world of Elder Lord.

He wouldn’t know if he hadn’t met them. Since he had met them, he would do what he needed to do.

A warrior.

Calmahart was running. His double edged axe split the air, the space around it collapsing and the explosive momentum bursting out towards Crockta.

A distance that couldn’t be avoided. A speed that couldn’t be avoided.

Crockta gritted his teeth. In the world of the Pinnacle, Crockta’s will unfolded. He followed the flow of the causes and effects in the

world. Just as the stone thrown into the sky would come falling down, the axe swinging towards him would break Crockta's body.

Calmahart's speed was faster than Crockta's and his strength wasn't something Crockta could endure.

The whole world was moving forward towards his death. The end that was nearing, the destiny that nobody could avoid.

He saw it.

Crockta raised his greatsword. The movement was too weak compared to Calmahart's axe. Then...

“.....!”

The axe passed by Crockta's neck. It was a strange ending that couldn't be created by any cause and effect existing in the world. Crockta survived when he should've been killed.

The distortion of causality didn't stop here. Crockta's greatsword shook. The great chieftain dodged. A clean evasion. Crockta's greatsword should have definitely cut through the air.

Then...

“Cough...”

Suddenly, Crockta's greatsword pierced Calmahart's neck.

“How...?”

Calmahart couldn't believe his eyes.

A miracle. He went beyond causality and wielded the world. It wasn't the flow of history, but those who made the history.

[All Pinnacle ranked skills have been upgraded to the Hero rank.]

Crockta moved Ogre Slayer. Calmahart's head flew through the air. It was the end of the great chieftain Calmahart, who terrorized

the north.

A red aura emerged from his severed neck. It shattered into pieces. The fragmented red power scattered like petals and disappeared. It was the end of the tribulation.

“Ahhh...”

Everyone saw it clearly. Crockta killed the great chieftain.

The area became quiet.

Surka broke the silence. He hit his chest once and kneeled. This caused a wave as the orcs started kneeling in turn. All the orcs of the Great Clan who invaded Spinoa were now saluting Crockta. None of them could open their mouths. It was silent in the north.

The Great Northern War that began with Calmahart’s call. It was stopped by Crockta.

Now.

“Everybody get up.”

He was the great chieftain.

“Do you want to go orc hunting?”

“Why hunt orcs all of a sudden?”

“A quest was opened. The great chieftain is doing something. It seems like an event so I should practice in advance.”

Youvidser Laney scratched her cheek as she listened to the conversation of users passing by.

She should be prepared. Sieges weren’t interesting. The Youvids site was now dominated with raid and war videos of the Heaven and Earth Clan, led by Choi Hansung. At one time, she also followed the Heaven and Earth and filmed a video. But she couldn’t adapt. She didn’t want to put the images of dying people on the screen. So she quit.

She recalled the orc Crockta who had disappeared. His behavior had impressed Laney. Her chest became hot just thinking about it. It wasn't a cruel war. However, he disappeared from Elder Lord after he left for the north. Considering the nature of the game that didn't care about the convenience to users, maybe Crockta wouldn't appear before them again.

“Phew...”

Right now, she should be preparing for that crazy chieftain. Just as she was thinking this...

The users started to raise their heads one by one. Laney was the same. It was Elder Lord's system wide message window. The contents were something that no one had ever imagined.

[The orc great chieftain, Calmahart, who is preparing for the war that will lead to the destruction of the continent.]

[His ambitions have been crushed.]

[He swept the north with the flames of war and created many victims, eventually defeating the world tree. Before he could gain the entire north, he was brought to an end by an orc warrior.]

The users in the square started murmuring.

“What was the point of starting this then?”

“Those bastards were preparing for something big, but it didn't work so they are just canceling it?”

“I even prepared equipment because of this!”

The users became quiet again as the next message window rose.

[The destiny of the continent, which was supposed to experience a devastating war, has changed.]

[From the continent to the north, the great warrior who endured all sufferings and pushed ahead with his ideals is called the ‘Northern Conqueror.’]

Laney’s eyes widened. It was him.

[‘Northern Conqueror’ Crockta, who protected the world from the madness of the mad chieftain.]

[The entire north praises his name.]

[His name will forever be remembered in the history of Elder Lord.]

[The name of the northern conqueror is Crockta.]

[The orc warrior Crockta.]

Crockta was back.

Chapter 126 – White Knight (1)

Ian disconnected.

It felt like he had been away on a long trip. It was very strange for him to transition from Crockta, the oversized orc warrior, back into Ian's slim body. He checked his watch and saw that it was still was early in the morning.

The adventures he had in Elder Lord went through his head.

A dream. No, it was all true.

Ian fell onto his bed with a smile. He was tired. He risked his life and wielded his greatsword on the bloody battlefield. He had ended the connection and came from such a harsh place to a tranquil house.

He hugged a blanket and closed his eyes as his body sank onto the bed. As he closed his eyes, the landscape of the desolate north stretched out again in the darkness.

The texture of the hair on Calmahart's head as Crockta's greatsword pierced his neck was clear. The orc warriors filling the plains. They fell to their knees. They acknowledged him as the great chieftain.

His greatsword.

It was everything. He saved the city and the north while holding Ogre Slayer that fit in his grasp. According to his will, the orcs abandoned their weapons, resulting in the end of the war.

The world of Elder Lord was so clear that all types of things were mixed together, making it difficult to distinguish reality. Compared to the old battlefields where good and evil couldn't be discerned, the struggles of Elder Lord were definitely worth fighting for.

His consciousness fell as he lay on the bed. He lost consciousness

as he went into a deep sleep.

In the dream, he wasn't Ian but the orc Crockta. In it, he returned to Orcrox and was drinking with the orc warriors. The warrior's song was exciting.

He opened his eyes. A sound was heard outside. It was the sound of the television. Ian rubbed his eyes as he exited and saw Yiyu watching television on the couch.

She glanced at Ian and said, "It seems like it's been a long time since I've last seen Oppa."

"I see you everyday."

"You've been busy playing the game recently."

"That...I was."

Ian nodded.

It was still morning. She only sent him a disgruntled expression and asked, "Do you want something to eat?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"I'll take care of it."

It might be because Yiyu was younger, but it was clear what her intentions were. Ian smiled and headed into the kitchen. When he returned to Korea, he had thought about setting up a restaurant before a cafe. He didn't cook well, but serving good food to others seemed like a good life.

The happiest time after finishing his assignments was washing up and then sharing delicious food with his companions, so he hoped that such a scene would become his routine. Of course, in the end, he chose to run the more casual and tranquil café. However, he regretted not going to a cooking school in those days.

“Huhu, I will take care of this...”

It was the sound of a confident chef. A chef's pride! A chef couldn't retreat here. Ian imagined the best food he could cook. Soon after, Ian received the fruits of his pride.

“Hello.”

“Yes. Here it is.”

“This is the cash. Yes. Thank you. Work hard now.”

“Yes. Please enjoy.”

The chicken arrived. Of course, Yiyu felt admiration.

“Eating fried chicken in the morning?”

“Just eat.”

The two of them ate the chicken side-by-side in the morning. Right now, it was summer. The morning sun shone through the window. Yiyu put a chicken leg straight into her mouth and suddenly said, “Oppa.”

“Yes.”

“I failed my test.”

“Really?”

Ian glanced over at the television. He couldn't hear much because the sound was lowered, but it was a story about Elder Lord. This world was currently in the era of Elder Lord. Ian bit a piece of chicken and looked at Yiyu again.

“Aren't you mad?”

“Why should I be mad?”

“You should be angry that your little sister ruined her grades, despite paying for the expensive tuition!” She exclaimed while chewing on the lean meat.

Ian agreed. “I understand. Come to think of it, I am angry. For

the time being, no more pocket money...”

“Wait a minute.” Yiyu hurriedly shook her head as she said, “No, I don’t think there is a need for Oppa to be angry. Yes. Don’t think about my grades.”

“I’m going to get angry.”

“Don’t be angry!”

“The one who farted is angry...”

“I didn’t fart.”

Ian smiled at Yiyu. Within a short period of time, Yiyu held her bloated belly and leaned back against the couch. “What happens if I can’t get a job due to my grades?”

“Work in the café.”

“I don’t want to.”

“Why?”

“You already have Yeori unni.”

“I thought you liked Yeori.”

“Yes, but she is the real manager. It might be uncomfortable if the Boss’ sister gets in through connections. Right now, there are enough employees.”

“Then I’ll give you a new café.”

“Wow.” Yiyu narrowed her eyes. “Do you have a lot of money?”

Ian was watching the television while listening to her.

It was about the rankings in Elder Lord. Recently, the rankings in Elder Lord had changed rapidly. New strong players appeared and existing rankers fell. At the heart of the rankings were three users.

The master of the Heaven and Earth, Korea’s highest ranking clan, ‘Rommel’, Choi Hansung. The one who used his experience in past online classic games to break through dungeons,

‘Pathfinder’ Gunnar.

And someone else.

“Is Oppa listening to me?”

“C-Cough...”

“Uh, are you okay? Do you want some coke?”

A mysterious user who didn’t reveal any information. For convenience, users gave him the nickname of Mystery. The only thing public was his level and achievement points.

In Elder Lord, ranks were determined by achievement points. Choi Hansung was ranked No.1 while Gunnar was No.2. Choi Hansung accomplished untouchable achievements through war while Gunnar was recognized as the best adventurer on the continent by NPCs for his work in dungeons.

However, the level was different. The No.3 Mystery was level 117. It was the highest level so far. It was an overwhelming number, considering that Choi Hansung was level 95 while Gunnar was level 92.

Achievement points were combined with other things to calculate the level, and this was the highest level in Elder Lord. Fearsome skill levels! The class was unknown, but if it was a combat class, this person would be the strongest when it came to fighting.

And that person called Mystery. It was Ian. After killing Calmahart and placating the north, he had reached 117 in level. His achievement points were the same.

Ian looked away from the television towards Yiyu. She was tilting her head with a dark expression.

“Anyway, because of the test...”

“It will be okay.” Ian shook his head and said. “Just learn good management. If you can’t get a job then I’ll give you a store, so just

learn how to run it well.”

The last ranker’s settlement money was a huge number. In addition, the ranker’s settlement increased exponentially the closer to the top a user was. The figure this time would probably be more than he could imagine. It felt like he had gone back to the days when he risked his life on the battlefield to earn some money.

“Hrmm...” Yiyu narrowed her eyes. “I think you have some money, Oppa.”

“Yes, the situation is like this, so please don’t worry.”

“Uhh...Oppa, I must’ve done something good in my past life.” She smiled and said, “I can live a really cheeky life because I have Oppa.”

It was a bright face that resembled his mother’s. No, his father.

In his memory, he recalled Yiyu’s childhood face as she kept on crying. She couldn’t accept their parents’ death so she kept crying at the funeral home. She then cried when she was separated from Ian and left with their relatives.

His father’s words were still clear in his mind,

‘Mother and Father are busy, so you have to protect your little sister.’

‘A brother and sister should have a closer relationship with each other than with their parents. You have to depend on each other until you die. It is the deepest family connection. So...’

‘You must protect Yiyu.’

‘I believe in you.’

Yes, it was his mission.

Ian smiled as he looked at Yiyu.

“So be good to me.”

“Am I not being good to you right now?”

“Very.”

“Umm...”

Ji Hayeon frowned.

As a favor to Ian, she was investigating Elder Lord. But it was an unknown territory that she couldn't reach. Everything was confidential. Ji Eunchul, her father, and several key figures in Elder Saga Corporation were able to view the information.

However, there was something she could see. The man called Yoo Jaehan. The father of Elder Lord. He made everything. The core system called Albino was his work. But he disappeared at some point. He might've died, or maybe he was a madman, floating around the world somewhere. Since the launch of Elder Lord, no one had seen him.

There was also a researcher named Park Jujin, but his location and the research institute that contained Albino was unknown.

“At this point, I am curious as well.”

The secretary who always followed her shrugged and said, “There must be a reason for the chairman not letting you know. What will you do now?”

“I'm curious.”

“It is just a game.”

“But this game is sweeping the world.”

The whole world was linked to Elder Lord. The developed and not so developed countries, everybody who could afford the access capsules was within Elder Lord. What if there was a conspiracy involving it? The world was under its influence.

“Here, this is the last one.” The secretary handed Ji Hayeon some documents. It wasn't that thick. However, the title and author were strange. It was a thesis.

“What is this?”

“I’m not sure. It doesn’t belong to Yoo Jaehan but the man who was with him. It was one of the things Yoo Jaehan left behind in his office, so it seemed useless.”

She roughly scanned it. There were all types of formulas and terms that she couldn’t understand, so she closed it immediately. Then she looked at the secretary for an explanation, who shrugged and said, “The assistant who followed Yoo Jaehan around. A disciple? Well, he was the one who wrote this.”

“What is it?”

“I don’t know. The title and author are here.”

She saw it. It was the first time she properly saw the author’s name.

“A foreigner?”

“Yes.”

Gordon Calamity. It wasn’t a famous name.

“Where is this person right now?”

“Missing.”

“Huh?”

“This man disappeared before Yoo Jaehan. Nobody knows where that person is.”

“He is odd just like Yoo Jaehan.” Ji Hayeon shrugged. “Anyway, please continue to investigate. This is a top priority.”

“I understand.”

“In particular, contact me if you find Yoo Jaehan. There seems to be something about Elder Lord.”

“Yes.”

The secretary bowed and left the room.

Ji Hayeon once again looked at the papers. It was still unknown. She was unable to understand her interest in this. Who would write such a thesis? She couldn't understand the contents, but she could see that he really wanted to send a message to people. It was a subject of science that nobody cared about these days.

So why did he follow someone like Yoo Jaehan?

“Can entropy be reversed? I don't know.”

Baek Hanho frowned. He had been preparing carefully. He looked forward to the upcoming war.

–The orc Crockta, who once surprised the users, is back!

–Yes. Everyone was surprised by the sudden system messages. Orc Warrior Crockta is said to have ended the war by defeating the mad chieftain, Calmahart. It is almost certainly the righteous orc, Crockta. The last place where Crockta was heading was the north.

–The members of Crockta's fan club 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' are increasing again. Not only that, the members of 'Rehabilitation Brothers', who were inspired by Crockta, are celebrating this news.

–Will he return to the continent?

–Let's see. I don't know. NPCs' minds are known only to NPCs. However, it is my personal hope that the orc once again spreads the message of hope to people in Elder Lord.

–Ah, is Yoojung a member of He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy?

–Hahaha. Not yet, but I want to join!

However, that guy called Crockta prevented it. Before Baek Hanho could even start!

“Euh...”

Baek Hanho sat in the manager's office and roughly turned off

the television before leaving his office. The gym staff members bowed to him. He raised his head and stood in front of a sandbag. The employees were troubled by Baek Hanho's anger. Baek Hanho punched the sandbag, which flew into the air.

“That Crockta...!”

He wanted to beat that Calmahart with his power, but someone had already done it. Moreover, he didn't like the title of Righteous Orc. Because...

“I have to meet him in person once!”

The title of 'justice' belonged to him in Elder Lord, Baek Hanho, also known as, 'White Knight Andre'!

Chapter 127 – White Knight (2)

Baek Hanho stopped punching the sandbag and pointed out the attitude of the members as he circled the gym. Due to his sensitive temper today, if he corrected a posture and they didn't do it well, he would demonstrate it himself.

“.....”

A female member watched with fear as Baek Hanho approached her.

‘Baek Hanho’s gym was a gathering place for men who had strength in the neighborhood and wanted to do some fighting. All of them were rugged and rough looking men. Such men had fallen at Baek Hanho’s gentle hand.

She was just an ordinary person who had a house nearby and wanted to become healthy. She laughed awkwardly when Baek Hanho stood in front of her.

“Hahaha... Manager-nim.”

“Have you practiced what I taught you before? Let me see it once. One two!”

“Uh...”

She closed her eyes. Then she extended her fist awkwardly.

Hwiik. Hwiik.

“One two, one two!”

“Aih!”

“Double this time!”

“Uhh.”

“Two one two one!”

Hwik hwik. Hwik! Hwik hwik hwik.

She flailed around. The previous men had fallen down right away. But for some reason, Baek Hanho was nodding.

“Good.”

“.....?”

“You have been here for three months?”

“Four months...”

“Hahaha. That is very good. Exercising is good.”

“.....”

She couldn't help nodding dumbly because she had just witnessed a one-month member collapse from a low kick 1cm under the waist.

“But keep this in mind. Our physical body is a weapon. Martial arts is murder.”

“Huh?”

“If possible, especially if you are a woman, try to resolve the situation without fighting.” Baek Hanho gazed at a distant place and said. “It is a knight's mission to protect ladies but this world...”

She forced a smile as Baek Hanho started talking nonsense.

“Knights have disappeared in modern times...”

Someone should tell him. But he was already in his own world. There was no one in this gym who could stop him.

At that moment. “What are you doing?”

“.....”

It was Ian. Ian stood behind Baek Hanho. He looked at Baek Hanho with questioning eyes.

“Hum hum, you came.”

“Why are you speaking strange words all of a sudden?”

“What type of strange things was I saying?”

“Play games a bit more moderately.”

“Who are you to say...”

Ian and Baek Hanho started to walk towards the manager’s office while talking.

The female member stared blankly after them. After being left alone, the female member punched the sandbag and thought about Baek Hanho’s words. Their bodies were a weapon. Martial arts was murder. And ‘ladies.’

She laughed.

“How old-fashioned.”

Then she quietly stared into the air. Her hands were making strange gestures.

“Magic is to save people.”

In Elder Lord, she was a magician.

“What have you been doing? Yeori is worried about you.”

Ian’s eyes narrowed. “Yeori?”

“Yes, Yeori.”

“When did you talk to Yeori?”

“A little while ago.” As Ian stared at him, Baek Hanho shrugged and shook his head. “Oh, she showed interest because I am the one who taught you, but that is it. So don’t glare at me like that.”

“It is hard to believe when looking at you. Aren’t you playing as a knight too much in the game?”

“This kid, insulting your teacher. In the old days, this would be punished.”

Ian laughed. “What...if you are capable...”

Ian and Baek Hanho's eyes clashed again. Sparks were flying from both pairs of eyes. It felt like they would head back to the ring again, but the two of them shook their heads and leaned back.

"I guess I'm too tired..."

"I did say..."

Ian wanted to take a break for a while after fighting Calmahart. While the capsule allowed him to control his character without moving a muscle, he was still mentally exhausted. Baek Hanho was also tired from his activities in Elder Lord so he didn't want to bother with Ian.

They just leaned back in their chairs. Baek Hanho sighed and asked.

"What species are you?"

"It's a secret."

"Class?"

"Secret."

"This guy."

"What about Teacher? Are you a knight?"

"Will you tell me if I tell you?"

"No."

"Phew, I brought up my disciple wrongly."

"It is because of Teacher that your disciple grew up like this."

"Well...your words aren't wrong." Baek Hanho laughed as he leaned back in his chair. "Ian."

"Yes."

"These days, this guy has been running wild."

Baek Hanho raised a hand and a video appeared on the television screen that occupied a wall of the manager's office. Ian flinched. It

was Crockta.

“.....”

To other people, Crockta looked really hideous. A heinous face, a fearsome body that was covered in tattoos, a hand that held the ignorantly large greatsword, regardless of fatigue. Just looking at his appearance, he seemed like a villain.

“I don’t like him.”

“W-Why?”

“I was trying to catch the enemy called Calmahart, but this guy finished it before I could even start.”

Baek Hanho changed the screen. This time, it was the best video site in the world, Youvids. The main screen of Youvids was filled with Crockta. After the news of Calmahart’s defeat had spread, the value of Righteous Orc Crockta rose again, meaning videos of Laney and other users who filmed him were constantly rising.

The number of views had already reached the peak. Video’s of Choi Hansung’s war had been pushed to the next level by Crockta.

“I will catch this guy!” Baek Hanho cried out.

Ian stilled.

“What, are you scared?”

“...No.”

Baek Hanho nodded. “I know. He is a frightening guy. No matter how strong he is, he is still a monster in the game! He has ridiculous strength and physical abilities.”

Crockta’s battle footage.

Chesswood. Ian’s mind sank into the memories of that time. Innocent people had died. They weren’t NPCs. Those who actually existed were killed by users connected to Elder Lord. Due to the ‘cognitive modification’ power of the god, others couldn’t even

understand this possibility.

“Look. That beast-like movement.” It was a scene where Crockta pierced through spears and swords, killing them all. He jumped into the middle of enemy territory. The users started to run away. Crockta chased and stabbed his sword in their backs.

“The amazing thing is the speed of development.”

This time, it was a video of the past. Three players were confronting an orc. It was the user hunters he bumped into at Anail. They wanted to kill Crockta but he took the lives of the enemies in a flash.

“The boldness and determination are amazing. This person knows how to fight properly.”

It was a compliment from Baek Hanho but Ian felt strangely anxious.

Ian asked. “So?”

“I have to catch this guy.”

“...Why?”

“I don’t like him.”

Ian looked at Baek Hanho’s expression. He was sincere. That expression, he was going to swing his sword as soon as Crockta returned to the continent.

Ian calmly said. “Hold on. Crockta is strong, righteous and popular. He even has a fan club.”

“Fan club? I am one too.”

“Huh?”

“Huhuhu, do you want to know?”

“Don’t lie.”

“This guy...really. Of course, I won’t tell you. You can just wonder.”

“.....”

Baek Hanho changed the screen again. As he did so, he unwittingly opened the menu of his favorite Youvids videos.

“.....!”

Baek Hanho hurriedly turned it off and looked to see if Ian had seen his favorites menu. Fortunately, Ian was checking his phone.

“What are you looking at?”

“Nothing.”

Baek Hanho coughed.

“I have to go now. I need to show my face at the cafe.”

“Yes. Don’t just let other people do the work. Unearned income makes people sick.”

In fact, the gym was mostly run under Baek Hanho’s supervision. Ian shook his head.

“Take care.”

“You too.”

Ian left Baek Hanho’s gym. Then he headed towards Cafe Reason.

He didn’t come empty-handed. He stopped by the bakery and bought a few things.

After arriving at Cafe Reason, Han Yeori grumbled and gave some to Yoo Sooyeon, who was arranging a few minor things on the counter. There were customers.

Ian opened his phone while sipping a latte that he made. He entered a search term.

‘White Knight Andre.’

Ian had briefly seen Baek Hanho’s favorites list. Baek Hanho’s favorites were filled with videos of a user called White Knight

Andre. Immediately after confirming it, he pretended to be doing something else.

If he knew his enemy, he could win. Baek Hanho would surely come to him. It would be in the world of Elder Lord.

The first kill! He would do it.

The name 'White Knight Andre' was well-known.

"Uh, Boss-nim knows about Andre?" Han Yeori approached and sat down next to him.

"You know him?"

"I know. He is really cool."

"...Cool?"

"Yes."

Ian looked at the video playing with questionable eyes and Han Yeori said. "I don't play the game but I've seen videos of this person."

Then Ian almost spat out his coffee at the close-up appearance of the character.

Dazzling blonde hair. Clear blue eyes. A straight nose, white skin with no wrinkles and soft pink lips. Silver plated armor covered the entire body. It was the appearance of a medieval young knight. How much work could be done to customize his appearance to such an extent?

Furthermore, he was riding on a beautiful white horse with a flowing mane.

"Isn't he cool?"

"Um..." Ian nodded.

In the video, Baek Hanho, no White Knight Andre was speaking.

"Diabolical ones who wield a sword against a lady."

He got down from his horse. He rubbed the forehead of the white horse, as if telling it to wait a moment, before raising his sword towards the enemies in front of him. It was a well-worn longsword.

“I am Knight Andre, and I will let you know what justice is.”

Then he rushed towards the enemies in front of him. The opponents were bandits equipped with axes and swords. They swung their weapons. They were confused at first by Andre’s splendor but gained confidence due to their belief in their numerical superiority.

However, that only lasted for a short moment. Andre’s sleek swordsmanship stopped their breaths. There was no gory battle with blood and flesh. One pierce that gracefully penetrated the enemy’s weak points. Fluid techniques.

All the enemies were destroyed. White Knight Andre turned softly. The female NPC, who had been threatened by the bandits, stared at him blankly. Andre approached and grabbed her hand. Then he kissed the back of her hand and winked softly.

“Lady. I took care of the opponents. Please rest assured.”

A sweet smile! Then the video faded out.

Han Yeori poked Ian’s side. “So cool. He is a real Prince Charming. Isn’t that right? Boss-nim?”

However, Ian knew the reality so he couldn’t nod. Han Yeori giggled and went back to the counter. Ian wanted to erase his memories, no he wanted to clean his eyes and forget he ever saw this video.

Ian read the comments. At first, there were compliments.

└ Milky Andre: I’m Andre’s fan! ^^ Continue the video! Have strength Andre!

└ Fatal White Knight: >^<

I want to see Andre every day... Where is it? The answer to my problems...Andre's pink lips...Chu...

└ White Cacao: The background is Hesse Mountain! I will also kiss..."

└ Jung Min's Mother: Andre,,,, a wonderful young man,, ~^^

I want my daughter to play the game like Andre,,,~~?^^

Please continue to do justice ,,~~~~!ㅎ ㅎ ㅎ

└ Yiyu's Mother: I am the same as well,,,~^^ our children are good,,, ㅎ ㅎ

However, the comments gradually changed.

└ Shochu is Tasty: Damn,,,,this labor,,,,to me,,,I'm not going to apologize,,,look at the eyes,,,a handsome man pretending to be good,,,~! Don't tremble,,,reveal your nature,,, kyack,,,spit! Justice?Crockta is the best ~

└ Mt. Seolack Falcon: Aigoo,,,Hyung-nim,,,this comment,,, ㅎ ㅎ,, mountaineering club...why don't you come...Hyung-nim...lonely.

└ Shochu is Tasty: Damn,,, I'm busy,,,kaack,, never,,, return,,, you should,,, live well~~~

└ Altruism with Long Hair: ——Pretending to be good to get women~ don't talk to men like that —— don't tremble ——

└ Going to be an Orc: This person is the definition of justice? Crockta is the definition of justice. I promise that he will be hit by Crockta.

└ Orc King: ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ When he meets Crockta ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ take a video and upload it ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ

└ Bul'tar Crockta: ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ Crockta will twist him up ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ A real man vs. a rural village gangster.

└ Xylitol One Shot: Are you talking about the definition of justice again? Where did this come from? Did Andre save a village like

Crockta? Did he create a storm before leaving. What did he do except act good in front of women? ㅋㅋ ㅠㅠ

↳ Barking Dog: Bark bark! Bark bark bark! Grrrr bark!

↳ Moderation: How irritating... When I see a video of Crockta, I get a thrill... My hands and feet...

↳ Philosopher: This friend is only brilliant when he is catching weak opponents. I miss Crockta.

Ian shook his head.

“.....” His shoulders started to shake. “...Kuk...Cough...”

Ian’s shoulders moved up and down as he couldn’t help laughing.

“Puhuhu...puhuhuhut...!”

Sometimes the standards of the world were so different from his.

But. This wasn’t so different from his viewpoint.

“Ah. That’s right. Crockta is the definition of justice. It is in the eyes of the beholder.”

Gradually, the comments increased and it became ‘Crockta vs. Andre.’ Andre’s fans and his anti-fans engaged in a keyboard battle. In particular, Andre had recently said he wanted to fight Crockta so this remarks became more intense.

The two characters of justice. The women who had a crush on White Knight Andre! The men who supported Orc Warrior Crockta!

Han Yeori sighed as she watched Ian laughing.

“Why is he coming like that more and more...”

Chapter 128 – Northern Law (1)

Crockta got up from his spot.

He came back but there was no one around. Tiyo and Anor's bed, where they should've been lying together, was empty. The sun seen through the window was already almost overhead.

It was daytime. This was Spinoa, where the bloody battle had occurred. The city of dark elves had collapsed. Only a few buildings remained, so the survivors slept in tents around the world tree. Then in the daytime, they started rebuilding the village under the blessing of the world tree.

Crockta went out and saw dark elves in the corridor. They were nursing injured soldiers. They jumped in surprise when they saw Crockta. There was a mix of admiration, awe, gratitude, and fear displayed in their eyes.

Crockta was their friend, but now he was the orc great chieftain. He had the power to break the north at any time.

Crockta greeted them first, "It is good to see you."

"Crockta, you woke up."

Only some people knew that Crockta was cursed by the stars, so they thought that he was just resting in bed. Crockta smiled. He still sported a wicked face, but it looked better when he smiled.

"Have you been well in the meantime?"

"Yes."

"....."

There was an ambiguous silence. Crockta nodded and passed by them. Then their voices were heard from behind, "Thank you very much, Northern Hero Crockta."

"I will never forget the grace that saved Spinoa."

Crockta stopped in his tracks. He had seen a lot of ruins. Those who lost everything and became refugees due to the wars. They had nowhere to go and despair filled their eyes. The same was true for Spinoa.

Nevertheless, they were thanking him. Was he really someone who deserved those words? The city was in ruins and he had only protected a fraction of it. He never knew what to say to this. But Crockta had learned a lot from Elder Lord. Now he had something to say. Crockta raised his thumbs towards them and said, “I will ask for meat for dinner. Bul’tar!”

Crockta winked. The dark elves smiled at his words.

Crockta left the building with powerful steps and felt sober as he once again saw the devastated scenery of Spinoa. The sun drenched landscape made even the ruins seem beautiful. It wasn’t because of the simple form, but because of the appearance of those sweating to rebuild what they lost.

“They are enthusiastic.”

There weren’t only dark elves are the restoration sites. There were orcs. The northern orcs discovered Crockta and struck their chests as they said, “I greet the great chieftain!”

“Great chieftain!” They shouted.

However, Crockta shook his head. He said he didn’t need such formalities, but they didn’t listen.

“You’ve come, Great Chieftain.”

“You don’t need to call me that.”

“The great chieftain is the great chieftain.”

Surka approached.

He had a high rank in the Great Clan, along with Hammerchwi. Thanks to his advice, Crockta was able to force Calmahart into a one-on-one duel. He was a person who remembered his honor,

even under the madness of ‘Tribulation.’

“We are in the process of dividing the work sites with the dark elves.”

“Good job. That’s good.”

The war ended dramatically as Crockta became the great chieftain. The red light surrounding the orcs had faded away. Many orcs were ashamed and confused by what they had done. As the great chieftain, Crockta ordered them to join the dark elves and restore the damage.

However, it wasn’t easy to get rid of the enmity between the two species. They were enemies. Even if they were under the influence of another being, it didn’t change the fact that the orcs had trampled on the families and cities of the dark elves.

So the dark elves and orcs were working separately from each other.

“Ohh! Crockta! You finally showed up dot!”

Tiyo’s voice was heard from the side and interrupted the awkward mood. Tiyo was helping the dark elves with the restoration work, while black dust covered his face.

“I thought you were trying to get out of work because you didn’t come back for a while.”

It was the same for Anor. Anor was helping up by raising some bones. Considering the hearts of those who just finished the war, it was the body of a monster, not a dark elf or orc. The skeleton ogre was grabbing and lifting rocks.

“Work, go to work Crockta!”

Surka’s eyes widened as Crockta walked forward.

“Why is great chieftain...?”

“Surka. I am Crockta, not the great chieftain!”

Surka nodded at Crockta's words. "I understand."

"I want to work."

Crockta put the greatsword down beside him. Then he rolled up his sleeves. Right now, the buildings in Spinoa were being created with the branches of the world tree. The opportunity to build with divine wood from the world tree wasn't common. Thanks to the emergency situation, the world tree was trying to rebuild Spinoa, even if it had to exhaust its power.

Crockta carried the thick branches of the world tree like they were nothing. Then he started moving towards a construction site.

"Truly the great chieftain!"

"Ohhhh! The great chieftain is working directly!"

"Follow the great chieftain!"

"From now on, don't rest!"

The orcs cheered. For those who only experienced the harsh reign of Calmahart, it was the first time a great chieftain took the initiative to work first. Once Crockta started to work, the atmosphere among the orcs changed. The northern orcs followed the great chieftain.

As Crockta continued to work, he saw a familiar face.

Hammerchwi. He was hammering in a nail with his battle hammer. He swung his hammer with rapid movements before discovering Crockta.

"The great chieftain has come."

"Hammerchwi. We meet again."

At one time, they had different beliefs and exchanged weapons. Of course, the result was Crockta's clean sweep. Hammerchwi might've foreseen this future then.

"How is work? Aren't you tired at your age?"

“What are you talking about? I am the great Warrior Hammerchwi. This is still a long way to go before I get tired.”

“A lot of sweat is flowing.”

Hammerchwi was covered in sweat. He wiped at his forehead and neck. It was damp. He laughed and wiped it off with his shirt.

“Well, I think sweat is better than blood.”

That made sense. Hammerchwi smiled again. Crockta nodded. He tapped Hammerchwi’s shoulder and whisper as he passed by.

“As long as you are alive. Bul’tar.”

Hammerchwi replied to Crockta’s back.

“The great chieftain as well. Bul’tar!”

Crockta turned at his answer. But Hammerchwi just smiled and continued his hammering. The orc who crushed many enemies with his terrible hammer, the great warrior of the Great Clan called Hammerchwi.

But he seemed to look better with a work hammer than a combat hammer. The warriors following Hammerchwi listened to his instructions and were busy raising the building. If he was born on the continent, he might’ve been a great carpenter instead of a warrior.

Like Grant, he might’ve become a craftsman finding his aptitude after being a warrior. Or maybe he would be an orc who never picked up a weapon, a person who worked during the day and drank at night.

“Surka.”

“Yes.”

“Does Hammerchwi have children?”

“Yes. It isn’t just one or two.”

Crockta stared at him. Surka shrugged.

“He has 11. I heard one was born not too long ago.”

Crockta nodded. He felt somehow reassured. “I’m glad. Orcs should be thinking about the future.”

The orcs in the north also weren’t undamaged. Countless soldiers had died. As the dark elves stabilized, the orcs should take care of themselves. He didn’t intend to be the great chieftain for long, but he couldn’t help thinking about this.

“Tomorrow, the agreement will be signed.”

Crockta had climbed to the position of great chieftain, ending the war between the dark elves and orcs. They were supposed to declare an end to the war, forget the conflicts and sign an agreement to maintain peace. The date was tomorrow. Of course, one of the subjects of the agreement was Zelkian, leader of the dark elves and agent of the world tree. The other was the great chieftain of the northern orcs, Crockta.

“Surka.”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to try fighting me once?”

Surka’s eyes widened. He noticed the look in Crockta’s eyes and nodded.

“I understand.”

The two of them stood in a deserted spot. In the background, there was the distant sound of orcs working as both of them raised their weapons. The greatsword, Ogre Slayer. A masterpiece of the Golden Anvil Clan.

However, it had sharpened in Crockta’s hands as it cut down many enemies. Unlike the blades that became dull after repeatedly being soaked in the blood and flesh of the enemies, Ogre Slayer was different as it evolved into a greatsword with a completely

different atmosphere.

At the beginning, Ogre Slayer was a shining sword. Now it looked like a sword that had gone through all sorts of hardships. The masterpiece of the Golden Anvil Clan was completed in Crockta's hands.

“A good sword. It can cause chaos.”

But Surka's axe also wasn't ordinary. It was 'Blood Rain,' the heirloom axe that he received from his father Shiktulla. It was a treasure that swept over numerous high-level enemies in the north. To Surka, it was the best symbol of a Steel Axe tribe member.

The two forces met. Their weapons struck each other. There was a loud sound as the greatsword and axe met. The eerie sound of two weapons clashing drifted along the wind. They moved around each other like they were wind magicians, skillfully penetrating through any gaps.

Surka was different from Calmahart, as he boasted brilliant axe techniques.

Crockta smiled. This fight had its own charm. Crockta's speed increased. The realm of the Pinnacle. Crockta's greatsword aimed at the enemy, like he had pulled on a line in the world. The axe passed by his cheek while the greatsword narrowly missed the neck. Blood flowed.

He grinned. Rather than exchanging a few words of respect, they could communicate more by fighting.

Warrior and warrior. They were fighting.

“What are you fighting for Surka?”

Crockta shouted as he pushed Surka with his shoulder. Surka grinned as he was suddenly off balance.

“To be great chieftain!”

Then he jumped and his axe descended towards Crockta.

Kwaang!

An explosive sound was heard for the first time.

“Kill the great chieftain and become the great chieftain!”

Surka laughed. An orc of the north. Crockta didn't hate this look. Orc warriors should be able to laugh while fighting for their lives.

“What about once you become the great chieftain?” Crockta deflected the axe and kicked Surka's abdomen. Surka fell down and Ogre Slayer pursued him. He rolled across the ground to avoid it but in the end, Crockta's greatsword pointed at his neck.

Crockta asked, “What do you want to do once you become the great chieftain?”

Surka struggled against Crockta's foot on his chest before giving up. He looked up at Crockta and smiled.

“I will change the Great Clan.”

“How?”

“To what it used to be!”

Crockta removed his foot and extended a hand. Surka grabbed Crockta's hand and got up. He gazed at Crockta and added. “Then we will become like the orcs of the continent.”

The land of orc warriors who regarded honor as their lives. He couldn't help feeling admiration after Crockta told him about the continent. Surka wanted to restore the traditions of the continent, just like the old northern orcs. He wanted to not feel ashamed as he fought, and to know that death wasn't in vain. He wanted to restore that spirit.

Surka laughed and added. “But Crockta is the great chieftain, so I won't need to become the great chieftain.”

“Kulkulkul.”

Crockta laughed. Surka laughed. After finished the fight, Crockta asked something else.

“Surka. Are you the strongest here except for me?”

“There isn’t a proper ranking but probably. Apart from Calmahart, I’ve never been defeated by anyone.”

“How dependable.”

Chapter 129 – Northern Law (2)

The agreement began.

Crockta and Zelkian stood on a platform. Crockta came as a savior to help the dark elves but he was now standing as a representative of the orcs. The future was unknown.

The world tree, looking down on Spinoa as always, laid a branch on Zelkian's shoulder. It seemed to somehow be saying congratulations to Crockta. The world tree's branch stooped down as Crockta nodded. It looked like a smile.

The dark elves and orcs were watching them. Their leaders had declared a mutual non-aggression pact, and everyone knew what it meant.

“The agreement is as followed.”

Surka and Jenadu handed slates over to their leaders. The agreement was engraved in stone so that it wouldn't fade over time. The people of each species applauded both Crockta and Zelkian.

Orcs and dark elves were divided in the center. Crockta asked for restraint so that the orcs wouldn't offend the dark elves by shouting out 'great chieftain.' The dark elves were the same. Zelkian informed them that the great chieftain and orcs were possessed by the demon named 'Tribulation', so their hearts eased a little bit.

Therefore, there were no concerns about a conflict taking place. Apart from the brief clapping, the area was still.

The agreement concluded that the war would end and that they wouldn't invade each other's territory in the future. If someone violated this pact, they would be punished according to the laws of the area.

For the time being, the orcs would help the dark elves rebuild. In

addition, the dark elves' leader and the orc great chieftain would periodically meet. While it was impossible for those killing each other the day before to suddenly become friends, it was possible if their goal was for this situation to not repeat.

Finally, Zelkian gently hugged Crockta. The agreement was over. It was a symbolic event for everyone to see, so it didn't drag out for long. Now they had to work to rebuild the city.

At that moment. Crockta raised a hand and said, "All the orcs are gathered together."

The orcs stopped. It was the great chieftain's first call. The dark elves returned to their positions. In addition, Zelkian was watching from the side.

"I killed Calmahart. But since I was an enemy yesterday, not everyone is convinced that I am the great chieftain." Crockta looked down at the orcs. Multiple eyes were staring at him. "So I am going to give you a chance."

Crockta pulled out his greatsword and placed it on his shoulder.

"Whoever is good. If you have the will to become the great chieftain, come forward."

A declaration that said he would accept any duel! The orcs started murmuring. As he said, Crockta was an outsider who abruptly appeared as their leader. However, he was the powerful warrior who had killed Calmahart. There would surely be a few warriors who wouldn't let this pass.

"I will go first!"

It was the first time Crockta saw the face that came forward. However, he was dressed in the clothing of the Great Clan's warriors.

"I am from the Eagle Blade Tribe, the Great Clan warrior Karhak!"

Crockta came down from the platform and responded, “I am the orc from the continent, Great Chieftain Crockta.”

No other words were needed as both simultaneously swung their weapons. Karhak was a strong warrior. His halberd strikes were hard to deal with. Even if the blade was avoided, he had the technique of turning it by changing his grip on the steel handle.

However, Crockta couldn’t be shaken by such techniques. He had gone through countless fights in the realm of the Pinnacle. His heart and soul were always staring at the enemy’s reality. Crockta avoided all of Karhak’s strikes. Ogre Slayer hit his abdomen.

“Keooooook!”

Karhak flew through the air and landed in the middle of the group of orcs. He lost consciousness. The nearby orcs carried him to the infirmary. There were more challengers. They were the best warriors in the northern tribes and great warriors in the Great Clan.

All of them were defeated as quickly and badly as Karhak. They struck at Crockta in various ways, but the results were all the same.

“Next.”

Crockta declared after knocking down another contender. Crockta had grown further through all his battles with Calmahart. He embraced the power of the Hero rank.

[Status Window]

‘Northern Conqueror’ Crockta, Orc Warrior.

Level: 117

Achievement Points: 1,924,800

Assimilation: 89%

Abilities:

Herculean Strength (Hero)

Revival (Hero)

Heart Sword (Hero)

Fighting Spirit (Hero)

Inside the Spirit (Hero)

Tattoo (Hero)

Roar (Hero)

Creatures Butcher (Pinnacle)

Grey God's Eyes (Outside the Ratings)

Art of Magic (Rare)]

When he reached the Hero rank, the splendid skill names suddenly calmed down. The explanation disappeared and only a short feature remained. Crockta liked this more.

The next challenger appeared. It was a familiar face.

“It has been a while. Crockta.”

“You.”

An orc who Crockta first met in the Kapur Clan when he came to the north. It was the young orc warrior Rakuta, who wanted to endure the villainous Kapur so he could defeat him and change the tribe. The fact that he was here meant one thing.

“Kapur?”

Rakuta grinned as he responded, “Perished by my hands.”

In the end, he was punished by his tribe's warrior. Crockta smiled. He knew that Rakuta would one day kill Kapur. It was the will of the young warrior, Rakuta. It was just faster than Crockta expected.

“It was possible because I never forgot Crockta’s words.”

Before saying farewell, Rakuta had asked Crockta. How could he be strong? Crockta had only one answer. Indomitable will!

Crockta nodded. “Good. Then attack.”

Rakuta charged at him with a good momentum. But in the end, he became like the other contenders. He lay on the ground and admitted defeat. The gap in power was obvious.

No more challengers appeared. Now Crockta was fully recognized as the great chieftain. In this position, Crockta made a declaration.

“Now I believe no one will complain that I am the great chieftain.”

The orcs struck their chests. There was only one way to become the great chieftain. Be the best! Crockta proved his overwhelming power in this spot.

“I, Crockta, will make a declaration as the great chieftain.” All orc eyes turned to him. “I will step down from the position of the great chieftain.”

As Crockta finished speaking, the orcs stared at him with shock. He had just defeated all challengers and truly became the great chieftain. Now he was leaving. There were some cases with the great chieftain stepped down, but that was often when they couldn’t fight due to old age or injury. There were no cases when an overwhelming strong chieftain, like Crockta, stepped down on his own.

“I have to go back to the continent. Therefore, I...”

Crockta found Tiyo and Anor among the audience. They smiled and nodded. Crockta also smiled. He still had a lot of work to do.

“I will name Surka as my successor.”

Surka, who was standing on the podium, opened his eyes widely. It was a face that showed he never imagined it at all. Crockta held

Surka's shoulder and pushed him forward.

"If you have a complaint, go to Surka right now!"

The orcs were quiet.

Surka already proved his strength on the battlefield. He might've been obscured by the monster called Calmahart, but he was a true warrior who proved his courage in many battles as the best warrior of the Steel Axe Tribe.

In the past, Calmahart had barely beaten him to the position of great chieftain. It was only afterward that Calmahart, who was enhanced by Tribulation, became a ghastly monster with divine skills.

"What is with the sudden action, Great Chieftain?" Surka asked in a small voice. "Why did you bother beating any of them?"

That's right. If he was going to step down anyway, why did he take on challengers and defeat them all? it wasn't convincing that he would leave the moment he proved himself genuinely strong.

Crockta replied, "This is because the northern orcs are arrogant."

"Huh?"

"I wanted to break your idea that the Great Clan is the best. I am evaluating you as a warrior from Orcrox, not the great chieftain. You are weak."

The orcs' expressions distorted at Crockta's words. It was an insult to them.

"If you invaded the continent, you would've all been wiped out. The world is far wider than you think, and there are as many strong people as there are stars."

Calmahart was clearly strong. The power of Tribulation meant it would be hard for him to find an opponent on the continent. But the northern orcs couldn't overwhelm the many strong players on the continent.

“You lack the strength and the will.”

Crockta thought it was ridiculous for them to attack the continent. It was the continent where orcs, humans, gnomes, elves, and dwarves joined their strengths to create civilizations. Those who barely survived in the desolate north couldn't beat them.

“Keep this in mind.”

The orcs were quiet. The person saying this was none other than Crockta, the person who defeated Calmahart, who they thought was the strongest person alive. They couldn't object to any of his words.

He placed the greatsword on his back. Crockta walked down to the bottom of the platform. The sound of his footsteps was heard clearly in the orcs' silence. Just before he completely stepped down from the platform.

“Crockta.” It was Surka. “You are irresponsible.”

Crockta's eyebrows twitched at Surka's words. Surka looked at him and explained, “As you say, we are weak. But isn't it too irresponsible to just say that and then leave? What if, after I become the great chieftain, I destroy the treaty and start the war again?”

“.....”

“Whether we are weak or not, the dark elves will be destroyed.”

Crockta narrowed his eyes. Surka continued speaking. “If you don't like it, then teach us.”

“About what?”

“How can we become strong like you?!”

The orcs raised their heads. Surka pointed at them and said.

“Teach us so that if another Calmahart appears, we won't be corrupted. If you can convince us, I am willing to be the great

chieftain.”

Surka grinned. Crockta realized his intent. Then he started laughing. The eyes of countless orcs stared at him. They could see his tiny movements, his gait, even his chest moving up and down from his breathing. But Crockta wasn't afraid of their gazes.

“It is the ancients laws that made me what I am.”

They could keep it, or they could break it. There was no absolute law in this world. But if they remembered this, when they were lost, they could raise their eyes and find the path again.

“I will let you know the seven honorable laws of the ancient orcs that the north has forgotten.”

Surka listened closely. Crockta told him there was such a thing, but he never actually heard the laws.

“Listen carefully.”

Crockta started to speak the laws of the warriors. From the ancient orcs to the warriors of Orcrox, from Lenox to Crockta, now the ancient laws were being relayed to the northern orcs.

Do not forsake faith, don't persecute the weak, don't attack those who abandoned their weapons. Don't succumb to injustice or shame the gods, pay back any favors or vengeance and protect the powerless.

Prove their honor through these seven laws.

The orcs were quiet. In the past, all orcs knew this. Today, it was something that no one kept.

After the division between the north and the rest of the continent, the law of the strong spread in the north. The strongest orc took everything. The great chieftain was the law. It was why they gradually forgot their old values.

But after a long time, the ancient laws of the orcs returned to them.

Kung.

Surka stomped his feet. Everyone looked at him.

“I am Surka, the great chieftain.”

He lifted Blood Rain. There was no orc in the north who didn't know this weapon. It was the wicked axe that created a river of blood in Surka's hands. Surka shouted. “I follow Great Chieftain Crockta!”

The orcs started murmuring. Surka continued speaking.

“I say this as Great Chieftain Surka! I might've inherited the status of great chieftain, but I will always follow the true great chieftain of the north. I will hold this position until Crockta comes back!”

Surka moved Blood Rain. “The laws he spoke are now the laws of the north! If there are any complaints, come to me now!”

Surka's aura exploded. His energy spread out. A chill went down the spines of the orcs. They remembered. Before Calmahart, Surka had been the one closest to becoming the great chieftain. His axe got the name 'Blood Rain' because whenever he waved his axe, a shower of blood would fly into the air.

“Kill me first,” Surka declared.

“.....!”

None of them could open their mouths. Surka's willpower spread over them. It lasted long enough for them to understand the meaning.

The orcs moved.

Kung!

They slapped his chest. All orcs placed their hands on their chests as a salute to Surka. The movement started at the front and soon spread to all the orcs. A grand spectacle. Every orc placed their hand on their chest and stared at Surka. The northern orcs

recognized Surka as the new great chieftain. Surka nodded before turning around.

“I look forward to it.”

He struck his chest as he looked at Crockta.

The Northern Conqueror Crockta, who rebuilt the north. And the one who followed the great chieftain, it was the birth of True Warchief Surka.

Chapter 130 – COME BACK (1)

Crockta was troubled.

“A warrior... doesn’t forsake faith dot...!”

“Ahahat! Great chieftain! Chest thump!”

“A warrior doesn’t persecute the weak dot...!”

“Loyalty, loyalty! Thump thump!”

...Did they want to die?

“Prove your honor dot!”

“Kuock... now the true great chieftain is Crockta!”

“How wonderful dot. Bul-tar dot!”

“Bul’tar!”

Crockta looked at them. They giggled despite seeing his menacing eyes.

“Hey, look at Crockta’s eyes! Anor! The great chieftain is staring at me dot! Keep quiet dot!”

“Ah, we’ll be in trouble. We have to stay quiet.”

They had been teasing Crockta ever since they left Spinoa. Crockta closed his eyes and endured it.

That’s right. Those two were just a poor gnome and a dark elf who didn’t understand the beauty and sincerity of orcs.

“You don’t understand the hot hearts of me and my millions of orc brothers...”

The moment of surprise when Surka became the new great chieftain and recognized Crockta as his leader. It was a historic moment when the laws of the orcs were passed onto the north. The northern orcs had stared at him piously and struck their chests. History would remember it as a great day.

“A million. How serious.”

“I understand dot.”

“Later you can kill Calamhart ten times over.”

“It is possible dot. Anor is insightful.”

Crockta became sad. Didn't they know that the word 'millions' was just used as an idiom? At that moment, in Crockta's eyes, they really looked like they numbered over a million. The dark elves watching the scene were also very impressed.

It was only Tiyo and Anor who trembled and cringed in the crowd. Their tongues had twisted when he talked about the warrior's laws, but they desperately endured it.

“Once again, I...”

“Okay, okay.”

“Anyway, let's go dot!”

“.....”

They left Spinoa.

Many things had happened. They traversed the north, fighting the orcs under the great chieftain Calmahart. In the end, he killed the great chieftain and established the continent orcs' laws in the north. Surka would follow the laws and lead the orcs well until the north and the continent united.

“It's been a while since we've been there last dot!”

They were heading for the Black Forest. Like they had promised before leaving, they were going to revisit the hermit of the Black Forest, the black dragon Gushantimur. They would meet the creatures there and grow while competing with each other again, before asking about the whereabouts of Tiyo's father.

Their schedule for the future would be decided there.

“It was fun dot. I'm glad I came to the north dot.”

Tiyo said while tapping the head of the caruk, who cried out. Crockta agreed.

He was told by Gordon to seek the truth at the Temple of the Fallen God. Then Crockta discovered the truth: Elder Lord wasn't a simple game but another dimension. But this was still lacking.

Who was Gordon? There was also the ulterior motives of the gray woman, the god who told him the truth and the system that ran Elder Lord. He didn't know if these questions could be answered, but Crockta would see it through to the end.

He had something to do. There was no new information yet, but someday he would find the answer if he kept wandering around Elder Lord. Furthermore, he didn't like Choi Hansung's actions on the continent so Crockta would have to face him once.

And more than anything else.

“Riding a caruk isn't that good. Compared to my favorite ride.”

He changed his car recently. The ranker payout was indeed beyond imagination. He hadn't informed Yiyu yet because he enjoyed driving around alone, but every person passing by would look at the expensive supercar.

Hooray for Elder Lord.

“Now, go!”

Crockta drove the caruk quickly. Tiyo followed. He was followed by Anor, who was still clumsy when it came to riding. They quickly entered the Black Forest.

An arrow flew as soon as they entered the Black Forest. This arrow was familiar. It was only one arrow but it had the power to deal tremendous havoc.

The famous goblin archer, Kiao! It was him.

And his adversary was Tiyo. Tiyo immediately fired General, a

splendid energy pouring out from the muzzle and colliding with the arrow.

“Only this much dot!”

The two forces repeatedly moved towards each other. Then an explosion was caused. Crockta and Anor rolled around the ground as they were caught in the aftermath.

“What the hell is this?”

“I didn’t know it would be like this when an arrow and magic bullet hit each other.”

They hid behind the trees to escape the aftermath. The caruks shook. Crockta patted them to calm them down.

“Kiyoooooh!”

Tiyo released General’s full strength. Now General, that had become Vulcan, poured out countless bursts of energy. A fearsome power! In the end, both powers emitted a bright light as they collided in the air. General was a great artifact, but it was also impressive that Kiao could pack so much power in one arrow.

Tiyo shrugged. “Huhuhu! Kiao! Trying to stop me like this won’t work dot!”

The answer came from behind him. “Of course not kyak!”

“.....!”

The cold chill of an arrowhead touched the back of Tiyo’s neck.

“You used a lot of power but failed to catch my foot kyak! I am able to move freely while shooting arrows!”

That’s right. Tiyo had continued to shoot magic bullets from General. However, ironically, Kiao had relaxed after seeing the gnome’s demonstration. Tiyo wanted to overwhelm him with his power. Vulcan was great at continuous firing but Kiao’s strikes were even stronger.

While Tiyo stopped the storm caused by the arrow, Kiao moved freely and appeared behind Tiyo. Then he waited until Tiyo stopped. It was his defeat.

“Kuoooh...”

Tiyo thought he had become stronger but he had lost again.

Kiao grinned. “I heard the news kyak! Congratulations, but we weren’t just playing around kyak!”

“Kuoooh...”

The creatures in the Black Forest hadn’t neglected their training.

Crockta and Anor approached the agitated Tiyo. Crockta raised a hand to his shoulder.

“Crockta...”

Hot hands! Indeed, his brother and friend Crockta came to comfort him. Tiyo smiled and tried to answer that he was okay.

Crockta grinned and made a sound. “Pff.”

An obvious derision! Then he led the caruks past him into the Black Forest.

“.....!”

It was revenge for the teasing!

Tiyo shook as he looked at Anor. He always teased Crockta with Tiyo, so surely Anor would comfort him. Anor reached out with a sad expression. The moment that Tiyo was about to grasp his hand. Anor formed a fist and extended his index finger.

Then he waved it from side to side.

“Defeated. Defeated.”

“.....!”

“Hihihit.”

Then Anor followed behind Crockta. Tiyo felt despair. Kiao, who

defeated him, remained by his side.

“This is called cause and effect kyak! You should build up your heart!”

“Shut up dot!”

“Don’t be angry just because I gave you some advice kyak!”

“Next time I will win dot!”

“Don’t play around kyak!”

“Dirty old bastard!”

The two of them fought even when walking into the Black Forest.
Gushantimur’s lair.

Gushantimur’s lair hadn’t changed. It was a beautiful castle where the creatures were practicing. The cold-faced man, Gushantimur welcomed them while holding a long sword.

“It has been a while.”

“I came back.”

“It has been a while dot!”

Gushantimur nodded. He looked Crockta up and down. Then his eyes widened. It seemed like he had already grasped the changes in Crockta.

“Crockta. Amazing.”

“It is thanks to you.”

Crockta was now in the Hero realm. A person like Gushantimur would be able to feel it. After reaching this state, he became more aware of Gushantimur’s power. He had a tremendous presence. As Crockta viewed him through the realm of a Hero who twisted causality, Gushantimur visibly seemed like a dragon.

However. He felt like the difference had narrowed.

“There is still a lot left to go.”

Crockta laughed and Gushantimur nodded. “That’s right. Let’s deal with it after unpacking.”

Anor had been caught by the lich and skeletons. Anor tried to flee but he was caught tightly by the lich’s skeletons. There was still a long way to go before his phobia was cured.

They rested and unburdened their hearts.

The tool was the sword.

Crockta exchanged blows with Gushantimur. Crockta reached the Hero realm but he still wasn’t used to dealing with it. Every time the swords met, he would look at Ogre Slayer with a sad expression.

He didn’t get the same feeling as when he faced Calmahart.

“You will soon get the power, Crockta.” Gushantimur said. “The situation is different. The power to break causality is impossible with an ordinary will, so it is rather strange if you could use that power at will after just learning it.”

But then Gushantimur showed his power to Crockta. The black dragon Gushantimur of the Black Forest had already reached the Hero level.

“It has been a while since I reached this stage.” As soon as Crockta’s greatsword moved, Gushantimur’s long sword passed through it and pointed to Crockta’s neck. It was close to the power of magic.

Crockta surrendered. He had become the great chieftain of the north, but he couldn’t win against Gushantimur.

“What do I need to do to win against you?”

He couldn’t imagine a terrain beyond the Hero realm. Was such a thing possible?

Gushantimur smiled. “There is a legend that it is possible to reach a level higher than Hero.”

“I can’t imagine it.” Crockta shook his head and Gushantimur swung his long sword. Crockta reflexively raised Ogre Slayer. However, his long sword went to the opposite side and the tip pointed at Crockta’s face.

“Ugh..!”

“No, I’m not just saying it.”

“What...” Crockta’s eyes widened at Gushantimur’s words. “Surely not...”

“That’s right. Among those who reached the Hero realm, a few managed to become a legend.”

[You have received information about the Legend rating for the first time. Achievement points have been gained.]

The message windows popped up.

[But it is ridiculous for you to reach the Legend rank when you have barely crossed the threshold of the Hero rank. Learn from the Hero ranked power!]

[I am cheering for you!]

Crockta felt a chill as he saw the message windows. It was a sign that the woman was constantly watching.

“What type of power is it?”

If Crockta hadn’t heard about the Hero rating from Gushantimur, he would’ve been defeated by Calmahart. He received a clue to the Hero rating from Gushantimur and was able to eventually achieve it.

Crockta watched him with expectant eyes.

But Gushantimur shook his head. “I haven’t reached that level so I don’t know.”

Crockta nodded.

“Huhu, then I will reach the Legend rank and tell you about it. It will be a way for me to repay my grace.” He smiled and posed. Gushantimur burst out laughing. It wasn’t a big laugh but his face brightened in front of Crockta.

“I will look forward to it.”

Tiyo was approaching in the distance. His body was tattered again from fighting with Kiao. Still, this time he managed to counterattack and strike Kiao.

“Ignorant gnome kyak...”

“Shut up dot.”

“Using a punch instead of a bow! A cowardly and violent gnome kyak!”

“Don’t be stupid. If I have a bow then you wouldn’t even be my match dot.”

“A bow kyak! I’ll blow you away!”

“Try it dot!”

It was still hard to tell if the relationship between the two of them was good or not. Tiyo stood in front of Gushantimur.

“Gushantimur! I’ve done enough to tell me something important dot!”

Gushantimur nodded.

Tiyo asked. “Where did my father Hedor go?”

“The brave adventurer Hedor.”

Anor also approached. He was staggering under the arm of a

skeleton. Crockta waited for Gushantimur's answer as well. Their movements in the future would change depending on the answer.

But Gushantimur gave an unexpected reply.

Chapter 131 – COME BACK (2)

“Really dot?”

Tiyo questioned. Gushantimur nodded. Tiyo looked at both Crockta and Anor with a frown.

“Well...is this good dot...?”

“It’s good,” Anor quickly replied.

Crockta also nodded. “I think so as well.”

“Then...I came to the north for nothing dot...”

“No, you gained a lot of things after coming to the north.”

Tiyo regained his vitality at Crockta’s words. “Indeed, that’s right dot. If I hadn’t come to the north, General wouldn’t have changed so nicely dot.”

General was still in the form of Vulcan, but it was changing slightly every day. As Tiyo’s ability with General grew, he was evolving it into the form he wanted. Someday, Tiyo might change it into the form of a rocket launcher.

“Good dot. Anor! I will let you see it properly dot!”

That’s right. Tiyo’s father Hedor had left the north a long time ago. He was on the continent.

“Father is on the continent but he didn’t stop by his home. I will beat him up when I find him dot.”

The exact destination wasn’t known, but according to Gushantimur’s memory, Hedor was aiming for the area south of the continent, below Quantas. He wanted to go to a place where humans and dwarves gathered. In addition, it was a land where users were swarming the streets.

“When will you leave?” Gushantimur asked.

He didn’t reveal any emotion behind his calm expression, but

Crockta felt strangely sorry towards him. He exchanged a look with Tiyo and both of them understood. They didn't know when they could come back to the Black Forest, where they met the black dragon Gushantimur and the creatures sharpening their craft.

“This time we will stay longer to polish our skills.” Crockta looked at Tiyo and Anor before adding, “There will be tougher adventures in the future.”

Tiyo and Anor reacted in a conflicting manner to Crockta's words, “Heh, I'm looking forward to it dot!”

“Just...continent tour...uh, no...”

Gushantimur nodded. “Well, good. These guys have been waiting for you.”

They looked in the direction that Gushantimur pointed. Everyone was astonished. There were three masters standing there. New powerhouses who would lead them to a higher ground! A huge cyclops raised a fist as he looked at Crockta. In addition, there was a centaur with the upper body of a human and the lower body of a horse.

And...

An unidentified person covered in a hood laughed at Anor without revealing their face.

“I want you to enjoy my lair properly.”

Time passed.

The confrontation with the cyclops was a tremendous help to Crockta. It didn't mean that he reached a higher level in the sword. Just,

“Kuaaaaaaaaaah!”

“Kuoooooooooh!”

He got used to fighting on the higher ground and forgot things. The feelings of being an orc warrior were revived. They had long since lost both their weapons. They just hit each other with their bodies. The body of an orc wasn't able to survive a massive cyclops, but his physical abilities exceeded common sense after reaching the Hero level.

They grabbed each other's hands in a battle of strength. It was difficult considering the difference in their hand size, but Crockta showed a tremendous grip as he placed his fingers between the cyclops and pushed.

They also used their arm strength to push at each other.

"Kuwaaah!"

As the cyclops exerted his strength, Crockta was pushed back.

"Bul'tarrrrr!"

Crockta used the strength as he spun his body around. The cyclops was thrown by the force. Crockta rushed forward straight away.

"Waaaah!"

He made a fist and punched. However, he couldn't do any damage to the cyclops' thick bicep. So he went straight for the joints.

"What?"

The cyclops was consumed by the unfamiliar pain on the joints and instantly declared surrender, realizing that it was a technique he couldn't endure.

It was Crockta's victory. There were both victories and defeats, but after a few days, Crockta's winning rate increased. The cyclops was forced to admit the crock's growth.

"It is my victory, Hawkeye!"

The cyclops smiled. His one eye was very intense. The brown eye

under the double eyelids blazed fiercely, as if it could see into a person. So his name was Hawkeye! There was no match for him in Gushantimur's lair. Only Gushantimur could fight him. For that reason, he laughed at the small orc Crockta at first. But as the battles continued, he acknowledged Crockta as his rival.

Crockta fought him with strength, before surpassing him with technique.

The two of them headed back to the castle with their arm around each other's shoulder. The balance was off due to the difference in height, but it was the most suitable mode for men who sweated and punched each other.

Crockta could see Tiyo far away. He had a face that was worn down from training.

"Ah, it's finished dot."

The centaur was giving Tiyo a ride. Tiyo waved with an exhausted expression from the centaur's back.

"Today I showed Hekar what I could do dot."

"It is ridiculous to describe what I saw as that."

"You cried out in surprise dot."

"I was just wondering about the two-legged flea."

"Do you want to be shot in the back dot?"

"I didn't know you were so cowardly."

"What are you saying dot!" Tiyo had a new person to fight with, the centaur Hekar.

Anor also came back.

The day was over. They enjoyed dinner in Gushantimur's castle as always. The meals were always great, but today's dishes were carefully prepared with the best ingredients. Liquor was also brought out.

Gushantimur, Crockta's group, and the creatures became drunk that night. This was Gushantimur's consideration.

Today was their last night.

It was the day of farewell. Now they would head back to the continent.

Gushantimur and the other creatures gathered to say farewell. They were all the creatures who had sparred with Crockta's group. They might be classified as creatures, but they were pioneers polishing off their own paths.

One day, they would come out to see the light. Crockta thought that if they didn't come, he would open up the way for them himself. He was no longer a mere warrior, but the great chieftain of the northern orcs, and Righteous Orc Crockta on the continent. He was becoming such an influence.

With these thoughts, Crockta grabbed Hawkeye's hand.

Kwaaack!

It was the grip showdown between two rough males.

Shake shake.

Crockta gritted his teeth. His body started shaking. To be honest, Hawkeye was stronger than him. Crockta gritted his teeth and persisted. He endured the pain in his hand. After a short period of time, Hawkeye laughed and let go of his hand. Crockta touched his greatsword with his tender hand. Hawkeye shrugged.

Tiyo spoke to his two rivals in turn.

"Practice a lot while I'm gone idiot. Don't just rest here!"

"Stop talking nonsense kyak! We should be saying that to you kyak!"

"I will open up better weapons dot!"

“Who cares about your weapons kyak!”

“Tsk tsk, this is a really frivolous conversation.”

“Stay out of this your bastard dot!”

“I agree kyak! Four-legged bastard kyak!”

“The height of the body and the hearts are similar...”

“What dot?”

“Cancel it kyak!”

Was this Tiyo’s trademark? He had the ability to create a contest no matter the time or place.

Anor said goodbye to the bones. The hooded person whose identity was unknown, the lich, the skeletons and the zombie undead! Anor hugged them with strangely bleak laughter. He wasn’t afraid of the undead anymore.

“Kelkel...see you again, kuhulhul...”

The lich gave him something as a gift. It was a bone.

Anor rejoiced. “This is the third vertebra bone...kelkel...this precious bone...! Thank you, kelkel...!”

Now he seemed like a psychopathic lich, studying bones and dead bodies deep in the dungeons.

Gushantimur spoke to all of them. Then shortly before saying goodbye, Gushantimur waved towards the Demon’s Mouth, not Crockta. Gushantimur seemed to know something about it. But it didn’t open its mouth.

Gushantimur would tell him if it was a truly necessary story, so Crockta didn’t ask any questions. When he became strong enough to deal with this demon, he would listen to it directly.

Thus, they left Gushantimur’s lair. The creatures accompanied them through the forest. They waved until they couldn’t see each other anymore.

There was nothing else rough to go through. They moved towards the continent on the caruks. The caruks ate well at Gushantimur's lair, so they ran aggressively.

“Anor.”

“Huh?”

“I have a question dot.” Tiyo asked. “Your second mentor dot... that hooded person...?”

“Yes.”

“What is his identity dot? I couldn't see because of the hood.”

“Ah...huhuhu...he is...”

Anor's eyes became distant. Then he looked like a psychopathic lich once again. Crockta and Tiyo shivered at the change.

“Hihit...the moment you see...your spirits will be led to a new world...kelkel...great...!”

“.....!”

“Do you want to know...? His identity...?”

“Ah, no dot...”

Crockta looked at Tiyo with eyes filled with blame. Why would he ask a strange question like this?

The madness was still boiling as Anor shouted. “All those who see him properly...ku...huhu...Tekelli-li! Tekelli-li! Tekel...oof oof!”

Crockta eventually moved his caruk and covered Anor's mouth. Tiyo jumped from his caruk and hit Anor in the neck, knocking him out.

“.....”

“.....”

Crockta and Tiyo exchanged glances. Anor had certainly

overcome his shortcomings as a necromancer. But at the same time. He was swallowed by an unknown madness...

“Sorry dot...when we go back, I will take you to a temple and receive a blessing...”

“We need to go to the temple...”

Thus, they headed towards the continent. Past the Luklan Mountains and the barren desert in the southern part of the north. It was different from when they came. There were no orcs marching with weapons, and they also didn't see other species, including the dark elves. Thanks to the war, most of the were trying to survive in their villages.

They eventually reached the limit line dividing the north from the continent. A nondescript black wall. The Despairing Demon's Mouth had swallowed the unknown being that created it.

There were still many things he didn't know about the world of Elder Lord.

The 'Tribulation' that possessed Calmahart, the unidentified demon that created the behemoth, the Demon's Mouth that Crockta obtained and the woman he saw in the Temple of the Fallen God. He could feel that they were all connected. But the overall picture was still blurry.

What happened and what did they want?

“Let's go back.”

“Huhu, my heart is pounding dot.”

It wasn't anything urgent: if he continued struggling through each battle, he would know the truth eventually. So what if he never knew? He just needed to do his job.

“Let's go dot!”

Crockta's group crossed the black wall. There was a strange feeling. Then the Forest of Creatures spread out in front of their

eyes. A lush forest. It was just like the forest that they had left.

But, there was something else.

“...Um.”

“...What is that dot?”

Their gazes gathered in one spot. A little bit beyond the bushes. A party was waging a tough battle against a group of trolls.

Chapter 132 – Mountain Of Sabres, Forest Of Swords (1)

Crockta saw the stars on their foreheads. They were users.

Thanks to the north being opened, information about the Forest of Creatures became known to users. After the monster called behemoth had disappeared thanks to Crockta's group, it seemed to become a new hunting ground for users.

They were calmly fighting the trolls in a formation. The warriors stopped the enemies from the front, while the ranged users struck from behind. It was a typical battle formation.

However, their firepower wasn't enough. Even if they attacked, the trolls were strengthened by magic and quickly recovered from the injuries. Then they wielded the clubs and crude weapons towards the group with more force.

A rusty axe was lodged in a user's body.

“Ack!”

“Back!”

“It's too late!”

The surrounding trolls disregarded their opponents and rushed towards the wounded person. They were persistent. They weren't concerned about other attacks. The trolls just kept wielding their weapons towards one person.

The user was struck and fell down. The user was smashed to pieces. The body of the dead user started to turn into white particles.

“Crazy bastards!”

The trolls weren't in a good state, but their wounds were recovering. The origin of the demonic energy in the forest had

disappeared, but the remnants left behind were still showing their influence. According to the system messages, it would take 50 years before the influence disappeared completely. The trolls exposed to this energy were different from the ones they knew. Creatures with their abilities enhanced by the demonic energy!

The trolls rushed back. They aimed at the users, regardless of the bombardment from the magicians. The users set up shields in order to stop the charge.

“Help!”

However, not everyone was capable of dealing with it. Those who didn't use shields had no way to stop the trolls' assault. They had to wield their weapons and enter a melee with the trolls.

“I should have a shield as well, dammit!” A warrior with a greatsword jumped to the front.

“What are you doing?”

I thought about it and there is only one answer! Fight!”

“Crazy bastard!”

“I'm going all out!”

He wielded a large claymore. He showed a sophisticated swordsmanship. The trolls moved to surround him, but he persistently moved around to avoid being besieged. The magicians once again threw fireballs at the trolls. Some of the trolls were covered with painful burns.

The man stabbed his greatsword in the gap. One troll lost its head and died. No matter how resilient, no troll could survive once their head was cut off. But there were still a lot of trolls remaining. In the end, the other melee classes came out to help the man with the greatsword. One person used a shield to clash with the trolls.

It shifted to close combat. The magicians were unable to avoid hitting their allies so they refrained from attack magic.

Occasionally, they enchanted the weapons and armor of their allies.

“Kill!”

“Waaaaahhhhh!”

Crockta watched the bloody battle with folded arms.

“Hoh, they are quite good dot.”

“Yes. But there is still a long way to go.”

“Aren’t you going to help them dot?”

“They are users, cursed people. They will survive.” Crockta’s chest was burning. “The trolls are being pushed. The creatures in the Black Forest fight much better.”

“They aren’t trolls but monsters!”

The momentum of both sides gradually tightened. The man with the greatsword was at the forefront of the users. He was fiercely wielding the greatsword.

Of course, Crockta’s eyes didn’t miss a thing. “There are many wasted movements.”

However, he kept watching the man. It was incredibly small compared to Ogre Slayer. However, the male user was holding a claymore, which would be classified as a greatsword.

The moment he thought the users would win... The forest started shaking.

“Kuwaaaaaah!”

It was the advent of new monsters. Desperation appeared on the users’ faces. The creatures were much bigger than the trolls that were barely pushed back. They were mutant twin head ogres changed by the magic of the forest.

“You bastard! Leave it for another time!”

“Is this on purpose?”

“Why did you lead us to this part of the forest?”

“It was confusing!”

The users started to argue. They weren't supposed to come in this deep but seemed to have become lost.

They retreated as both the trolls and the users stepped back from the ogres. When an overwhelming predator appeared, the foxes and wolves had to consider themselves.

One twin head ogre picked up a rock. It was a huge rock, but the ogre handled it like it was a pebble. It threw the rock.

Peeeeek!

A troll's head was smashed. The body of the troll collapsed after its head disappeared. The broken body tried to reproduce the flesh, but it couldn't restore something like the head. The body squirmed before stopping.

The users paled as they saw the troll falling in an instant. The ogre roared again.

“Kuwaaah!”

Then the ogres ran towards the trolls and users. They wielded their fists and clubs without discrimination. The bodies of the victims who couldn't escape flew in the air.

“Kyaaaaak!”

The ogres starting chewing on the body of a captured user, only to become more violent when the user disappeared into white particles.

“I guess we should come out.”

He wasn't worried about users who could revive again after dying, but their movements became stagnant as the fighting became more intense. He wanted to go back to Quantas quickly and enjoy the delicious food and hot water.

Crockta grabbed Ogre Slayer.

“Truly the great chieftain dot.”

“That’s right. He should lead by example.”

He ignored Tiyo and Anor’s words and moved forward. The ogres ruthlessly slaughtered the trolls and users. Now the party’s formation had completely collapsed as they scattered all over the place.

“What? Damn! An orc!”

The users discovered Crockta and stopped. Crockta ignored them.

“Uh...?” The users looked amazed as the orc ignored them. The orc was moving towards the ogres rampaging among the users. The orc’s giant blade shone in the sunlight.

“Greatsword...?”

Orcs usually held axes, hammers, or halberds. Orcs using greatswords were rare. Among those rare orcs, there was one very famous warrior.

“No way...right?”

But somehow, they couldn’t stop staring at him. A faint haze was boiling from his body. It felt as though he was separated from the world. It was just a simple step but the orc seemed to move in a completely different way. This orc was different.

An ogre discovered the orc and waved a club. The orc didn’t avoid it. The distance between the two narrowed.

“Kuweeeeeeh!”

The ogre’s club descended.

Kwaang!

Dust rose. Their eyesight was disturbed.

“Wah!”

“What?”

It was a tremendous destructive power that caused the earth to shake. They couldn't see due to the aftermath of the quaking earth. The users coughed from the dust.

Patter.

Warm liquid suddenly poured down on them. The users, who were covered in dust, moved a hand over their heads.

“Uh...?”

They looked at the liquid covering them. It was very red. Soon, the dust settled down. The users raised their heads. Then they were amazed by the sight that was revealed.

“.....!”

The twin head ogre was on the ground. Its two heads were rolling across the ground. The red liquid was from the bloody fountain that shot up when the twin head ogre's heads were cut off. They realized that it was the ogre's blood covering them.

“Oh my god...”

The orc, who beheaded the twin head ogre in an instant, was looking for another opponent. His greatsword was clean without any blood on it. The orc had dark tattoos covering his body. A heinous face. A red headband. Full body tattoos and the greatsword.

“No way...!” A user was shocked as he realized the identity of the orc. “That orc is...!”

The moment when the user was going to shout with joy, “.....!”

All the users around him had already fled. The only ones remaining around him were the trolls. He caught the eye of a troll.

“That...”

Before he could talk, the troll wielded its club. His vision turned

upside down. His body was hanging in the air and was being shaken. It was the death he had experienced a few times in Elder Lord. The last thing he saw was the orc splitting apart an ogre.

Crockta got rid of all the ogres. In the past, he had struggled against them but now killing low-level creatures was no fun.

He looked around. “Tsk tsk.”

The users couldn’t be seen. They were either dead or ran off into the forest somewhere. Those who escaped would eventually die from the creatures in the forest. If they had maintained their formation to the end, not all of them would’ve died.

“It is just the same as before.”

It was different if they were rankers or clan members, but they were just a bunch of ordinary users. The few remaining trolls disappeared into the forest after seeing Crockta.

“You’re done, Crockta dot.”

Tiyo and Anor rode the caruks over. “They all ran away. They would’ve lived if they just stayed.”

“Pathetic guys, leaving without even saying thank you dot.”

Crockta shrugged. The users didn’t think that an orc could slay all the ogres alone. It was inevitable. In the end, all of them would be killed by the monsters and their connection terminated. After reviving, they might die several more times before managing to escape from the Forest of Creatures.

Crockta got on the caruk again. They would go straight towards Quantas after leaving the Forest of Creatures.

“Then let’s go.”

As they were about to leave, a sound was heard behind them. Crockta’s group turned. A user hesitantly walked out.

“Um...?”

It was the user with the greatsword. He looked at Crockta, Tiyo and Anor. He hesitated before asking them.

“Are you leaving the Forest of Creatures?”

Crockta nodded.

“If so, do you mind taking me with you? It is difficult for me to go alone here...”

His attitude was extremely careful. He had witnessed Crockta’s dance. A monster who had taken down several ogres alone. It was impossible for even the rankers to demonstrate such skills. This orc was surely a noble NPC, or perhaps a named one.

Crockta, Tiyo and Anor exchanged glances. Then they shrugged. Crockta nodded. “Okay.”

Thus, they were accompanied by the human warrior Kenzo. Kenzo seemed to be a user who didn’t care about things like videos or rankings. He didn’t know anything about Crockta. He just thought that Crockta was a NPC.

They headed out of the forest without talking. Perhaps due to the smell of the ogres’ blood, no creatures approached them. Sometimes they encountered parties hunting monsters in the Forest of Creatures, but they avoided any conflict due to Kenzo.

After escaping from the forest, the wide expanse of Elder Lord spread out in front of them. It was the sky of the continent.

“I’m back! Kiyahooooo!” Tiyo shouted.

Anor smiled as he saw the landscape of the continent for the first time. “Great.”

It felt full of vitality, unlike the desolate north. Crockta took a deep breath. He felt like he had come home. Then he suddenly met Kenzo’s eyes.

“Ah, you must’ve suffered. From no one, you can go safely.”

There was no danger from here onwards. Crockta smiled and patted him on the shoulder. He had met another person who used a greatsword. It gave him a sense of intimacy for some reason.

“Good luck.”

“Let’s go quickly, Crockta dot!”

“Are we going to Quantas? Tiyo boasted about it so much that I have to see it. It doesn’t make sense to have hot water in a house.”

“Hahat, it is nothing like the dark elf villages dot!”

The other two didn’t care about Kenzo. Crockta glanced lightly at Kenzo in farewell before heading towards Quantas with his group.

“Wait a minute!” Kenzo exclaimed.

Crockta’s group paused.

“.....?”

Kenzo hesitated as he stood in front of Crockta. Then he fell to his knees.

“Please accept me as your disciple!”

Chapter 133 – Mountain Of Sabres, Forest Of Swords (2)

“Phew, it is nice and warm,” Crockta muttered.

It felt like all his fatigue from his adventure in the north dispersed as he immersed himself in the hot water. This was a public bathroom in the basement of their inn. Crockta glanced elsewhere. Anor was looking around with an awed expression, amazed at the hot water that appeared like magic. When faced with the level of civilization in Quantas, he didn't stop asking questions like a curious little boy.

“I guess Tiyo's still playing around.”

“It's been a while so he will be unburdening his heart.”

Tiyo had yet to return. The members of the Quantas Gnomes Garrison welcomed his return and held a big celebration. Obviously, his stories about their adventures in the north would be greatly exaggerated.

Kenzo's voice was suddenly heard from where his body was buried in the bathtub. “It is lacking compared to natural hot springs, but this type of bath is still good. Having such a facility in an inn, Quantas is great.”

“I guess you like hot springs.”

“Of course. Where I used to live, there was a famous hot spring and the hot sulfur water was like paradise itself. There are many good elements for the body.”

Considering the place where he used to live, the white star on his forehead, and the name Kenzo, Crockta guessed that he was Japanese. He looked at Crockta and said, “But when is training...?”

“I don't want to sweat again after bathing, so we will start tomorrow.”

“I understand.”

Crockta decided after seeing Kenzo’s swordsmanship. The two wouldn’t have a great teacher and student relationship, but rather one where he would advise Kenzo on his skills while they stayed in Quantas.

Crockta was pleased by Kenzo’s decision. If this was any game, he could become stronger just by hunting. But Elder Lord was different. Many users appreciated the importance of meeting a good teacher because enlightenment and competence could make a big difference. Kenzo felt the desire not to miss out on this opportunity.

“We have been in here for a while. Get up soon.”

“Yes.”

Crockta raised his body. The sound of someone humming was getting closer and Crockta wanted to leave the bath before it became noisy.

“Ohh! Everybody is here! Kahahat!”

Tiyo drunkenly staggered into the bathroom. The guests not from Crockta’s group glared at the appearance of a drunkard.

“Ah, I made a noise. I’m sorry dot. Kyahahahaha!”

Tiyo twisted and fell down. Then he raised his head and smiled again. He wasn’t himself right now. Crockta exchanged glances with Anor. Someone had to take care of the drunkard. If they left him alone, he might die from placing his head under the water all night.

The two reached out at the same time.

“Hat!”

“Yap!”

Rock paper scissors! Crockta won. Anor sighed and trudged over to handle Tiyo while Crockta looked at him and laughed.

“Just like a nanny.”

Anor grabbed Tiyo. Anor was in the process of raising Tiyo up when the drunken gnome suddenly jumped and plunged into the big bathtub. Water splashed everywhere. Anor grabbed his head and forced Tiyo to apologize to the guests around them.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. This friend has no wisdom.”

“Sorry dot, uhihi.”

“No, what is with this attitude? Bow your head!”

There were no problems because it was Anor.

Crock and Kenzo walked out of the public bath together. Attention was focused on the fierce orc warrior Crockta and the slightly lacking, but still well-disciplined human warrior Kenzo. They stood tall and put on their clothes.

“Do you want to drink beer?”

“Okay.”

After the bath, they headed up to the pub on the first floor of the inn. Several gnomes were gathered and drinking alcohol. Crockta and Kenzo sat down and ordered beer. The gnome employee brought them cold beer and dry snacks. It was a special order made to fit the size of an orc and human.

“You...” Crockta opened his mouth, making Kenzo stop as he was about to take a sip.

“Ah, yes.”

“Why do you want to become stronger?” Crockta asked with a deep expression in his eyes.

It was an important question. He wanted to teach someone but he didn’t want to do something wrong. That’s why he recalled the best teacher that he knew. Baek Hanho’s face surfaced but was quickly replaced by the great warrior Lenox. Harsh, severe, yet passionate. Because he was there, Crockta could become who he

was now.

Crockta became Lenox and looked at Kenzo. Deep eyes that seemed like they could penetrate straight through him.

“.....!”

Kenzo gulped.

There was common knowledge that every user in Elder Lord knew. NPCs considered this world to be real and everyone had their own philosophy. Users needed to breathe and consider this a real world; their mindset was expressed as the assimilation rate. If he answered with the flimsy mindset of a user, he might not be able to learn from this orc.

He closed his eyes and concentrated. He asked himself: ‘Why do I want to become stronger?’

His previous memories passed by.

“I...”

He was a common otaku. He wasn’t a hikikomori who always stayed in his room, but a friendly sales office worker caught up in the turmoil of society. He just had a secret hobby of anime appreciation and figurines collection. And the character he loved the most was...

Sword demon Matsui!

He was a character who had a bad personality, smoked cigarettes, and always had a dull expression on his face. His hobbies were Pachinko and Mahjong, and was a man who always drunkenly wandered the streets with matted hair.

However, at night, he became the city’s dark knight who wielded his magical claymore against the monsters who killed his former lover. He was always cynical and committed criminal acts casually, but at crucial moments, he became the anti-hero who helped the weak.

Kenzo went to a dojo that taught swordsmanship because of him. However, he couldn't wield the sword like Matsui in reality. He plunged into the world of Elder Lord to be like Matsui. But he lacked the abilities to be a hero. The same was trying for gaining higher levels. The wall of the NPCs and creatures was high.

In Elder Lord, he was just an ordinary warrior with a sword.

Kenzo opened his mouth, "Become stronger..."

His current assimilation rate was over 60%. It was the highest it had ever been.

"I want to help people who have fallen into despair."

It was the reason why he admired and wanted to be like Matsui. At one time, he had severe fright of human relationships. He was bullied on a daily basis at school. At that time, it was a friend who saved him.

A friend who learned karate. He knocked out the people tormenting Kenzo. Kenzo expressed his gratitude, but the friend just asked for a banana milk and handed him a book. It was Miyamoto Musashi's The Book of Five Rings. Then he disappeared with the words to not be pathetic. It was more shocking because he was a person who normally didn't speak a lot.

Kenzo read The Book of Five Rings all night. Then he started changing from that day. He tried to fix his passive attitude and to get along with the people in his surroundings. Therefore, he could take his place in society.

A single person's hand was enough to save him. If one person hadn't showed up, he would've continued to just sink. He wanted to be that one person to reach out his hand to people in despair.

"I see." Crockta nodded. Kenzo's serious heart was conveyed.

Kenzo replied firmly again, "That's right."

"People who have fallen into despair..." Crockta contemplated

his words before faintly smiling. He beckoned, “Drink.”

Crockta drank his beer in one gulp. Kenzo supported his neck and did the same. The large glass filled with beer was gone in a flash. Both of them downed the beer in one shot.

“Kuoooh!”

“Ugh!”

It was a universal sound after drinking. The two of them shook as they felt the aftermath of the beer.

“Then go to sleep early. My approach is tough so tomorrow will be a hard day.”

They were set to stay a week in Quantas. It was enough time for Tiyo to meet his family and friends, as well as prepare for the trip. Of course, Anor also needed to see the city. Meanwhile, Crockta would preach his enlightenment to this man.

The two of them headed up to their room.

Kenzo couldn't sleep because his heart was pounding.

He needed to focus properly during this week with the orc. He had already taken some time off at his company. It was a strong desire to learn everything from this NPC, an orc who could instantly slay an ogre. Maybe he could obtain a hidden class or skill from this.

He moved his gaze. Crockta wasn't sleeping yet.

“.....?”

He was sitting on the bed with his eyes closed. The faint moonlight leaking through the window showing his serenity.

“.....!”

At that moment, he felt the same energy as when the ogre was slain. A hazy atmosphere appeared around Crockta's body. It was

like he was separated from the world. His flesh became distant and he seemed to disappear from Kenzo's perspective. There was an invisible aura moving through the air. It was calm and silent, but Kenzo's muscles shook like he was on the battlefield.

It was a strange phenomenon. Kenzo kept lying down as he forgot the time. Some time passed.

Crockta opened his mouth. "When you reach this level, you can practice without even breaking a sweat."

".....!"

He was aware of the fact that Kenzo was watching.

"Keep in mind that in this world, the will of an individual can make a big difference."

It was something Crockta had learned directly.

In reality, no matter how much he trained his will, he couldn't jump a few meters or break a rock. Even if he practiced for a lifetime, he might be able to kill a wild animal with his bare hands. Limits existed.

But this was the world of Elder Lord. A person could grow infinitely if they trained and had a strong will. A place where the possibilities of individuals were expanded beyond infinity, that was Elder Lord. Crockta realized this from Hoyt, then he reached a higher ground due to Gushantimur.

Now it was possible to simulate a fight with a virtual enemy by raising his will and imagining it. The realm of a Hero beyond the Pinnacle. Crockta knew this very well, so he planned to help Kenzo experience the realm of the Pinnacle in this week.

Seeing was believing.

"Sleep. Tomorrow, you will regret not sleeping earlier."

"Ah, I understand."

Kenzo hurriedly closed his eyes. Maybe he would experience

something life-changing tomorrow. Elder Lord was a symbol of this era. Even if he wasn't a ranker, there were many users who earned a big profit through Elder Lord. It usually depended on how strong a person was and their level.

Through this opportunity, he could hopefully become a professional user who earned a living through Elder Lord. It was the dream of all Elder Lord users.

He couldn't wait for tomorrow's training. He didn't worry much. No matter how harsh the training was, it wouldn't kill him.

But...

It actually happened.

Chapter 134 – Mountain Of Sabres, Forest Of Swords (3)

[You are experiencing the ‘aftermath of death.’ You are helpless. All abilities have suddenly decreased.]

“I’m sorry.”

Crockta said, not looking very apologetic. They were standing in a vacant lot.

“I didn’t know you would be that weak.” The orc shrugged, looking like a demon. “I’m really glad that you are cursed by the stars. Kulkulkul!”

“.....”

Kenzo had just died.

After he died and the connection was terminated, he had stared at the capsule before quickly rushing to re-connect. During the spar, he had been unable to escape Ogre Slayer flying towards his abdomen and the huge sword had gone through his abdomen. He had stared with disbelief at the blood before slowly collapsing.

“...It seems so,” Kenzo replied, but he hadn’t forgotten Crockta’s expression as he turned into white particles.

‘Ah, I made a mistake.’ It was such an expression.

Kenzo had never mentioned that he was a being cursed by the stars to Crockta. In other words, Crockta didn’t know that Kenzo would survive his death. Nevertheless, Crockta had attacked to kill and there was only a faint response to Kenzo’s death.

“So will you continue?”

Did he have to continue this training? Had he made a mistake? Were orcs rougher and more heinous than he thought? Crockta

seemed respectful to other people despite his appearance, but he changed in battle. There were often images of berserk orcs fighting regardless of their own well-being. So, orcs might not care about dying during training. Rather, they might consider it an honor to die like that.

Kenzo's face turned pale. "For the next week, don't kill me..."

"I can't control that."

Crockta started swinging his greatsword again as Kenzo retreated one step. Crockta's swordsmanship was impressive and Kenzo couldn't predict the trajectory of the greatsword. Furthermore, it was impossible to follow along with Crockta's speed and strength.

He wouldn't have thought it was possible if he hadn't seen it himself.

"Anyway, this is what training is. Kulkukul. I can swing freely now that I don't have to worry about you dying."

"That's not it...hiik!"

Kenzo twisted his body and avoided the greatsword. There was a burning mark on his cheek. Crockta was laughing like a demon as he asked, "Have you slowed down?"

"Our abilities, for some time after dying...uwah! They are reduced!"

"I see. That is even better." Crockta attacked again and Kenzo stepped back. "Don't rely on your power and speed; fight with your heart."

Kenzo tried to swing his claymore to block an attack but he felt the power and avoided it instead. As he continued to back away, Crockta stopped.

"Don't you want to become stronger?"

"I want to become stronger. But..."

"But?"

“The level difference seems too high. Those who are cursed can’t come back forever. I might really die. If you could use some control...”

This was an exaggeration. He would keep surviving. Continue. But it wasn’t completely a lie. He would still live, but the lethargy of death would continue to overlap, his stats would be very low and the after effects could last for months or even years.

It was the penalty that users were most afraid of.

Crockta grinned. “Isn’t that better?”

“Y-Yes?”

“Do it desperately Kenzo.” Crockta stepped forward. Kenzo retreated. “Look at me clearly in the face of death.”

Crockta pointed at himself.

“If you want to become stronger, look at me clearly. With your two eyes.”

Crockta’s atmosphere changed. It was like when he was meditating last night. It felt like the time of the world was flowing differently with him. No, it seemed as though he was adjusting the time of the world.

Kenzo felt himself become slow and stagnant, while the world was accelerating. It was hard to follow the flow of time just facing Crockta.

The sunlight shone on the vacant lot. Sweat flowed down. His eyelids shook. A flash. His eyelids moved the moment he sensed it. Ogre Slayer was approaching him. Kenzo freaked out as there was no time to think. His body responded immediately as he wielded his claymore, the two weapons colliding.

Kaaaang!

“Fight me while thinking you will really die,” Crockta declared as their swords struck each other.

He smiled and kicked Kenzo, who was rolling across the ground in pain.

“Do what you said, do it with the idea that death is really the end.”

Crockta thought it was the biggest limitation about the users. They would revive if they died. To them, this world wasn't real. Therefore, the rate of assimilation was low and such an attitude led to uncertainties about themselves. It was just like how the boxer had to see the fist that was flying. They had to look straight at this world.

“I understand.” Kenzo's face became determined and his heart had hardened.

“That look is good! Again!”

Crockta wielded his greatsword. Kenzo took a posture to stand up against Crockta. It wasn't just for evasion, but to occasionally wield the sword in a counterattack.

“Open your mouth! Bul'tarrrr!”

Crockta jumped and aimed the greatsword towards Kenzo. Since Kenzo became serious, Crockta also started to control his power.

Kenzo barely blocked the blow with his claymore. Then he responded by aiming towards Crockta's abdomen.

He rushed in and shouted, “Bul'tarrrr!”

Tiyo was showing Anor around Quantas.

“The continent is really incredible...”

“It isn't just the continent, but Quantas that is great dot. Kahahat.”

Anor was already amazed by the bathing facilities in Quantas, and now he couldn't keep his eyes off the performances on the

streets. It was a place rich in culture, from singers and musicians to gnomes putting on a puppet show.

“Good dot. I’m going to show you a great time at the Opera dot!”

“Opera?”

“Theatre, music, art, literature, it can be called the crystallization of the art dot.”

“I don’t know what to expect, but I am looking forward to it.”

“It will be a show dot.”

Tiyo led Anor to the ‘Street of Arts’ in Quantas. There were gnome musicians performing on the street, art stores selling artworks and citizens wandering the area in peculiar clothes, giving the area a quaint atmosphere. There was a large building in the center. The ‘Opera Stadium’, this was the best venue that all artists in Quantas dreamed about.

“This work is...The Bird That Drinks Tears.”

“The Bird That Drinks Tears?”

“That’s right dot.”

Tiyo said with an excited expression.

“It is a classic masterpiece...the story of the bird who is the most beautiful singer among four birds.”

“At best, isn’t it just a story? No matter how it is performed, wouldn’t reading the story be better? I don’t expect much...”

“Shut up dot!”

Tiyo dragged Anor to the ticket office. The show was about to begin. Then Tiyo made a difficult expression.

“Uh. I didn’t bring enough money dot.”

“Then don’t overdo it.”

“Hey Anor, did you bring any money dot?”

“This is the first time I’ve been on the continent, so where will I get money? Let’s just go next time.”

“Shut up dot! I want to see this today! With my own eyes!” Tiyo shouted. “I! Want to see dot!”

“You don’t have money, so what will you see?”

“Shut up, you hillbilly dot! You’ve never seen the opera...! Whoops.”

“Hillbilly? You little fu...oof!”

“C-Calm down dot.”

The ticket employee watched them and spoke up. “Guests. You have the money but you aren’t carrying it on you, is that correct?”

The employee was a gnome. Tiyo nodded at his interruption.

“Indeed dot. I am Tiyo. Do you know me? If you don’t know me in Quantas then you are a spy dot!”

“I just recently came to this city...hahahat. By the way, perhaps I can help you?”

“Help?”

“Yes.” He pointed to the side. “If you go to that alley...”

“If I go?”

“There are some friends who will give money to customers like you. You clearly have the money but am in a temporary liquidity crisis. Isn’t this a very unfair situation?”

“Definitely dot!”

“Then you can borrow the money right now and pay it back later.”

“Ohh, I see. Wait for me dot! Let’s go Anor!”

“Hahat. I’ll be waiting.”

Tiyo turned around. Anor caught up to him. “Wait a minute.

This is completely...”

“Completely?”

“A loan...”

“I have money dot! Tomorrow I will come back and pay it off straight away dot!”

“Still, it is a little questionable...”

“Follow me dot!”

Tiyo insisted so they entered the alley behind the Opera Stadium. There were one gnome and two humans smoking. As soon as Tiyo and Anor appeared, the smokers greeted them with a smile.

“Hello!”

“Hello! Did you receive an introduction?”

“That’s right dot.”

“We are the ‘Run on Money’ business that works using a credit system. Hahaha. Trust and faith is our slogan. How much do you need?”

Anor was reluctant when he heard the word ‘credit’ emerge from the mouth of smokers in an alley, but Tiyo didn’t care.

“Just enough to see the opera dot.”

“Haha. That much is nothing.”

They held out a contract.

Tiyo examined it and saw that there was nothing special. There was no additional money if it was paid back quickly, but it was the typical vicious system where the interest rate rose sharply as repayment was delayed.

Of course, Tiyo didn’t care since he would pay it back tomorrow.

“This is plain. All moneylenders are the same dot. I’ll sign the contract.”

“Huhuhu. You are bold. I understand.”

The agreement was rapidly made. As Tiyo filled out his address, a man ran somewhere and came back. Tiyo's address had been confirmed. They nodded.

Anor whispered. “Isn't it suspicious that they checked your house?”

“There is no one in Quantas who doesn't know my house dot. Don't worry.”

So they borrowed money.

“Thank you for your consideration! I love you!” The men bowed their heads and shouted loudly. Tiyo laughed with satisfaction.

“They really love their work and the customers dot. Kahahat!”

“.....”

“No, wow. That, wow...”

“That is enough dot.”

“Perfect, a new world, a masterpiece of God, ahh...”

Anor had completely fallen in love after watching the opera. The magnificent orchestra, the beautiful songs, the story filled with conflicts and emotions and the gorgeous voice of the singers expressing it. It was something he could never imagine in the world. At the end of every scene, the gnome audience dressed in fine clothing would clap. It felt like the world of the aristocracy.

“Let's watch it again tomorrow! Crockta as well!”

“Expensive dot!”

“Didn't you easily borrow money?”

“The opera isn't something to be enjoyed on a daily basis dot.”

“Kulkulkul, I have money so let's go next time,” Crockta said.

Crockta had quite a lot of money. Anor jumped with delight. Kenzo, who was listening to the conversation, felt like he was dying.

“Kenzo, you are shaky.”

“I’m not!”

“Am I heavy?”

“A little...that...a short break...”

“Is it hard? Nobody cares! The enemy on the battlefield won’t care if you are tired! Get rid of your weaknesses!”

“Yes, yep!”

“Your waist!”

“Yep!”

Crockta was sitting on top of the prone Kenzo. “It isn’t just about strengthening your body. Fix your mindset!”

“Understood!”

“Push!”

“A...Aaaaah!”

Kenzo bent his arms and slowly raised himself. His arms trembled.

“Wonderful.”

Users who thought of Elder Lord as a game didn’t want to endure pain. It was just like the traitor Grom, who easily gave up being an orc for the pleasurable path. Crockta thought it was the most important difference between him and ordinary users. Elder Lord was like another life to him. For the sake of the sweet fruit, one had to experience the bitterness. Crockta was going to fix Kenzo’s mindset.

“By the way...that...” Kenzo opened his mouth

“Um, what?”

“Tiyo...uhh...did he borrow money...?”

Crockta glanced at Tiyo. Tiyo and Anor were already leaving for somewhere else. “I guess he did. Why?”

“That...no...”Kenzo frowned. “Like me...among those who have been cursed...there are those who abuse such knowledge...I’m not worried about Tiyo or Crockta, but the other people...”

With the message about the opening of the north and the disappearance of the behemoth, the Forest of Creatures was popular among the high-level users as a new hunting ground. The city closest to the Forest of Creatures was Quantas.

Thus, there was an influx of users. With so many users gathering in Quantas, it was natural for there to be some bad people aiming to take advantage of the NPCs. There were those who imitated the real life methods of moneylenders.

Of course, they wouldn’t mess with a fearsome NPC like Crockta.

“Hoh...”

Crockta nodded.

Chapter 135 – Mountain Of Sabres, Forest Of Swords (4)

The people from ‘Run on Money’ weren’t there when Tiyo returned to the alley behind Opera Stadium the next day.

“What dot?”

He had come with the money to pay them back.

“Where did everyone go dot...?”

He frowned. He was going to quickly finish the contract, but the people had disappeared. If this happened, he wouldn’t take a step back.

He asked a ticket employee at the Opera Stadium. “Where are the people who were lending money here?”

The employee looked at Tito and shrugged. “I’m not sure. They are always wandering around somewhere. I’m not that familiar with you.”

“I thought you knew them dot?”

“I don’t know. I just told people who needed money about them.”

“Do you know the place where they usually hang out dot?”

“I don’t know.”

Tiyo was troubled and tried to take the questioning further, but other guests showed up for their tickets, forcing him to take a step back.

“Umm...” Tiyo was confused. “Well, I suppose it doesn’t really matter.”

It wasn’t his fault they weren’t in the spot. Tiyo left without paying back the loan. He would give them the money the next day.

There are still a lot of work left to do in Quantas. This time, he

was planning to take Anor to Quantess Academy. The professors would love it if he told them about the life and history of the north, together with Anor.

The north would soon be opened, so if they shared a lot of information, Quantess could cope better. He was from the Quantess Gnomes Garrison. He was a soldier who always worried about Quantess' future.

He called out to Anor, who was watching the street performances. The tall dark elf with brown skin stood out among the gnomes. He was engrossed in a puppet show.

"Anor, let's go dot."

"Did you pay back the money?"

"I didn't see them dot. Where did they go...?"

"So you still owe them?"

"How can I pay it back if no one is there?"

"Um..." Anor frowned and started to ponder something. "In other words, if you can't pay it today, the interest rate will increase."

"That is ridiculous dot. I tried to pay them back, but they weren't there!"

"Tiyo is naive." Anor laughed. "Living in a good city like this, you've always seen good things and lived with good treatment... huhut."

"What are you talking about? I have lived through hardship and adversity dot!"

"That is different. I know a lot of the tricks since I was harassed. It was a method that strong people use against the weak. A method to extort others using force."

"Indeed, you are the outcast of Nuridot."

Anor huffed at Tiyo's remark, but he remained silent. He had

come a long way. He had the self-control to not swear.

“Huhu, it is true but it is annoying to hear.”

“Ohh...your self-control has increased dot.”

Anor shrugged. “In any case, you should be careful of those strange moneylenders. You say you can repay it, but if you don’t, they might end up bothering your friends and family later.”

“Can they really bother my friends dot?”

“They don’t know about Tiyo.”

“I got it dot.”

Tiyo wasn’t very concerned. He was a captain of the highly respected Gnomes Garrison and a macho man, so he didn’t think anyone in Quantas could harm him.

They headed for the Academy.

“That reminds me, I got involved with Crockta at the Academy dot.”

“Did you meet there?”

“Indeed dot. There was a rough incident due to the belt that Crockta is currently wearing at his waist.”

The Academy erected a monument for those who died because of the devastation caused by the Demon’s Mouth.

“So I met him and headed north, now we are heading to the south together. Life is truly unpredictable dot.”

“That’s right. I thought I would spend my whole life in Nuridot.”

Crockta changed numerous things. They looked forward to how the future would change.

Kenzo raised his head.

Crockta’s Ogre Slayer flew.

At that moment, Kenzo had the foreboding feeling that he would die again. It was a speed that couldn't be avoided. He couldn't avoid the big sword even if he twisted his body. He would die again. Kenzo released the power in his body. Then he stared blankly at the sword aiming for him.

Somehow, time slowed down. He could clearly see the shape of the blade flying towards him. It was a well-made sword. He could see everything from the blade that shone in the midday sun, as well as Crockta's eyes staring at him.

What was happening?

He moved his body. It felt like his body escaped from under Crockta's blade. He could feel it slipping away from the trajectory of the greatsword. Maybe he would be able to counterattack. He twisted and wielded his claymore. It felt like the claymore would cross the gap made by Ogre Slayer and hit Crockta.

Peeok!

"Ouch!"

He thought so, but Crockta's Ogre Slayer had moved again and struck him. He fell.

"Heok, heok."

"You are developing. Good." Crockta grinned. "I have to leave soon. I hope you can quickly enter the realm that I told you about earlier."

"The area called the Pinnacle."

"That's right."

Kenzo didn't say it but he already knew about the Pinnacle rating. It was basic knowledge that most users had already figured out. But he didn't know how to reach such a profound state. If he looked at his skills, they were at the Essence and Rare rank, both below the Pinnacle.

“Kenzo.”

“Yes.”

“Don’t forget. Once you reach the Pinnacle, you have to listen to my words.”

“I understand.”

Crockta had one condition. After becoming strong enough to reach the Pinnacle, he had to listen to one thing that Crockta said. Of course, that was on the premise that it was possible for Kenzo. As long as it was possible, he would listen to Crockta’s will.

Kenzo gladly accepted. After training with Crockta, he was able to get a glimpse of the realm of the Pinnacle. By the time he reached that realm, he was confident that he would become a ranker. If so, this price wasn’t too much to pay.

“Anything. I will surely do it.”

“Good.” Crockta nodded.

The moment he was about to raise his sword again, “Hey! Crockta!”

Tiyo’s voice was heard. Crockta and Kenzo turned their heads at the same time, with the latter’s eyes wiggled. Crockta and Kenzo were in a vacant lot on the outskirts of Quantas so Tiyo was the one giving Anor the tour. And Tiyo had done his job properly.

“Look dot! This guy!”

“Who is this young man? Perhaps...”

“Indeed dot! This guy!”

A handsome young man stood in front of them.

“It is that timid cursing fool dot!”

Anor’s bushy hair was now neatly arranged with his black hair neatly covering his forehead. The two clear eyes beneath them were shining brightly. In addition, he wasn’t wearing his shabby

clothing from the north, but had changed into the continent's clothing that combined practicality and fashion.

Indeed. The species of beauty, an elf descendant! If this was reality, he would easily be able to become a celebrity.

“There is a saying that clothes are wings. Now, the last point dot!”

Tiyo threw something towards Anor. Anor grabbed it and placed it on his body.

“.....!”

It was a gray robe that didn't look much different from his previous one. The previous handsome appearance of the dark elf had disappeared, leaving a dark necromancer whose face couldn't be seen properly.

“How is it, not bad dot!”

“Ohuhuhu...”

Anor's laughter emerged from the shadow of the hood.

“Kukukuk...I am the necromancer Anor...!”

“My fashion sense saved Anor dot.”

“I was suspicious when you bought strange clothes but...this robe is spectacular. Kukuk...”

“I am also a trend setter. Tiyo sets the fashion in Quantas. Hihihit.”

Crockta wanted to say that it wasn't the case. “That...just take off the robe...”

They just sniffed.

“Crockta is ignorant about fashion.”

“Ignore Crockta dot.”

What should he do with this dark elf and gnome duo? Crockta

sighed. Still, Kenzo who had the fashion sense of a modern man, whispered in a small voice, +”People with strange fashion senses always think it is great. Please understand.”

“.....!”

How long had it been since he experienced common sense? Crockta looked at Kenzo. Kenzo smiled and raised his thumb. Crockta nodded and placed an arm around Kenzo’s shoulder.

“You are truly a man who can learn from me.”

“Huhuhu, no.”

He was a Japanese person also interested in fashion. The fashion style in Japan wasn’t always popular either.

Once the situation was cleared up, they decided to have a meal together. They planned to eat at a famous restaurant in Quantas in order to give Anor a taste of the delicious dishes of the continent. They headed to the well-known restaurant ‘Quantas’ Healthy Kitchen’, located in Quantas Square. It was famous for its charismatic chef.

By the way, Anor discovered something strange near the restaurant.

“I didn’t know the price would go up so suddenly...”

“It is okay. We are happy to help.”

“I just need to pay you back?”

“Of course. Hahahahat.”

He saw a group of humans and gnomes. It was the same as before, but the humans were watching from behind.

“The interest rate will be high, but it won’t be a problem if you pay it back quickly. Hahahat.”

“Thank you. I don’t want to be yelled at by my new girlfriend.”

“I am rooting for your love.”

Anor looked at them closely.

It was obvious based on the contents of the conversation. Unscrupulous moneylenders had started setting up root in Quantas. It wasn't noticeable now, but they would eventually become a huge problem to Quantas.

"What are you doing dot? Quickly!" Tiyo called out to him.

"I'm coming."

Anor forgot about telling Tiyo as he entered the restaurant. The doors opened to reveal light from a beautiful chandelier. Below the chandelier were delicious dishes that stimulated his appetite. It was enough to make him forget what he just saw.

"Whoa!"

Anor entered the restaurant.

"I have to admit it." Anor wiped his mouth with a towel and said, "The culture of the continent is awesome."

He had already eaten several honey pork dishes. His stomach seemed too big for his slim body. He reached out for another dish, despite the feeling that came from overeating.

"In particular, the food is great."

"I think you ate too much."

"It's okay. I'm okay."

This time, Anor reached out for a chicken-stuffed-with-vegetables dish. Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor were already unable to eat anymore. Anor struggled and swallowed his grape juice.

"That reminds me, I saw them again."

"Saw what dot?"

"The group of moneylenders. They were near the restaurant."

The expressions of the three people changed at Anor's words. Tiyo and Kenzo both looked suspicious. Meanwhile, Crockta grinned with interest.

“Good.”

“What are you saying dot?”

“I've found you a suitable opponent.” Crockta looked at Kenzo and said, “Kenzo.”

“Yes.”

“The next training is a real life experience.” Crockta pointed at Kenzo's claymore. “With that Claymore, let them know the justice of Quantas.”

“Huh?”

Kenzo's eyes widened.

Those moneylenders, they were users. He had to fight a bunch of users for an NPC.

Chapter 136 – Mountain Of Sabres, Forest Of Swords (5)

“.....”

Kenzo grabbed his head.

“.....!”

He slammed his head into the table. The nearby gnomes looked up at his behavior.

“Hey, young man.” A large, muscular gnome approached. Contrary to his manly body, his face showed the traces of time. “I don’t know what it is, but it seems like you are worried about something.”

He placed a big beer glass in front of Kenzo. It seemed bigger in comparison to the average gnome’s size. In the hands of the muscular gnome, the beer looked even bigger.

“I’ll buy you a glass.”

“...Thank you.”

This was Quantas Bar. It was located near the inns, but it was a place where men drank forlornly under the dim lighting. They both drank the beer at the same time.

“Yes, what is worrying you? Is it okay if I listen once?”

Kenzo looked at the man, studying his wrinkled face and his deep eyes. He looked like a senior in his past life.

There was a strange mood.

In reality, he had no such experiences. At most, there were salary men who got drunk and old men whispering about the past. They didn’t care of other drunk people. It was a bleak period where people became suspicious of any young person who entered a bar.

But because he watched a lot of dramas and movies, Kenzo felt

like he could get something from this man. In movies, weren't there always advisers who gave answers when protagonists lost their way? This gnome's appearance seemed to suggest that.

"My problem..." Kenzo opened his mouth. It was just an artificial intelligence anyway. He could confess his problem without any hesitation. "I am learning under someone right now. He asked me to do one thing, but I will be in a difficult position if I do it. So, should I do this or not...?"

Kenzo was troubled.

They might be moneylenders, but they were still users. It was their play style to attack NPCs. They didn't consider it a crime to act against NPCs. If Kenzo attacked them, he could be stigmatized as someone who attacked fellow users.

That was the source of his troubles.

"I don't know the details, but you seem to be in a rough spot."

"That's right."

The gnome touched his chin and ordered something from the bartender.

"Bartender. Please do what I asked before."

"I understand."

The bartender approached with something. The gnome laughed and shook the contents of the bottle.

"This is Mukarasanebo."

"Mukarasanebo..."

It was a very precious wine in Elder Lord.

"Yes. Did your teacher make you do that while knowing your position is difficult?"

"That's not it. He doesn't know about my position." He couldn't explain to Crockta about the relationship between users.

“He doesn’t know?”

“Yes. He won’t understand.”

“I see. Huhuhu.”

The man laughed and poured Mukarasanebo into their cups. Kenzo quietly stared without drinking.

“This precious thing...”

“It’s okay. Drink.”

“Thank you.”

Kenzo and the gnome drank the Mukarasanebo. He could feel the unique aroma and taste; it was indeed worthy to be a product called the nobility of wine.

“Do you know why your teacher did it?”

“Well, that...”

Crockta hadn’t mentioned why he wanted Kenzo to get rid of the moneylenders. Maybe it was to get rid of the bad guys harming the city or there was a hidden element that Kenzo didn’t know.

The gnome laughed. “You don’t know anything about each other.”

“.....”

“Then is your mentor a trustworthy person?”

Kenzo thought about it. Was Crockta trustworthy? He didn’t know much about Crockta. Unlike the image of his species, he was very gentlemanly until he turned into an unmatched warrior in battle. But Crockta had saved him from the creatures in the forest. When Kenzo asked to be taught and said that it was to help people, he nodded with a satisfied expression. It was a short time, but Kenzo could feel what he was like as a person.

Kenzo nodded. “Yes. He is.”

The gnome smiled and said, “Then trust him.”

“Huh?”

“I could tell the answer just by looking at your face.” The gnome shook the Mukarasanebo. There wasn’t much left. He gave Kenzo the last cup. “It is a precious drink but you can have the last cup.”

Kenzo looked at the cup and shook his head.

The gnome said, “I’ll tell you my story. I have lived my whole life in Quantas, but I am leaving today.”

“Today?”

“As you can see from the Mukarasanebo, I had a lot of money. I was a successful businessman, but thanks to a little mistake, I’ve lost everything. All I have now is my body, so I am going to another city to work.”

The gnome’s expression was so serene that Kenzo couldn’t imagine such a story. The gnome continued speaking, “It is because of a loan.”

“.....!”

Kenzo’s eyes widened.

“A friend who was my most reliable adviser told me not to trust them, but I believed I could control everything. They used a crafty method to cause me to pay a tremendous amount of money. I shouldn’t have believed in the foreigners who suddenly appeared...”

He laughed bitterly, “I lost everything.”

Kenzo couldn’t say anything. The weight of his life felt like it was pushing down on his shoulders.

“Somehow, I feel like I caused your mood to become worse.”

“Ah, no.”

“Either way, everything is your choice. But if someone you trust is giving you advice, you should listen.”

The gnome rose from his spot. Kenzo tried to catch him, but the gnome had already stepped back. “I was lonely but I’m glad I got to meet you at the end. This is the last of the Mukarasanebo, the last cup. Please enjoy it slowly.”

He handed money over to the bartender. They briefly exchanged glances. The gnome must have a long relationship with the bartender here.

“Be well.”

“You too.”

The gnome left the bar, walking in a regal manner under the moonlight.

Kenzo looked at the clear liquid in the cup. Mukarasanebo, the wine that was called nobility due to its flavor. He raised the last cup to his mouth.

It was bitter.

Kenzo moved through the darkness. It wasn’t difficult to find the users in Quantas. He tracked those who showed suspicious tendencies. They were careful, but he had imitated a ninja and learned tracking and stealth skills.

In the process, he learned how they tightened the noose. They lent money to people. They used tricks to increase the interest rates, harassing those who couldn’t pay it off. By the way, a lot of gnomes were deceived. The inhabitants of Elder Lord were familiar with these tricky methods, so they had no choice but to believe.

In addition, there were users who bribed the officials of Quantas. The gnomes who appealed to the officials were dismissed.

The gnome who gave Kenzo the Mukarasanebo had also been hit like this. The users were reproducing the scams of reality in the game.

“Why aren’t you giving me the money?”

“Money, I don’t have it. I just borrowed 100 silver but the interest rate...”

“It is written! Didn’t you see the contract?”

“I tried to pay it back but you weren’t there...”

“Then try to find us! It can’t just be given to you! Do whatever it takes! Am I wrong? You should be familiar with all the people here.” They were no different from the gangsters, or Yakuza, in reality. “If you don’t have the money, there is this. Your house. Sell your house. Then all the money will be paid back. Eh?”

“This house has been in my family for generations...”

“Then give us the money!”

“Hiik!”

There was a disturbance as the furniture in the house started to be smashed.

“P-Please stop!”

“The money?”

“.....”

“Nothing?”

“The rate is too...we no longer...”

“Then get out of this house! Foreclosure!”

Users armed with weapons and armor entered the house and threatened the gnomes. The guards of Quantas arrived after being informed of the turmoil. The users immediately changed their attitude, showing their papers and letters.

“Ah! You worked hard! We’re a little noisy, so we’re sorry. Do you see these papers here? We are doing legitimate work. Don’t worry.”

The guards faced the users and saw that there were no problems with the documentation. They looked at each other and nodded. "Please be careful of making a lot of noise. A report was received."

"Ah. I'm sorry. Hahaha."

"Then."

After the guards left, it was a repetition of the previous situation.

"Typical NPCs. Kukuk. Hey guys, shake this house. What is going to happen?"

"Brother. Is this little one yours?"

It happened when they tried to touch the family of the victim.

Kenzo felt something inside him break. A memory from his past. Whenever he was bullied, he could endure anything about himself; however, he couldn't stand any insults to his family. However, he didn't have the power to resist. The wounds from that period time still hadn't healed, and felt like it had festered over with gangrene.

It was why he wanted to become like a hero in cartoons and help people.

'Don't be stupid.'

Kenzo revealed his body and entered the house. The people inside were bewildered at the emergence of another user and called out, "Who is it?"

Kenzo replied with his sword instead of words. He was a high-level user, and in recent days, he had gone through Pinnacle training with Crockta. The overall level of the users had increased a lot, but he could nonetheless slaughter these types of people.

His claymore slashed at the users. They turned into white particles in an instant. The only gnome NPC working with the moneylenders was trembling. Kenzo grabbed his collar and demanded.

"If you don't want to die, tell me where all the people in your

organization are.”

The gnome started thinking. Kenzo swung his greatsword. A few pieces of hair from the gnome fell down. If it was a little more angled, the gnome would’ve died instantly. The gnome shook.

“This is your last chance. One. Two...”

The gnome came clean before he finished speaking. He told Kenzo all the important points, including the number of people in their group and the position of the leader. Kenzo gained the information and brandished his sword. The gnome’s head was hit and he fainted.

The night wasn’t over yet. Kenzo began to move. The moneylenders were spread all over the place, but their core force was together. Kenzo dealt with the remnants. He repeated this work until it was daytime.

As the users got in contact with each other, he soon became surrounded by a lot of them.

Strong. A few were on a level similar to Kenzo. This made it more annoying. The level of the users was good enough not to bother anyone this way. Nevertheless, they gave out loans and bullied anyone who couldn’t pay.

It didn’t matter that they were committing evil against NPCs. Just...he remembered the deep eyes of the gnome who bought him the Mukarasanebo. There was also the face of the child who looked up at the users surrounding him with fear. The family begging for the child not to become hurt. The mother’s tears as she embraced her children.

All of this meant he couldn’t hold back his irritation. He couldn’t bear these feelings and wielded his blade.

“You are a user like us. What are you trying to do?” They asked him.

Kenzo ignored them and rushed in. It was an unfavorable fight.

There wasn't much difference in level and they outnumbered him. Maybe some of them were superior to Kenzo. He was alone.

However, it didn't feel like that. He grasped his claymore and recalled the time with Crockta. Swords were flying towards him. There were many of them. A fast speed. He shouldn't have been able to avoid them.

However, Kenzo didn't die.

[Your assimilation rate has risen.]

[Your assimilation rate has risen.]

[Your assimilation rate has risen.]

[Your assimilation rate has risen...]

Unity with the world. The world of Elder Lord was pushing at his back.

Kenzo gripped his claymore and plunged into the encirclement.

Then.

The world slowed.

Chapter 137 – Mountain Of Sabres, Forest Of Swords (6)

Crockta looked up at the night sky. It was the eve of the full moon. It had been several days since he first gave Kenzo the mission.

Tiyo and Anor had finished their sightseeing tour of Quantes and all the preparations were finished. They were leaving Quantes tomorrow. After leaving Quantes and Maillard, they were thinking of going to the southern part of the continent where Tiyo's father was. It was also the place where the Heaven and Earth Clan was based, and they were one of Crockta's targets.

He heard that the Heaven and Earth Clan might be related to his enemy, the Thawing Balhae Clan. Therefore, they would decide on their next move after purchasing information from Maillard's Information Guild.

Apart from that, he also didn't like the person called Choi Hansung. Someone needed to put a stop to the war he perpetrated. If he refused, Choi Hansung would get to see Crockta's Ogre Slayer.

As he thought about the future, he noticed something moving in the darkness. Crockta turned his head and said, "You came."

It was Kenzo.

Crockta grinned. Kenzo's appearance made it obvious as to what he had done. Kenzo was covered in blood. That wasn't all. Crockta could feel something in him that wasn't there before.

"You have reached the Pinnacle."

Kenzo's atmosphere was different now. Now that he reached the early realm of the Pinnacle, he couldn't be compared to other high-level users. The realm of the Pinnacle was for those who realized the true value of Elder Lord. It was a rating that only a few of the

strongest, often called rankers, reached.

“Yes, I’ve reached the Pinnacle.”

Kenzo’s voice was tired. He attacked the moneylenders infecting Quantas day and night. He didn’t bother with tools. He killed them when they were alive, then again when they reconnected. He continued to kill.

Due to Kenzo’s persistent pursuit, the users eventually gave up and withdrew from Quantas. Kenzo lunged a sword in their leaving backs to stop them from ever considering coming back to Quantas.

“That wasn’t the only realization.”

His emotions had been shaken as he watched the NPCs being persecuted, causing his assimilation rate to rise sharply. Only then was he able to reach the Pinnacle. At the same time, he realized something else.

He made a decision: if a wicked person ever appeared in front of him, regardless of whether they were an NPC or a user, he would raise his sword.

That...

They were people.

Crockta smiled. When Kenzo first said he wanted to help others, Crockta smelled something from him. Kenzo had fulfilled Crockta’s expectations. Now he would do what he believed.

Crockta asked, “Yes, did I help you?”

Kenzo bowed his head and replied, “Yes. It is thanks to Crockta.”

“Then listen to my condition.”

“Of course.”

If he reached this ground, he was supposed to listen to what Crockta wanted. Kenzo was nervous. He didn’t know what the condition would be. Crockta said it would be within a capable

range, but it was still ambiguous. Maybe he would be faced with a difficult request. However, he also believed in Crockta.

“My request is simple.”

Crockta moved Ogre Slayer. Kenzo also glanced at his claymore. What did he want to do?

Crockta slowly moved his greatsword. It was slow. It wasn't the realm of the Pinnacle, but there was no shaking. Crockta's blade moved on a gentle curve. Kenzo watched from a distance.

He didn't move. At that moment. The blade touched his neck.

“.....!”

It was impossible. It was minor, but Kenzo got goose bumps as he realized the meaning. It was an attack beyond the level of speed. An area that he couldn't reach. It was the realm of miracles.

“This...”

“The next stage after the Pinnacle.”

“.....!”

“It means that the Pinnacle isn't the end.”

After reaching the realm of the Pinnacle, he knew that there was 'something more.' But this couldn't even be called that. The word 'impossible' was all he could think.

“Now I will tell you what I want.”

It wasn't the end. Kenzo once again shook after hearing Crockta's next words.

“Do some good with that strength.”

It was an unimaginable demand. Kenzo realized that Crockta was a much bigger man than he thought. Kenzo nodded. It felt like Crockta's eyes were penetrating inside him. Did Crockta know that Kenzo would stand in front of him with this mindset after taking care of the moneylenders?

Kenzo bowed his head. He could only say one thing, “I understand.”

For him, Crockta wasn't simply a person in the game. He was someone with a great spirit.

Kenzo said, “I will pass your teachings onto other people. The realm of the Pinnacle, and what to use it for. Will you also let them know it?”

“Of course.”

Kenzo would gather people. There were a variety of ways to play the game. There would be those who harassed NPCs for profit. That was the way they played. Therefore, they needed to take care of such villains. They would be good for NPCs and bad for users.

What was this? Anyway, a hero needed to have a coexistence of darkness and light.

“Please make a name for the group,” Kenzo requested. He wanted a name from Crockta. If they were to follow him, it seemed right that he give them a name.

“The road that Kenzo walks will be long and full of blades. The path of pandemonium that not everyone can walk!” Crockta declared, “With that type of mindset, I will call it Mountain of Sabres, Forest of Swords.

“Mountain of Sabres, Forest of Swords!”

A cool name. The words were true. Last night, he had gone through the moneylenders. In the place where the moneylenders turned into white particles, only their weapons and equipment were left behind.

It really was a mountain of sabres, a forest of swords.

“Those who follow you will be part of a Mountain of Sabres, Forest of Swords.”

Kenzo looked at the red headband around Crockta's forehead.

The red headband would be their symbol. This was the beginning of 'Mountain of Sabres, Forest of Swords', following 'Rehabilitation Brothers' and 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy.' Unfortunately, the name 'Mountain of Sabres, Forest of Swords' was unknown to most people.

The red headband was so intense that people just called them 'Red Headband'...

"Did something good happen dot?"

"Kulkul. No. Kulkul."

Anor and Tiyo stared at the laughing Crockta. They were leaving Quantas and heading to Maillard. They planned to go through there towards the cities in the south. The party was riding the caruks that they obtained from the north. The caruks were slower than horses, but they had good endure and physical strength. They moved well even when carrying someone of Crockta's size.

"Look at your expression. Tell me quickly. I want to know the good thing."

"It is really nothing."

"Then why do you look so bright?"

Crockta was thinking about his meeting with Kenzo before leaving Quantas.

"Kulkul."

Kenzo had punished the moneylenders brilliantly. Furthermore, he even reached the Pinnacle. Then he declared that he would make a group to follow Crockta. The name was Mountain of Sabres, Forest of Swords!

Crockta hadn't done much, but it was pleasing to see, just like a filial child. Now the name of Crockta would once again shake the world. If he logged out at this time, he could see what his fanclub

‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ was doing.

The fame that everyone desired! It was healing.

“It is difficult to be famous. Kulkulkul!”

He wondered if he would be stalked by some fans. Crockta worried about this alone.

“I don’t know what it is but...” Anor shook his head.

They rode steadily on the caruks and soon saw the sign for Maillard. They would soon arrive.

Maillard was a place containing the Information Guild and where Stella worked at the Blacksmith Company. In addition, there was the legend of the ‘Rehabilitation Brothers’ who rehabilitated problematic users.

Crockta recalled his old memories and drove the caruk quickly. Suddenly, they were able to see a group of people. Their eyes met Crockta’s party. Crockta greeted them respectfully first.

“Hello. I am alive.”

“...Ah, yes.”

They gazed at Crockta, then checked Tiyo and Anor’s foreheads before looking unimpressed. They were users. Users didn’t have much interest in NPCs. In particular, they were users on par with NPCs. As the level of the users increased, they became more arrogant.

“They have a very cheap way of greeting peopled dot,” Tiyo muttered. He talked to himself but everyone could hear him. The eyes of the users turned to him. Tiyo just shrugged.

The atmosphere became slightly tense. However, both sides didn’t do anything else so there wasn’t a conflict.

“Put up with it. He looks like a kid.”

“Have you see them? I can’t wait to catch those GB bastards.”

“Wait and watch. Stay still until we get instructions from Brother.”

Crockta heard their conversation. They said ‘GB’, which was the abbreviation for Rehabilitation Brothers. It looked like a group that wasn’t on good terms with them.

“Hrmm...”

Crockta’s group continued until they reached Maillard. They were able to reach Maillard, the great and beautiful city of the elves.

Anor’s eyes widened. If Quantes was a city built with the technical skills of the gnomes, Maillard was a large elf city. The buildings were in harmony with nature, and the form was so beautiful that it felt perfectly with Anor’s dark elf sensibilities. It was truly a city of elves, the cradle of elf users.

Anor wandered around with wide eyes and couldn’t take his eyes off Maillard.

“Isn’t it cool?”

“Really great. Wow...”

“Bah, this is nothing compared to Quantes.”

They were able to easily enter because Maillard didn’t have any restrictions on access. He was planning to leave after finding the Information Guild and Stella, so they weren’t going to stay long. But the atmosphere inside was strange.

To be exact, it was the atmosphere among the users.

“.....?”

Crockta was confused. The Maillard citizens were still the same. As inhabitants of Elder Lord, they were living their own lives.

By the way, the users with white stars on their foreheads were

looking around and watching something. They were holding their weapons and seemed prepared to fight at any time. Some users stared at each other in a confrontational manner when passing by. A tight tension could be felt between the users.

“Interesting,” Crockta muttered.

What was happening in Maillard?

“We will stay here tonight. Look around and come back again.”

“I understand dot.”

“I’ll go explore!”

“Wait, let’s go together dot!”

Crockta headed towards the Information Guild first. He headed towards the darker part of the city, towards the streets lined with shabby pubs. He was coming back. It was the place where there were real men. The headquarters of Maillard’s Information Guild.

“Kulkulkul, it is still a beautiful inverted triangle.”

Crockta muttered as he looked at the sign for the pub. It was right there. The ‘Where are my Brothers?’ pub!

Chapter 138 – Era Of Regret

Time was like running water.

For ancient kingdoms that had perished, after a long time, a historian would pass through the ruined city and say things like ‘the old fields were overgrown with barley, and they were rich in rice stalks and millets.’

There were things that people hoped wouldn’t change. However, the might of time changed everything. Everything they believed wouldn’t change would actually fade someday. A new era wasn’t a decline, but a resurrection. Nevertheless, there were those who missed the past and lamented that things weren’t the same.

It was the same for Crockta.

He headed towards the ‘Where are my Brothers?’ pub. At the entrance, there was a refreshing smell that he hadn’t expected to exist: a feminine perfume scent mixed with flowers and citrus. The sharpness of the scent’s top notes pierced his nose. Clear laughter surrounded him as he entered the pub.

The waitress approached and welcomed, “Hello, how can I help you?”

Crockta raised his head. A young and fresh girl. The menu had all types of dishes nearly listed. There were sets available for a large group of people. There were also couple sets. In the midst of this confusion, Crockta could only gaze desperately at the menu.

This wasn’t an illusion. He knew this was the place. This was the ‘Where are my Brothers?’ pub.

Crockta forcibly opened his mouth and spoke without checking the menu.

“Cream spaghetti.”

The expression of the employee didn’t change.

“...And chopsticks.”

There was a bright smile. She replied ‘Yes’ in a cheerful voice and left.

Crockta raised his head. Nobody was laughing at him. Crockta sank wearily into the chair. At the next table, a man and woman burst out laughing. Behind him were some youths that were whispering together.

He didn’t know where to look. It was confusing rather than shameful. He felt a mixed sense of insult and betrayal. This was the ‘Where are my Brothers?’ pub; but it had now turned into a fusion pub with a bright atmosphere that was aimed at young people.

“Here is your cream spaghetti. Please enjoy!”

Crockta accepted the plate of cream spaghetti with chopsticks nearly arranged on the table. There was even a mat to place the chopsticks. But what now? He placed the chopsticks in the cream spaghetti like he was holding a knife. The noodles were like the enemies.

Crockta ate the cream spaghetti. It was delicious, causing him to become sadder.

Suddenly,

‘An orc ordering cream spaghetti... This isn’t a comedy!’

Crockta raised his head. He looked around but didn’t see the owner of the voice. It was a hallucination.

‘Isn’t that a dish for girls? Kukukuk...’

He continued using his chopsticks as the suppressed memories rose.

‘Will he also order strawberry juice and a kiwi parfait? Kelkelkel...!’

These voices were only heard in his head. Instead, silly conversations such as ‘Cream spaghetti is delicious,’ ‘Shall we eat?’

and ‘Is there a menu like that?’ entered his ears.

‘The old fields are overgrown with barley, and they were are rich in rice stalks and millets.’

Crockta thought with longing as he chewed on his cream spaghetti. Then he drew an inverted triangle with the last piece of cream spaghetti. He waited.

“Hey, Orc.” It was the voice from his memories. Crockta got up from his spot. It was the owner of the ‘Where are my Brothers?’ and the head of the Information Guild’s branch in Maillard.

That man.

The two didn’t greet each other. Crockta wanted to blame him, but couldn’t open his mouth because of the deep look in the owner’s eyes. He could tell that they shared the same feelings.

“Come here.”

He guided Crockta to another place.

The interior of the pub was changed, but the secret passage was still there. They walked through a door and entered the basement. There was a table in the room and it gave off the feeling of an interrogation room.

The two sat facing each other. Back here, there were no differences.

“You have become big. It hasn’t been so long since I’ve seen you,” the owner said with a mock bow.

Crockta replied in a profound manner, “It has been a long time, long enough for things to change.”

“.....”

The man laughed bitterly. Then he changed the topic.

“Yes, well, didn’t you come because of the Thawing Balhae Clan?

A group of those who have been cursed by the stars. In the meantime, I've gained enough information. Northern Conqueror Crockta who rebuilt the north."

"How do you know that?"

"A divine message came down to the temples. All the gods whispered your name. Crossing the northern limit line, conquering the north and preventing a terrible war. The hero of the north who killed the crazy chieftain."

Crockta nodded. There would be more gods on the continent apart from the grey god, the world tree or the 'Tribulation' that he killed. The system messages for users were regarded as divine messages for the inhabitants of Elder Lord.

The man pulled out some information.

Crockta read through the contents in turn.

It was as expected. The Thawing Balhae members had joined the Heaven and Earth Clan. The Thawing Balhae's clan leader and Grom, no Hyunchul. He had the new name 'Luin' and was part of the Heaven and Earth Clan. They combined their abilities with the combat capabilities of 'Rommel' Choi Hansung, the so-called genius of war. In the land of the south, he was in touch with the nobles and planning more wars.

Indeed, the Information Guild had gathered a lot of information while he was in the north. There weren't only one or two documents. There were several hypothetical scenarios of what they would do in the future.

"Too bad."

The man looked up at Crockta's words. "Sorry, is it not enough? It isn't easy to obtain such information."

"I'm not talking about the information. The information is excellent."

“.....”

The man was silent. Crockta wasn't talking about the information. The man knew very well what Crockta was talking about.

“The transaction will continue in the future. Thanks for the information.”

“...You're welcome.”

They got up from their seats. The Information Guild's branch manager touched his chin and called out to Crockta again. “Wait. I have one more thing.” He placed his hand back in the small hole in the wall. It was the hole where the guild members handed him the materials. Then he handed new documents to Crockta.

“It is a gift.”

“A gift?”

“A gift for the orc warrior who saved the continent.”

Crockta received the papers. It was a single document with the tag ‘Uncertain’ on it.

“Uncertain data shouldn't be distributed, but I will show you this specifically. It still isn't clear but I thought you should know.”

Crockta's eyes widened. The information was shocking. The Heaven and Earth Clan was preparing for a larger war after sweeping through the north. And their goal...

It was all the orcs on the continent, including Orcrox. The current relationship between humans and orcs weren't good. The reason he chose the greatsword, the greatsword master Leyteno had fought for the orcs in the war, and the remnants of that war still remained.

Now the uncomfortable relationship was like a tradition. They were planning to drive a wedge between the two species to create a bigger war. It wasn't enough to kill Lenox, they wanted to trample

on the rest of the orcs.

It was just a 'quest' and 'game content' to them.

Crunch.

Crockta gritted his teeth. There were more reasons to crush them.

"Thank you."

The owner extended his hand. Crockta shook it. The two of them exchanged a look and came up to the pub.

Once again, it was an unfamiliar landscape. This was the 'Where are my Brothers?' pub that was a front for the Information Guild. But now, it had surpassed its purpose of simple camouflage. In times where business was becoming increasingly difficult, the Information Guild had to renovate while thinking of profit. The pub was now a business, not a camouflage.

It was a decision barely made after some suffering. He knew it with his head. Nevertheless, Crockta couldn't help feeling regret.

"...The pub has changed a lot."

"It can't be helped. The deficit would've continued otherwise."

Crockta looked at the flirtatious couples and the young men and women whispering together, and admitted that times had changed. It had become too perky. The males full of masculinity would be long gone.

"Hey." Crockta looked at the owner of the Information Guild with sad eyes. "A roasted pig, is it possible to get that here?"

".....!"

"I would like to eat a whole roasted pig..."

The owner's eyes widened. He dropped his head like he couldn't bear looking at Crockta anymore. He hesitated a moment before barely opening his mouth.

“That menu...” He smiled and continued speaking. “I don’t have that dish anymore.”

Times had changed. The stories of the real men who ridiculed cream spaghetti, hated fruit juice, and chewed on big pieces of meat were over.

“I see.” Crockta nodded. “I will have whiskey. A bottle please.”

The owner handed over the whiskey. Crockta paid the price and opened the lid. He took a sip straight from the bottle of whiskey.

“Heol, look at that person...!”

“Oh my, what is this? That orc?”

“He is drinking from the bottle. Aiyah. Isn’t that a strong whiskey?”

“Amazing, amazing!”

Crockta laughed.

These young ones. In the past, there was a time when one would be teased if they didn’t do this. It was the era of real males.

Crockta started moving. He headed towards the exit of the ‘Where are my Brothers?’ pub. Looking at the bright faces of the couples coming in, Crockta thought this wasn’t too bad either. The men and women smiled as they looked at each other. There was obvious affection in their eyes.

This was also good.

Crockta grabbed the door. He pushed at the cold handle. The door closed behind him. He walked away from the ‘Where are my Brothers?’ pub. A gust of wind blew through the streets of Maillard and past him.

He suddenly turned his head. He could see the scenery of Maillard. The lights shining, the drunkards on the streets, people heading home to prepare for a lively day tomorrow. Somewhere out there, the men would still be living their lives.

“There is no need for regrets”

‘Where are my Brothers?’ might’ve turned into a lively fusion bar but their place in Maillard hadn’t completely disappeared. Somewhere in Maillard, the manly men would still be moving.

“I am just a little sad.” Crockta raised the whiskey bottle. He didn’t drink from it. Crockta tilted it. The whiskey poured out onto the ground.

“For the real men who aren’t here anymore.”

He poured out all of the whiskey. A tribute to the past. He recalled the beautiful time and the manly men.

He drank towards a bygone era.

Chapter 139 – Papillon (1)

“There is nothing eternal in the world,” Crockta muttered. He knew that the world would change one day, but he couldn’t help being in a bittersweet mood. “The world and the people will change.”

He turned away from ‘Where are my Brothers?’ and towards his accommodations. He bought some cheap beer from the street stalls and slowly sipped on it. Then he whistled and staggered through the back alleys.

“Mister is right,” someone said. Crockta turned his head and saw a drunk man with flushed cheeks blowing his nose.

“There is nothing eternal in the world.”

Crockta’s intoxicated eyes looked at him. There was a star on his forehead and decent clothing. A high-level user who couldn’t be ignored. Perhaps he was even more than that. Crockta had already become too strong, so all users seemed low level to him.

He approached Crockta. “Mister Orc, were you betrayed by someone?”

“Betrayal...”

He thought the Information Guild would maintain that wonderful atmosphere. He never doubted that the pub would be a shelter for men. But in the end, the pub’s deficit had continued. Now there were no traces of the old days.

However, it couldn’t be called a betrayal. Life was unpredictable. He wasn’t betrayed. He just passed through a section of his life. He wasn’t a child disappointed because his expectations were betrayed. He was an adult who knew how to view the world in a calm manner.

“Did someone betray you?” Crockta asked instead of replying. He waited. Drunk people often talked to strangers because they were

looking for someone to listen to them.

“Yes. I was betrayed,” the man replied. “When I was laughing, people laughed with me. However, when I fell into hell, nobody would be around me.”

Crockta nodded. It was a familiar story of an ordinary person’s regrets...

“I thought she would pick me up if I fell, but she kicked me away. A false love.”

Oh, a story of a broken heart. Crockta sighed.

“Color is empty, a person with no...” The man bowed his head and murmured something. “And I can’t hate her...”

“Be strong.” Crockta wanted to comfort him but he didn’t know what to say. So he said the most common but nonsensical things possible to someone suffering from a broken heart. “There are many females in the world.”

Even Crockta thought it was ridiculous. The man laughed and stumbled, losing his balance and falling against the wall.

“Ah, I feel like becoming drunk.”

“I think you are already drunk enough.”

“Do you want a drink?” The man asked.

Tiyo and Anor would be sleeping in the inn by now. Crockta considered for a moment before nodding.

“That would be nice.”

He wouldn’t fall asleep easily anyway, since he was drunk. When visiting the ‘Where are my Brothers?’ pub, he thought he would drink all night with the men there. However, there was no longer a place for him, so he decided to drink with this man.

The two of them walked shoulder to shoulder in the darkness of the alley.

The man was surprisingly sober.

“Kuoooooh...”

Crockta groaned as he opened his eyes. It was a strange ceiling. There was a rough ceiling and exposed concrete walls. He raised his body and recalled yesterday’s memories. He remembered drinking with a man that he met. But what happened after that? It was hazy.

He drank a lot of alcohol. After that, he didn’t remember clearly until he opened his eyes in this place.

It was a strange prison.

“.....”

Crockta calmly sat on the bed. Steel bars were blocking his way.

Crockta touched his chin. Bare hands. His precious Ogre Slayer couldn’t be seen. The Demon’s Mouth was still on his waist, but apart from that, everything that could be a weapon had disappeared.

He closed his eyes and searched for the final memory. He continued drinking with the mysterious man. The man had talked about his old lover, how pretty and cool she was, then showed off the typical drunken behavior at her abandonment.

Crockta had listened to his sorrows while drinking. Then the man invited him. It was late to return to his accommodations. He should go back with the man and drink some more.

Crockta followed him. After that, he couldn’t remember well.

“I’m an intelligent orc. Now, let’s think about this.” Crockta muttered. Talking helped to organize his thoughts. “Did he approach me yesterday to deceive me?”

No. His attitude was the truth. It wasn’t possible to for all of that to be acting. The man had repeatedly called out to the old lover

who left him, then vomited before reminiscing again. It was the stubbornness of someone who really had their heart broken.

“Then was I kidnapped on the way to the man’s house?”

He looked through his memories. In his faint memories, there was a scene where he and the man bumped glasses together. It was in a room. The man said that although he lost his woman, he was glad to have such a wonderful orc brother.

It was clear they had reached his house. Then something happened after that. A surprise attack. Or...

Crockta approached the bars. He adjusted his angle to view as much of the surroundings as possible. There was the shaking of a shadow in the hallway. A guard was over there. Crockta opened his mouth.

“You over there!” Crockta shouted. “I just woke up so explain this! Cough!”

His throat was dry. The scent of alcohol was coming from his mouth. He must’ve drunken a lot of alcohol yesterday. The man was fine.

The sound of footsteps neared. Crockta returned to the bed and sat down. He didn’t know the situation but he had to seem relaxed in front of the opponent. Rather, he wanted to rebuke the opponent.

“Your steps are slow.”

Of course, he actually was very calm. This was interesting. Anyway, right now he was Crockta, the warrior who rose to the Hero rank. The great chieftain of the north. This situation was too lacking to be hard for him.

“I’m sorry.”

“.....!”

But this time, Crockta was surprised. He was completely off the

mark. The person standing in front of him. It was the man he was drinking with last night, the one who called him brother and blamed his ex-lover. He stood outside the cell with a group of users.

“It is regrettable.” Then the man opened his mouth.

It was a face without any expression. A cool and businesslike attitude. What was the truth behind this man? Crockta grinned. The man had performed as a weak and drunk person, but his eyes were rather cold.

He examined Crockta before nodding. “It was a great coincidence.”

“Did you forget your girlfriend?”

“.....”

Crockta’s words pierced him but he didn’t shake.

“You are Crockta.” So that’s what happened. Crockta guessed the situation. “Northern Conqueror Crockta was drinking in an alley. That reputation is in vain.”

Now he wasn’t anonymous like he used to be. There were all sorts of videos about him, and his fame had risen due to the system messages about the NPC who helped Shakan open the north and the one who killed the crazy chieftain.

Kenzo didn’t know Crockta’s name, but he was an unusual case.

“If I hadn’t memorized your face as a clan member, I would’ve thought you were just a drunk orc.”

“You know it is me, but you are locking me up?”

“Of course.”

The fact that they imprisoned him despite knowing he was Crockta meant one thing. They were users with a hostile relationship to him.

“I caught you as a warning to those ridiculous Rehabilitation Brothers.”

The Rehabilitation Brothers was a group begun by Crockta. He enlightened three users and after becoming a new person overnight due to Crockta’s efforts, they tried to change the world of Elder Lord.

So this was a clan that they didn’t have a good relationship with. And speaking of hostile clans, he had one as well.

“Anyone who is a target of the Heaven and Earth Clan will eventually become like this.” The Heaven and Earth Clan, the self-proclaimed strongest clan, used their armed forces to sweep away any disobedience. “I should return to the introductions. “I am Edgar, responsible for the Maillard branch of the Heaven and Earth Clan.”

“What? I thought you were Edgar, the woman whiner?”

“.....”

The expressions of the clan members standing beside Edgar changed. It seemed like they had never seen Edgar like that. Edgar’s face distorted before he regained his composure.

“It is meaningless to talk about this with an NPC like you. You will be executed as soon as possible, just wait. I will send your neck to your rehabilitated friends.”

Crockta shrugged and asked. “NPC? What does that mean?” The people who are cursed by the stars always call us NPCs.”

“There is no need to know. You are just a fake. It doesn’t matter if you die.”

“No caring if I die. How terrible.”

Crockta got up from the bed and headed to the bars. The clan members stepped back, but Edgar stayed in his spot and gazed straight at Crockta. Crockta looked down at him and laughed.

“As you said, I am Crockta. Do you think you can afford to hold Northern Conqueror Crockta?”

“.....”

“These bars are nothing.”

Crockta grabbed the bars with both hands. Then he used his strength. His muscles swelled. The faces of the clan members turned speculative. Crockta gradually started forcing open the bars.

Overwhelming power! Crockta bent the steel bars with his great strength. Due to his strength, he managed to widen the bars by one centimeter. Truly, a monstrous orc warrior.

“....Ooooooup!”

Crockta used more strength. He used all his power but only managed to spread it open 0.5 centimeters more. The fearsome Crockta had opened the bars by 1.5 centimeters!

“T-T-This is my limit. Are you surprised?”

Crockta rubbed his hands against his thighs and asked. Edgar nodded and acknowledged his strength. “Amazing. This bars were strengthened with magic, so that not even an ogre can open it. I will acknowledge your power.”

“If I try harder, I can open it another two centimeters, so treat me politely if you don’t want me to exit.”

“Be careful, these steel bars are precious. Please be patient.” A clan member whispered something in Edgar’s ear. He nodded. “Something has happened. Then, I’ll see you later.”

Edgar and the Heaven and Earth members walked away.

Crockta stood in front of the bars until their shadows completely disappeared. Then Crockta sat down again on the bed.

He muttered in a low voice, “If only I had a blade...”

Chapter 140 – Papillon (2)

Crockta sat on the bed. The steel bars were so tightly packed together that it was difficult for Crockta to bend them enough for his body to pass through. If so, he needed to try another place. He looked at the walls. The rough surface looked hard, but it might be deceptive. Maybe this wall consisted of easily broken rocks, just like in the movies.

“Let’s see...”

Crockta touched his chin. His escape strategy was simple. In the moment before they executed him, or the moment they came into the prison to do something to him, he would defeat them with his skills.

Crockta didn’t feel like the situation was very urgent as he didn’t think he would be killed. But he was bored staying still. If he was imprisoned, he was tempted to try all methods of escape before eventually gaining his freedom.

“I don’t have anything good.”

There was only the bed in the prison. This didn’t seem to be a long-term detention center as there was not even a toilet. Crockta got up and looked at the legs of the bed. He could use those. Crockta broke one of the four legs of the bed.

Crunch!

The orc’s large hand grasped it and twisted, breaking the wooden leg. A sharp piece of wood emerged from the broken off section. Crockta used it to scratch at the wall.

Kikikikik.

Kkikikik.

“.....”

There was no change. The finish on the walls was poor but it was

still concrete. His physical means were gone. The resources in the environment couldn't help him. Therefore, he needed to use human-assisted psychological escape.

Crockta approached the steel bars and looked outside. The people had gone away, but they left one guard here. Crockta called out, "Hey."

There was no answer. Crockta spoke again, "Hey..."

This time, he spoke in a powerless and weary voice. He staged a little bit of fear.

"Is there nobody..."

There was the feeling of someone jumping in the distance. The guard seemed to struggle for a moment before walking to the prison where Crockta was. Crockta sat down on the bed.

"What is going on?"

A star on his forehead. Shabby attire. Weak atmosphere. It was an ordinary user with a low position in the Heaven and Earth Clan. His back was straight since he was nervous about confronting the famous orc warrior, Crockta. Crockta was slumped over in a pathetic manner, in order to meet his expectations.

"Excuse me..really...I'll be executed...?"

Moist eyes! Who would've ever thought that he was the brutal orc warrior Crockta, the one who killed the great chieftain in the north and wiped out any opponents! The man's face softened as he felt compassion for Crockta.

"That's right."

"I still have a lot of work left to do...there is also the situation with my gold and treasures..." Crockta muttered to himself.

His words caught the guard's interest. The thought of gold and treasure always shook people's hearts.

"Ahh...I..." Crockta made a distressed sound, making it seem like

he was troubled. His method acting made the guard look at him like he was pathetic.

“...Hoo.” Crockta’s expression stiffened before getting up from the bed.

A fearsome pressure suddenly surrounded Crockta, causing the guard to step back. There weren’t many people who could endure Crockta’s killing intent. The guard felt his legs trembling. The moment that he was about to leave due to the sudden change,

Crockta called out, “People die anyway. There is no regret about the path I walked. However, it is shameful that I can’t pass on the orc’s secret sword of justice!”

They were the eyes of a man ready to die. Crockta looked at the guard. He stared blankly at Crockta. Crockta said in a loud voice, “I will soon die by the hands of your leader. I have taken many lives so it isn’t unjust.”

The image of a dignified person in front of death was always impressive.

“You are the last person I will meet! Although you aren’t an orc, I would like to teach you the orc’s secret technique.”

“.....!”

The man’s eyes widened. Anyone who read martial arts novels would know what this was. A once in a lifetime chance!

Furthermore, the orc he was facing wasn’t just any orc. Anyone familiar with Elder Lord would know about the Righteous Orc Crockta, crushed of users and the one who killed the great chieftain before the giant quest could start. Wouldn’t it be strange if such an NPC was executed without an event?

The guard began to interpret the situation according to his own desires. That’s right. This was a type of special event or quest. The orc wanted to pass on everything before he was killed. It was natural for an artificial intelligence to be programmed to pass on

their legacy before death.

What would be the legacy of a great warrior in the world of Elder Lord?

Today, an opportunity came to him.

“I...”

“Only!” Crockta struck the player. By setting conditions, it would let the guard know that this wasn’t easy. Humans coveted what was difficult. It might be difficult, but it was the right type of hardship that one could endure.

“You must make an oath to pass on this secret technique to another orc. This is a one-man martial art. You can never break this.”

The guard was already blinded by greedy so this type of condition didn’t matter. Rather, it just added fuel to his desires.

“Do you promise?”

“I do!”

“Then I will say my name. I am Crockta, your mentor.”

The guard started to paint an image of becoming a ranker, then driving a gorgeous supercar bought with the profits. Celebrities would want to meet him and everyone would look surprised at his name. He would become a top-notch player in this world, even better than Rommel, master of the Heaven and Earth Clan. He would have splendid parties in a nice house and hang around beautiful women. A sweet life that no one could ignore!

Now it was time to start a new life as ‘Ranker Lee Jungmin.’ He shouted, “Crockta! My name is Lee Jungmin!”

“A nice name. Bow to me and tell the heavens that I will be your master.”

“Yes!”

Crockta looked at Lee Jungmin bowing. It was a ritual common in martial arts novels so he didn't suspect anything. Greed always clouded people's eyes.

Lee Jungmin bowed nine times before breathing out roughly. "Heok, heok. It is done, Master."

"Okay. Come up to me and bow. I will give you a blessing."

"Yes!"

Now, the man had no doubts at all. The future of the Heaven and Earth Clan was dark if this was a guard.

Lee Jungmin bowed his head. "Please take care of me, Master!"

"Okay. Come closer."

"T-This is as close as possible..."

If Lee Jungmin moved any further, his head would hit the iron bars. Crockta nodded.

"It is enough."

He moved up close to the bars, stretched out a hand, and grabbed the guard's neck.

"...Cough!"

Lee Jungmin struggled as he was raised in the air. Crockta laughed cruelly, "Stupid person! It is so easy to fool you! You have a walnut in your head, not a brain!"

"Y-You, l-lie....! Keok...!"

"You are the one who was deceived. Anyway, life is a stage for liars so you should always stay calm and keep an eye on the truth. Stupid guy!"

Lee Jungmin's consciousness gradually faded away. "T-Treating me like this...you will regret..."

"Hoh?" Crockta twisted Lee Jungmin's neck more brutally. "How will I regret it?"

“Keok...keok...hoo...hal...”

Lee Jungmin completely collapsed. Crockta grabbed the bunch of keys hanging from his waist and threw the body roughly on the ground. The body started turning into white particles. The dead were silent.

“Huhu, regret it elsewhere.”

Crockta admired his acting skills as he placed the key in the lock of the door. The door was opened. He escaped.

“Kuhahaha, kuhahahat! Who else can trap me?” He grinned as he looked at the last particles of Lee Jungmin. “Not Lee Jungmin.”

Lee Jungmin’s poor heart. He had been overwhelmed by all the dreams pushed in front of him. However, such hope also drove people to move towards the future. Crockta had used method acting to escape from this terrible prison. If he hadn’t tried to escape like this, he would’ve spent a few depressing hours trapped. It would’ve definitely been a horrible time.

Crockta opened his arms and closed his eyes. He enjoyed the freedom with his whole body as he muttered a line from a movie he loved.

“Hope is a good thing. The most precious thing. And good things will never disappear.”

He recalled Lee Jungmin’s final warning that he would regret this. Crockta laughed as he headed outside the prison. Then his feet twisted in a strange way and his nose struck the ground.

“Keook!”

Blood flowed down from his nose. He got up from the floor while pressing a hand against his pained nose. Crockta grabbed it and whined.

“It is strange.” There weren’t many instances where he lost his balance.

It happened when Crockta, who had been moving for a while, was walking through the outer passage of the prison.

“Kuak!”

A torch hanging on a wall suddenly fell and hit his foot. The fire was scattered. Crockta held one foot and jumped while putting out the fire, as his face twisted from the pain.

“What is this...?”

Crockta couldn't see because he had shut his eyes in pain and slammed his head into the wall.

“Kuak!”

He fell down. Why were all these ridiculous things happening? A coincidence? Crockta, who was caught in a strange situation, closed his eyes and decided to breathe. He held down the pain and muttered an apology to Lee Jungmin.

“S-Sorry...”

Crockta slowly raised his body. As he continued walking, he saw a table with some items on it. His beloved Ogre Slayer was seen. Crockta placed it in the sheath on his back. Edgar had done something wrong, so Crockta didn't feel ashamed at all, except for the poor guard who was killed by him.

“Good.”

Crockta started running along the corridor. Now there was nothing to stop him. Edgar pretended to be cool and rational, but it was time to squeeze the whiner out of him.

“What is this dot?” Tiyo asked.

They were watching Maillard.

Mailliard's specialty was the 'Coin Fountain' in the main square. There was a saying that throwing a coin in here would cause a wish

to come true, so the fountain sparkled with the shine of the coins thrown in by citizens and visitors. The gold coins were gathered and used to help the people at the temple.

There was a signpost in front of the Coin Fountain.

[This tradition was made by Orc Warrior Crockta. He captured three wicked people disturbing Maillard and said to them, ‘This isn’t just a fountain, but a means to help the poor.’ The three disciples went out and comforted citizens in the daily lives, helped those in trouble...(Omitted)]

“...This Crockta isn’t our Crockta right dot?”

“Aish, surely not. Our Crockta isn’t as nice as this Crockta.”

“I agree, kyahahat! I am better dot!”

“That’s right. It is just the same name. Hihit.”

They turned away after throwing a gold coin each. Then Tiyo asked Anor. “So that Crockta isn’t our Crockta either, right dot?”

“.....”

A newsletter was being scattered all over the square. Citizens passing by just glanced at it.

These were the contents:

[The Heaven and Earth Clan’s execution of Crockta! We have captured Crockta. He will be executed in the plains outside Maillard. This is for all people who go against the Heaven and Earth Clan. Once the sun rises to its highest point, he will be executed.]

Anor was confused.

“I don’t think so? This Crockta is weaker than our Crockta. This

Crockta got caught, hahaha. He wouldn't be able to come back alive from Calmahart."

"Kyahahat, that's right. Our Crockta is someone who killed the great chieftain, so how can he be caught dot? It isn't like he would be taken out while drinking. Kahahat! This Crockta is pathetic dot!"

"Crockta must be a common name."

"I think so as well dot."

Tiyo and Anor moved while laughing.

Chapter 141 – When I Was Down (1)

Crockta cocked his head as he walked down the street.

“Execute me? Kulkulkul.”

What cute people. They had accidentally captured him, and yet they were confident that they could execute him? Their actions were too hasty.

“Edgar. Do you only have this much?”

Crockta remembered drinking with Edgar, the one who imprisoned him. Edgar might’ve forgotten it, but Crockta remembered the stories that were shared. He was a decent man. Crockta appreciated the fact that he noticed Crockta’s identity and quickly imprisoned him, as well as Edgar’s cold and rational behavior in front of his men.

Edgar did what he had to do. Their positions were different. As the leader of a group, he was a man who knew exactly what he had to do. Kill the symbol of the enemy. The more that morale fell, the less the enemies would be able to fight back.

However, the opponent was Crockta. Edgar was too impatient.

“You said that a leader should be a castle,” Crockta muttered.

Edgar had drunkenly told Crockta,

‘I’m the leader. The leader, a castle. Who would want a castle who shakes when the wind blows? I must be an unshakable castle. Cool and hard. Sometimes it is hard, but it is part of being a man. Brother!’

Who was Crockta to judge a man acting like a solid castle?

“Well, put in front of a bit person like me, he will just get hurt.”

Crockta nodded. It was unfortunate. Crockta had decided on war on the Heaven and Earth clan. Therefore, if they wanted to execute him, Crockta would come to them directly.

“Hey.” Crockta approached a user on the street. He had hidden himself as soon as Crockta appeared and kept looking at Crockta. He was one of the clan members who had been standing next to Edgar.

“.....!”

He thought that he had hidden himself well, but Crockta easily found him. Crockta grinned in a relaxed manner. The other person turned pale.

“Did you think you would stop me with steel bars?”

“How...?”

“Tell this to Edgar. I never run away.” Crockta touched the handle of Ogre Slayer. “You guys have nominated the place so let’s play properly. If you win, it will be a wonderful execution like you planned.”

“.....!”

“If you are scared then you can back out. The Heaven and Earth clan is only this much. Kulkul.”

The user stared blankly at the laughing Crockta. Their eyes were filled with faith.

“Hey, Orc. You have no clue about the Heaven and Earth Clan. Okay, then I’ll see you later. Let’s see how your smug face becomes distorted.”

“Hoh. That seems good.” Crockta also laughed and then raised a fist as he hit the user’s forehead.

“Aack!” It was very painful because his knuckles were solid. The user grabbed his forehead with a yelp. “What?”

“Do you have any complaints?”

“.....”

“Don’t be cocky.”

The chance was good, but the user was annoying, so Crockta had used violence. This was Elder Lord, a world where the fist was similar to the law. The user shook because he didn't dare go against Crockta.

“You, I'll see you later!”

He snapped at Crockta and ran away. Crockta gazed after him and laughed.

The plains outside Maillard. There was a group of humans. The lead warrior was Edgar. As he waved the flag of the Heaven and Earth Clan, the users following him shouted. It was a sign of fear to anyone playing Elder Lord. This flag had flown on devastated battlefields. The name 'Heaven and Earth', the strongest clan in Elder Lord.

“No matter how skilled or powerful Crockta is, he can't deal with all of us.” Someone next to Edgar said. Edgar nodded. His expression was still cool and sober.

“The hastily collected mercenaries can disturb our rhythm.” Not all of them were the Heaven and Earth members, as he gathered people to participate in the battle using money.

“Nevertheless, there is still a lot of room.”

“Yes.”

“Deal with Crockta. And...”

He looked around. He didn't feel anyone approaching.

“These rehabilitation people who will come.”

They announced that they would publicly execute Crockta. It was to stimulate the Rehabilitation Brothers. The Rehabilitation Brothers, whose power started in Maillard, weren't large in number. However, they stuck together and obstructed the Heaven and Earth Clan. The mission of the Heaven and Earth branch in

Mallard was to mainly keep them in check.

This time, if possible, he would put an end to them as well as Crockta. For the sake of today, Edgar had harshly trained his clan members and helped them level up. The Heaven and Earth's leadership trusted him and appointed him in charge of Maillard, so he would do what was necessary to get results.

“He isn't coming.”

“It seems like it.”

Time passed by Crockta didn't show. The sun was slowly moving above their head. The clan members started murmuring.

“Everyone, don't be shaken.” Edgar calmed everyone.

“Is he imitating Miyamoto Musashi?”

“...Crockta doesn't know Musashi, but he is a warrior who has gone through many battles. He might instinctively be aiming for a similar effect.”

Japan's swordsman Miyamoto Musashi deliberately arrived late for his duel with Sasaki Kojiro, messing with Kojiro's composure. This allowed Musashi to gain a psychological advantage in the ensuing duel. It was uncertain if this story was true, but based on the situation with Crockta, it seemed to be effective.

Some members were nervous and others were too excited.

“Will he really come?”

“.....”

Edgar was silent. He had a point. Edgar might be deceived by the title of Righteous Orc, the honorable warrior. If he lured them here and went elsewhere...

Edgar looked up at the sky again and saw that the sun was started to descend. The appointed time had already passed. His back started tingling. Right now, he had gathered all of the clan members. In other words, there was a minimum number of people

at their facilities in Maillard.

The number was too small to fight against Crockta. It would be a big loss if those facilities were destroyed. Crockta had escaped from the prison by luring Lee Jungmin. He wasn't merely a strong warrior. He was a fighter who didn't hesitate to use sneaky plots.

He was known as a righteous orc, but inside he was more cunning.

Edgar snapped at his members. "Leave..."

However, he couldn't say anything else. There was a group coming from far away.

Ching. Ching. Ching.

It was the sound of steel armor. Edgar sighed.

"They have come."

They were waving a flag with the letters 'Rehabilitation' on it! There was no one in Maillard who didn't know the 'Rehabilitation' flag. The members of Rehabilitation Brothers.

"It is a joke when I look at it."

Unlike the Heaven and Earth's uniform, the Rehabilitation Brothers members were all dressed freely. The Heaven and Earth gazed at them fiercely, and the Rehabilitation Brothers responded with bloody gazes.

"All this tension."

The members of the Rehabilitation Brothers stood before them. Since they were non-clan users, their equipment and combat power was less than the Heaven and Earth Clan. But they were armed with a strong will and never retreated in the face of the Heaven and Earth Clan.

The one who led the Maillard branch of the Rehabilitation Brothers was the hunter class 'Robina', who was rumored to be a national representative in archery. She came forward and spoke to

Edgar.

“Is it hard to see my face?” Robina grinned.

Edgar didn't smile.

“Where is Crockta? I heard there was an orc wandering around and that he is called Crockta. You do have him right?” She looked around. “Where is he?”

“Not here.”

“What are you talking about?”

“He escaped.”

She narrowed her eyes, but once Edgar's expression didn't change, she burst out laughing.

“Hahahahat, I knew it. How would you be able to catch Crockta?”

“.....”

“How dull.” She shrugged. “Then and now, you are always disappointing me.”

Edgar's face twitched. He closed his eyes so that his face wouldn't twist. He settled his emotions and thought about a cool lake to sink his head into. An unshakable and serene water surface with no ripples. His emotions faded.

“Robina. They don't have Crockta so can't we fight? Just looking at the traitor's face makes my stomach hurt,” said the man standing next to Robina.

At that moment, the Heaven and Earth members simultaneously raised their weapons.

“Shut up. If you talk to Edgar like that, we will kill you without mercy.”

“I'll kill him right away and stop his stomach from hurting.”

“Edgar, let's kill them.”

Edgar opened his eyes.

Robina's face was clear. At one time, they were together. Edgar was once a member of Rehabilitation Brothers.

He said, "I wanted to get rid of you along with Crockta anyway."

"Is that so?"

"This is the last offer. Take everything you own and leave Maillard."

It was a proposal that couldn't be accepted.

Edgar's Heaven and Earth members were ready to fight as their blades shone under the sun.

"Do you really have to do this?" Robina said while stepping back. Her fingers moved to her quiver. Her strong point was her continuous fire. An arrow would leave the bow as soon as there was the slightest movement.

"I never thought you were a man like this. Ah, there is a lot of disappointment." She said with a smile

"Disappointment..." Edgar repeated her words and then began to laugh. However, his lungs and diaphragm were cramping and he didn't know if it was really laughter. He just smiled as emotions clashed inside him.

"Yes, how can we understand others?"

Edgar pulled out his sword. The momentum of the clan members was pushing at his back. It was the feeling of being uplifted. But he couldn't get too excited. The fact that there were trustworthy allies calmed him down.

He looked at the Rehabilitation Brothers. At one time, he was with them. Now they were Edgar's enemies. He turned towards Robina in the front. She was still beautiful.

"Heaven and Earth!"

At one time, they had been lovers. She was a special existence to him. Once he fell into hell, he was so caught up in his own problems that he couldn't look around and she left him. After losing the special figure in his life, he felt like he had lost the whole world.

But now it was different. He was more special than her. He would climb to the top. He would climb until she could no longer be seen. So he didn't feel regret anymore. He was just a little sad.

“War!”

In the future, his exciting adventure would continue to unfold and she couldn't accompany him.

“Hah, so those two were dating each other dot?”

“It isn't obvious based on their conversation, but he confessed all sorts of things to me while drunk. Kulkulkul! Things like ‘I love her more than life.’ Aigoo.”

“It sounds like a play. Their relationship, that is.”

Crockta was chewing on fried corn with Tiyo and Anor.

“Who will win?”

“I guess the Heaven and Earth Clan.”

“Rehabilitation dot! The rehabilitation group will win! Look at the strong eyes of that girl dot! It is like frost covering the sea dot!”

They hid behind a rock and watched the battle between the Heaven and Earth Clan and the Rehabilitation Brothers. The two groups failed to notice as the fierce fight began. In its own way, it was a battle between two clans in Elder Lord. But it seemed dull compared to the great battles they fought in the north.

“I don't like the small number of people dot.”

The scale was much smaller than the desperate battle between

the dark elves and orcs of the Great Clan.

“Don’t say that. War isn’t a game.” Anor started arguing with Tiyo.

“I-I’m just saying dot.”

“Just saying what? Tsk tsk.”

“.....”

As Edgar pursued Robina, she retreated while firing arrows. As the two lovers transformed into enemies aiming weapons at each other, the hands eating the fried corn became busier.

“But Crockta, shouldn’t you help? Aren’t the Rehabilitation Brothers Crockta’s allies while the Heaven and Earth Clan are your enemies?”

The Rehabilitation Brothers had shown up to rescue Crocktam but now Crockta was just watching. Anor’s eyes narrowed.

“I don’t know.”

Edgar stumbled as Robina’s arrow pierced his shoulder. Crockta focused even more. He chewed on the fried corn as his eyes sharpened. In a fight like this, it was best to watch them struggle first. Besides, users would survive even after dying.

“I’ll just watch first.”

“Good attitude dot!”

“Phew.”

Chapter 142 – When I Was Down (2)

Edgar was a member of the original Rehabilitation Brothers. Those were the enjoyable days. In reality, he was a youth soccer team manager who taught young talents, leading early footballers into leadership positions. In Elder Lord, he enjoyed a world of fantastic adventures. He became a member of the Rehabilitation Brothers, met Robina and became lovers.

However, those good days didn't last.

"I never have good eyes for people. Isn't that right?"

"....."

Robina's arrow flew past his cheek. Edgar touched his cheek and took a step back as his past memories resurfaced.

Misfortune came without warning. The students he taught were forced to leave the squad because of violence. Edgar had no backing so all of the responsibility was placed on him. He hadn't succeeded as a player, and his dream of becoming a world-class manager was canceled. To make matters worse, the business of his parents failed and his immediate livelihood was at risk.

He didn't have time to play the game. He had to face reality. He started work as a laborer. He also reduced the amount of time he met Robina in the game and in reality.

He tried not to but he became more sensitive. Edgar started to gradually lose himself. He was conscious of his shabby self as well as Robina who could fly away like a free-spirited bird at any time. He tried to ignore the cracks but the struggle cut at Edgar's heart.

As his lover, she quickly noticed the changes in Edgar. His anxiety, his longing for her affection, and his occasional lack of confidence weren't part of the man that she once loved. That's why Edgar confessed everything. He talked about losing everything and the economic threat in front of him.

Once the story ended, Robina replied. “What, you became like this because of money?” She was born in a rich house so she couldn’t understand Edgar’s desperation. “Well, it is like this. It doesn’t really matter anymore. We’re finished now.”

The words stabbed his heart.

“I don’t love Oppa anymore.”

If she had shown him the same smile and comforted him, he would’ve been able to stand up again for a short while. No, if she hadn’t broken up with him, she would’ve been a reason for him to fight reality.

But there was no such thing. Edgar collapsed. The one who gave him a chance was the Heaven and Earth Clan. The Heaven and Earth Clan looked at Edgar, who was active in the Rehabilitation Brothers, and suggested he join them.

Heaven and Earth was a large clan. The clan as a whole relied on economic logic. Heaven and Earth Clan members were paid and those in executive positions would be able to earn far more than before. So he joined the Heaven and Earth Clan. Thanks to his excellent performance, he was promoted to head of the Maillard branch.

“At that time, I tried to die but I didn’t die.”

Edgar muttered as he jumped forward. Robina stepped back quickly. But he had no intention of a one-on-one fight with her. He turned right away and headed towards a member of the Rehabilitation Brothers.

“I didn’t die and the pain made me stronger.”

He was Edgard, Maillard’s Heaven and Earth leader. The confused Robina fired an arrow, but the shield warriors were already blocking her arrows. They persisted pursued Robina. They had already heard all about her strength from Edgar, and used specialist techniques against her.

Once Robina was blocked, the rest was easy. When looking objectively, the Heaven and Earth members were far superior.

“Don’t kill as many as possible!”

Edgar shouted, “Use the Concrete method!”

The Concrete method, the act of imprisonment that users feared the most in Elder Lord, was declared. While originally prohibited for users, it was occasionally done in warfare between opposing clans.

People protested to Elder Saga Corporation but their answer was the same as always: User freedom!

“Hah, you’re going to use the Concrete method against us? Are you insane?” Robina shouted.

Edgar didn’t care.

“We are the Heaven and Earth Clan!”

The Heaven and Earth members shouted. The Rehabilitation Brothers started to be pushed. The Heaven and Earth members were strong because they didn’t act individually. It was a virtue that Edgar taught them.

Now the members of the Rehabilitation Brothers were captured one by one. The battle seemed like it would end with the Heaven and Earth Clan’s victory.

“I will rise up.”

He would toss off the illusion of the old lover haunting him and rise to a place much higher than Robina. He would succeed through Elder Lord. If he kept rising in the Heaven and Earth Clan, he would someday become a ranker.

At that moment, a voice could be heard in the distance, “I guess I should come out.”

It was a somewhat familiar voice.

Edgar turned his head. A huge orc was hiding awkwardly behind a rock. Next to him were two figures, a small gnome and a dark elf, who were watching the fight. Crockta and two unidentified people.

As Edgar made eye contact, the dark elf dropped the fried corn he was eating.

“Uwah, our eyes met...cough!”

“Don’t worry.” Crockta whispered to the dark elf. “Raise your head proudly as Crockta’s friend.”

Crockta glanced at Tiyo. Tiyo was already a proud person, so his neck was automatically stiff. How wonderful. It was enough if they stood shoulder to shoulder.

Crockta nodded and raised his body. It was the appearance of the superstar orc, who drove people to join an orc fan club.

“Are you Crockta?”

“Indeed...really manly...!”

The Heaven and Earth members stopped moving. The faces of the Rehabilitation Brothers being tied up by them brightened. The story that Crockta rehabilitation the three founders of the Rehabilitation Brothers had been passed down like a legend.

He hadn’t been seen since leaving the north, but now he showed up in Maillard. He was truly like the rumors.

A red headband that seemed to represent his strong will. Wild eyes and a large body covered in tattoos. In addition, the greatsword that was almost too big to be a sword, Ogre Slayer! The appearance of an orc warrior who would make people shrink back just looking at him.

This was the founder of the Rehabilitation Brothers.

“I really get to meet him...!”

“Get ready to be hit by Crockta!”

The atmosphere reversed once Crockta placed Ogre Slayer on his shoulders. The same was true for the Heaven and Earth members. They only saw Crockta in captivity, so they never faced him with his full pressure unleashed.

Now overwhelming pressure was pouring out from him.

“That...Crockta...!”

But Edgar didn't back down. He took one step forward and said, “You were once whining behind the steel bars, but act so brave now that you are outside.” Edgar mocked him in order to diminish Crockta's influence. “I will let you know the truth of this world, along with your rehabilitation friends. The Heaven and Earth Clan is unbeatable.”

Crockta grinned. He was an enemy, but Crockta liked this type of man. Crockta was focused on him but Edgar desperately endured the pressure. An average person legs would've already collapsed.

“Edgar,” Crockta called out to him in a soft voice. “You told me over a drink. A leader is a ‘castle’.”

Edgar's eyes trembled. Crockta was convinced. Edgar remembered what happened when he went on the drinking binge with Crockta.

“I remember all the words you said when drunk. At that time, we were friends. So I am warning you in advance.”

Crockta raised his greatsword. It was a big sword. The amount of blood that had covered it would be enough to make a sea.

“The Heaven and Earth Clan will soon perish.”

“.....!”

It was close to a declaration of war.

“I will get rid of it.”

Crockta remembered many of the ruins he saw on the broadcasted videos. The Heaven and Earth Clan. They spread war

and famine in Elder Lord. They were multiplying the pain in this room without knowing what they were doing.

Edgar shook his head. “You alone? Don’t make me laugh.”

At his signal, the Heaven and Earth members surrounded Crockta. The members of the Rehabilitation Brothers couldn’t fight anymore so they just watched the confrontation.

“You should discover yourself if it is funny or not.”

Crockta raised his greatsword. His opponents had moderately large numbers. But he was the warrior who slaughtered a large army in the north. In addition, he had reached the Hero realm beyond the Pinnacle. This much...

“Heaven and Earth!”

It was laughable.

“War!”

The Heaven and Earth members rushed forward while shouting. Crockta stood still and faced their assault. They weren’t a group of ragtag fighters. They were well trained soldiers in a formation that suited individuals as well as group roles. Indeed, it was understandable why the Rehabilitation Brothers had suffered one-sidedly. There weren’t many groups of users with such skills.

He saw Edgar heading towards him in the lead.

‘All I needed when I fell into hell was for her to hold my hand.’

His drunk face was overlaid on top.

‘But she kicked me out. I was too weak. It doesn’t matter. I will no longer care.’

He swung his sword. The woman called Robina didn’t know how valuable she had been to Edgar. There was no need to know. The past didn’t matter, only the fact that swords were pointed towards Crockta. In any case, Edgar was a man desperately living in the present.

In order to rise to the top!

“Great momentum!”

Crockta shouted. He didn't know why this guy was struggling against the world, but he liked it nevertheless.

“But it is still lacking! Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!” Crockta shouted and ran forward.

There were dozens of materials. Crockta was like a chariot as he wielded his greatsword. No one could stop him. Every time he waved his sword, users would be torn apart as their blood scattered every which way and as their bodies turned into white particles.

He looked beautiful.

“This... is Crockta.”

The members of the Rehabilitation Brothers watched him blankly. Crockta was surrounded by numerous enemies. Every time he wielded his greatsword, blood poured out and white particles filled the air.

Red and white scattered in every direction around him.

They started thinking. He really might end the Heaven and Earth Clan with his own hands.

“How is it?”

Now Crockta and Edgar were the only ones left. The rest had turned into white particles.

“.....”

Edgar couldn't say anything. Now matter how great the NPC was, he hadn't expected them to be so overwhelmed. There wasn't a drop of blood flowing from Crockta's body. He was fine, while Edgar's companions had been turned into white particles.

“...I admit defeat.” Edgar sighed.

The end. After this, he would be demoted. Gaining another opportunity wouldn't be easy. He wanted to execute Crockta, but everything was ruined by the dumb guard Lee Jungmin. No, maybe they couldn't afford to go against Crockta in the first place.

No.

Edgar had a hunch. The Heaven and Earth would disappear in the near future. He watched Crockta and couldn't think of a way to stop this orc. Would the top rankers and Choi Hansung of the Heaven and Earth Clan be able to stop this person?

"It was in vain." Edgar had barely grabbed the rope to climb up, only for it to be cut.

Crockta called out to him, "Edgar. I declared that I will destroy the Heaven and Earth Clan."

"....."

"Then what will you do?"

".....!"

He looked at Crockta. If this man really took down the Heaven and Earth Clan, the world of Elder Lord would be upset. No one thought that Crockta could eliminate the Heaven and Earth Clan alone, but he spoke like he knew the future.

Crockta grinned. "Edgar. On that day, you said that you'd treat me as a brother."

"I just..."

"My brother." Crockta came closer and whispered in his ears, "I will never turn away when you fall."

".....!"

"I will reach out to you."

Edgar's eyes trembled.

Crockta had listened when Edgar said what he wanted. Someone

who would stand with him even if he fell into hell. He wanted to hear that the person wouldn't turn away. If someone had said that to him, it wouldn't have been so painful. If someone had just held his hand.

Then he wouldn't have accepted the Heaven and Earth Clan's proposal.

"If I had met you sooner..."

Edgar closed his eyes. He didn't regret it then, but he was regretting it now.

Edgar said to Crockta, "Crockta."

"Um."

At that moment, Edgar pierced his own neck with his sword.

"What?"

Suicide. Blood flowed down his neck and he soon turned into a flurry of white particles. Edgar muttered something towards Crockta just before the connection was terminated.

Crockta watched carefully.

"It was a great victory Crockta dot." Tiyo said from behind him. But Crockta didn't move.

He thought about Edgar's last words. Edgar had spoken without any sound.

'Beware the Heaven and Earth Clan, Brother.'

Chapter 143 – Half-Time

Ian sat in the cafe and stared out the window. People were passing by. It was summer. People's clothing had become lighter. He was staring absentmindedly when he realized that someone was sitting across from him.

Ian spoke, "You came."

"What are you looking at? You didn't even know I was here."

"Just looking."

He shook his head and smiled at Ji Hayeon. She had a beauty that was hard to find, even in Elder Lord which had a wide range of customization options. So it was a good view.

"Is the lighting here okay?" She pointed to her face and grinned as the sunlight coming through the window made her face shine brightly. "This cafe is good. Oh my, what is this? Do you like mint chocolate? It tastes disgusting, really. You even operate a cafe."

"So don't have any."

"Still, mint chocolate. Eek. Do you usually drink this?"

Ian used a straw to suck up the mint chocolate frappuccino and said, "By the way, did you do what I asked?"

"Your change in topic is too blatant. But well, I understand." She pulled out some documents from her handbag. There wasn't a lot.

Ian's expression became subtle as he looked through the contents. There wasn't much information.

It was about Albino. There was an attempt to identify it. The Myeongsong Group tried an internal scan on Albino, but the surface was an unknown material and the insides didn't seem to have any connections, making it impossible to guess how it was assembled.

It was like something that fell from outer space. There was no

success so the Myeongsong left the research of Albino to Park Jujin. Apart from Albino, there was also the personal information of those involved.

The key was Yoo Jaehan.

“Yoo Jaehan is the creator of Albino. Originally, his interest wasn’t in this direction.”

“Interest?”

“He didn’t have an interest in games or computers. He was originally a physicist.”

“A physicist made the game?”

“Physicists are involved in game production, but it is rare for them to plan and produce their own game. No, there is no one who has done that. He was a genius so it didn’t seem strange.”

Ian looked at the photo on the piece of paper. A familiar face. There was a type of loneliness hidden in the eyes. It was a familiar look he had seen before. There were also personal details such as his personality and life.

Ian glanced at Ji Hayeon. She made eye contact with Ian and smiled. The attempt to look beautiful was successful, but Ian felt a strange sense of goose bumps.

[A misanthropic personality. He was religious as a youth, but devoted himself to the study of physics...(Omitted).]

Thus far, it was okay.

[Despite this, he had a lot of relationships with women. At the age of 23, he dated Kim Yina (22). They parted after 7 months. Yoo Jaehan was nonchalant. By the the end of the year, he started dating Yoko Yanagisawa (33), a university professor. The relationship was good for a while... During a one-year leave, he met the blonde Cabrina in San Francisco... (Omitted).]

[His eating habits vary greatly. He preferred a vegetarian style

diet when religious, but after showing misanthropic tendencies, he didn't care about his health and ate meat. Smoking and drinking as well. Fried eggs every morning...(Omitted).]

[He always has a habit of drinking apple juice when waking up in the morning. Thanks to that, he has good bowel habits. There is no constipation and minor diarrhea if he drinks caffeinated beverages...(Omitted).]

It was at the level of a stalker.

“How did you investigate all of this?”

“My core talent is in management. I have my ways.”

There was a time when excessive control of employees in the Myeongsong Group had become an issue. Ian said casually. “You don't have to investigate further.”

“Yes, it is already enough... Huh?”

Ji Hayeon's eyes opened wide at his words.

“You've clearly done enough so stop.”

“Ah, that...”

“I don't like people who lie.”

“That...” Ji Hayeon dropped her head. “Yes...”

Ji Hayeon twisted her fingers as she watched Ian. Ian smiled and turned to the next document.

“Gordon? Who is that?”

There was nothing unusual about him. The only thing recorded was that he used to be a follower of Yoo Jaehan and disappeared as well. Of course, Ian was familiar with the name, ‘Gordon’.

It was the man he met at Chesswood. The man who seemed to know the truth of Elder Lord. Ian headed to the Temple of the Fallen God and met the grey god because of him. Ian seemed to be related to him somehow, but he couldn't infer anything from the

information.

“Well, it is a common name.”

In the end, there were no results. However, there was a phrase at the end of the investigation into Yoo Jaehan.

[Due to his sharpened senses, this can't proceed any further.]

“What does that mean?”

“Exactly what it says. The investigator was hiding, but Yoo Jaehan kept on looking back while walking as if he was seeing a ghost. He found the follower and threatened him...”

“Since when?”

“Well...since he envisioned Albino and submitted the Elder Lord project.”

“Really?”

Ian knew the truth about Elder Lord so he found it hard to say anything else. In particular, the expression ‘sharpened senses’ grabbed his attention. The being that made this game was a mysterious existence called a god.

After passing into the world of Elder Lord, the players could strengthen their skills and physical abilities. Ian was able to detect a falling leaf in the distance when he was Crockta. As a being that affected reality, maybe that power was given to Yoo Jaehan. At that time, was Yoo Jaehan seeing the gray god?

“Are you going to keep sitting here?”

“Then?”

“Let's go to eat. You've already finished your mint chocolate. Ah right, is it tasty?” Ji Hayeon quickly spoke again before Ian could decline. “I'll tell you one more thing if you eat with me.”

“.....”

“It is really confidential but I can tell Oppa. It is okay if you don't

want to. It is a real secret.”

Ian nodded. “It is better if you originally gave me the confidential information.”

“Ah, wait a minute.”

“Let’s go.”

“Really? You will dine with me?”

“You don’t want to?”

“No!”

They got up from their seats, with Ji Hayeon following behind Ian as they both disappeared out of the cafe.

The secretary watching Ji Hayeon from afar smiled as he stood with the bodyguards.

“Young Lady, that expression...huhuhu, it is refreshing.”

He had been by her side for a long time, but she was never the same as other young people. In the first place, there was no opportunity to form close relationships due to the reputation of the Myeongsong Group.

She always looked sad. But now he finally witnessed her youth.

“However...” His eyes twitched. “The other person is that young man.”

When Ji Hayeon had been kidnapped in the past, a bloody wind had blown through the Myeongsong Group. At that time, anybody involved had been demoted or fired. Just as they thought there were no more methods, a confidential special forces unit from the United States ended the situation.

They contacted Chairman Ji Eunchul first. The United States demanded various interests and investments in return for saving Ji Hayeon. Ji Eunchul accepted the conditions on the premise that his beloved daughter Ji Hayeon was saved, and the situation ended

in less than a day.

The special forces unit trained soldiers from different countries and sent them to the most dangerous places. It was a secret unit hidden under the highest level of security, where the failure of a mission wouldn't even be acknowledged.

It was them. Among this group, there was a notorious young man known as Raven. His every action would be like a gore movie.

“How interesting.”

The secretary already obtained enough information about Raven, no, Jung Ian. Jung Ian was plunged into a firing line for his sister and his heart wasn't bad. An interesting young man.

The secretary spoke into his phone, “Yes. It's me. Deliver the instructions.”

Of course, his work was to protect Ji Hayeon. He must not allow anything risky around her. The secretary's eyes shone fiercely.

Jung Ian.

“The Young Lady is going to eat. It seems like a normal Korean restaurant. You know that she doesn't like fish, right? Warn the chef about all the usual things and if he interrupts even a little bit, he will die. Prepare all the dishes with the utmost care. Book out all the rooms next to them so that they are empty. Add mint chocolate to the desserts. It seems like the other person's favorite.”

Young Lady, good luck!

Ian aimed the muzzle. He adjusted the scale. He slowed down his breathing. His whole body stilled as he pulled the trigger lightly, like a drop of water falling on a lake. Just like ripples on a tranquil lake, it pierced the center of the goal.

His fingertips shook.

Tung!

The BB bullet flew and hit the doll.

Bidul!

But it wasn't strong enough as the doll sprang back up. This was the 'magic goblin' doll that attracted the attention of the people. It was featured in Elder Lord broadcasts and received attention because of its unique actions.

Ian continued to fail to hunt it.

"I thought you were good at shooting guns." Yiyu said from beside him. "It is very disappointing."

"....."

Ian wanted to plead that the doll's actions were abnormal, but he remained silent. He didn't like excuses. He would just attack until he succeeded. He aimed the BB gun at the lower body of the doll, where it was in contact with the floor. He continued shooting the same area. The magic goblin doll shook with every BB bullet until it eventually crashed to the ground.

".....!"

The look of the owner of the magic goblin doll changed.

"This is pretty good." Ian said with a grin. The owner looked between Ian and the doll before handing them the doll.

His expression was still disbelieving as he asked, "How did you do it?"

He didn't try to hide it now. Ian replied.

"One point shooting!"

A strategy that focused on one point. The owner nodded with admiration.

"Indeed!"

Ian laughed. Then they leisurely left the firing range with the magic goblin doll. They blended into the crowds on the street.

“What, aren’t you going to give it to me?” Yiyu asked.

“Why should I give it?”

“Didn’t you play to give it to me?”

“No.”

“Wow.”

Yiyu hit Ian’s arm. Ian laughed and gave up the magic goblin doll. It was moderately large so Yiyu had to widen her arms to hug it. She took pleasure in pulling the ear of the goblin doll.

“What did you talk about earlier?” Yiyu asked.

“What?”

“Didn’t you eat with that pretty Unni?”

“Ahh.”

Ian recalled it. The information she gave him at the dinner table was truly unexpected. It wasn’t about Albino or Yoo Jaehan. It was a rumor about drugs and illegal capsules.

The skills in Elder Lord were basically determined by assimilation rate. Therefore, various methods of increasing the assimilation had been studied, as well as ways of immersing the user directly into the game.

One of them was drugs. Using drugs, the user’s body was put into a dormant state while the consciousness remained. Their minds left their flesh and they could connect more strongly to the world of Elder Lord.

In other words, the assimilation rate was much higher than ordinary users. But understandably, it was illegal. There were side effects and risks.

However, Elder Saga Corporation reported that some users were taking advantage of the drug to benefit from Elder Lord. In order

to do this, the capsules were illegally modified to provide nutrients so that the user's body wouldn't die. The users would live in Elder Lord without having to break free.

The assimilation rate naturally increased and they could become high-level users, but it wasn't known what side effects would occur from the continuous medication.

"Why would they go so far?" Ian asked, causing Ji Hayeon to reply with a smile.

"Money is at stake."

Ian was forced to shut his mouth. He also plunged onto the battlefield for the sake of money.

No exact evidence had been found, but the Myeongsong Group was working directly with the government to investigate. In particular, it was said that there were bad people who forced users to sign a loan contract, with the user's mind being stuck in Elder Lord until the loan was collected.

"Oppa, don't you play Elder Lord as well? Please be careful. Don't fall too far."

"Oppa?" Yiyu called out to him.

"Huh?"

"What are you thinking about? Are you thinking about that Unni?"

"That's right, but why does Yiyu care?"

"Hrm."

Ian shook my head. It wasn't the time to be thinking about this. It had been a while since he spent time with his sister, so he should focus on her.

"Look." Yiyu grabbed Ian's hand and pointed to the screen.

“Ah, that?”

“What do you think?”

“Of course...”

A recent hot topic video was being played. Ian was familiar and unfamiliar with the star.

White Knight Andre.

–As a defender of justice, I would like to make an important announcement today.

He looked into the screen and laughed.

–I declare that ‘Crockta’ is an enemy using the mask of justice to disturb the world of Elder Lord.

There were dead bandits behind Andre. He pointed behind him.

–From today onwards, I will immediately begin hunting him.

He lifted his long sword.

–This sword will make the decision. I will no longer let ladies shake because of the scary orc.

It was the video Andre recently uploaded where he declared war against Crockta. Due to this, the Elder Lord community was once again divided.

A man passing by Ian and Yiyu muttered, “Crazy bastard.”

Then the girl following him exclaimed, “So cool.”

There were conflicting reactions. Ian suddenly met Yiyu’s eyes. They shrugged and turned around simultaneously. Then they said at the same time.

“Crazy bastard.”

“So cool.”

Chapter 144 – Dirty South (1)

Crockta gave a warm farewell to Maillard and the Rehabilitation Brothers.

Edgar had committed suicide and disconnected, but there was no news about him showing up in Maillard again. Other Heaven and Earth members gradually reappeared but Edgar never showed up.

According to Robina, while he hadn't been an excellent user, his skills grew quickly after he entered the Heaven and Earth Clan.

The words that Ji Hayeon said to him earlier popped into his head. There were people who used illegally modified capsules and drugs to increase the assimilation rate and gain profits. The awakening of the drugged person would also usually depend on the contract.

Edgar might be in such a situation. But Crockta had no way to get in touch with him and had to leave Maillard.

It was the true south now.

“Thanks to Crockta, I was treated well.” Anor laughed.

“You are quite good dot. You are so popular in Maillard... of course, I am very popular in Quantas dot.”

Crockta was an icon for the users, so the accompanying Anor and Tiyo were treated very well.

“I miss the caruks.”

“When the time comes, we will see them again dot.”

It was possible to move faster by taking horses instead of caruks. The caruks were left to the Rehabilitation Brothers. The caruks, who had great advantages in the desert area, weren't useful in the continent. In the Rehabilitation Brothers, they were taken care of as ‘Crockta's mount.’

“This is the first time I am going to the south dot.”

“How come?”

“It is the land of humans.”

There are many humans in the south. The northwest of the continent was a harsh place where orcs and creatures lived, while the northeast was the land of the elves, dark elves and gnomes. The south of the continent was where humans lived together.

It was the most populated, fiercest and disruptive land, the south. In particular, the center of the continent contained many species due to its geographic location, meaning there were occasional fights among species.

They had to pass through it to arrive in the south. Tiyo wanted to meet his father Hedor while Crockta was trying to completely eliminate the remnants of the Thawing Balhae Clan, who had joined the Heaven and Earth Clan.

And Anor had no thoughts. “What does the food in the south taste like? Won’t there be an abundance of hot and fat foods? Many fruits as well. Hahaha.” He chuckled from aboard his horse. “Look. There are many new creatures on the continent!”

Anor stretched out his hand and bones started to rise. It was a strange bipedal creature.

“Lay it down again dot!”

“Why? The bones are fresh as it just died.”

“It is unsightly dot.”

“This is discrimination. Tiyo will be like this when you die.”

“.....”

Tiyo fired General at the bones. The bones were smashed to pieces.

“Ah! My bones!”

“The dead have no words.”

“Too much...”

Crockta smiled as he watched them, but he soon fixed his expression. He started to feel something from the forest they were riding through. There were presences moving here and there simultaneously. The movements were too sudden for them to be people passing by.

As they rode along the path, the video of White Knight Andre, no Baek Hanho popped into his head. He annihilated all the bandits and declared war against Crockta.

That’s right. Bandits!

“It is started once again. Kulkul.” Crockta laughed as he turned to Tiyo and Anor. “Shall we take a break?”

“That’s right. IT has been a while. I want to rest. Isn’t it hard?” Anor replied while patting his horse’s mane.

Tiyo smiled at Crockta. “I don’t think I should sweat before resting dot.”

“If you sweat from this then you are weak.”

“I won’t sweat dot.”

At that moment, Tiyo twisted his body and fired General. A bandit hiding behind a tree was hit by General and flew in the air. He bumped into another tree and fell to the ground with a groan.

“Bandits can only make me sweat a little around my eyes dot!”

Tiyo had already noticed the approach of the bandits.

“Cover everything!”

At Tiyo’s attack, the bandits jumped out and rushed towards them. Anor, who had no idea what was going on, screamed and hid behind Crockta and Tiyo.

“They are gnats dot.”

Crockta got off his horse while Tiyo showed brilliant

marksmanship while holding the reins of his horse.

“Iyat! Iyat! Kiyoooh!”

Chong! Chong! Chong! Tiyo’s magic bullets accurately knocked down the bandits approaching.

Crockta also wielded his greatsword. However, he hesitated and didn’t attack anymore.

“.....!”

The enemies’ weapons were terrible. Some of them were stepping awkwardly while holding farm equipment. Some held swords or spears, but their eyes were terrified.

The man in the front exclaimed. “I-I-If you leave what you have, w-we won’t kill you!”

It was a pathetic voice. He realized they weren’t a match after seeing their companions knocked down because of Tiyo, but he spoke the threat because there was no room to back off.

“I only have this.” Crockta pointed his greatsword.

There was no need to fight. Tiyo also stopped firing General.

“What dot? Sorry I hit you dot.”

“These bandits have no killing intent. They are bandits but...”

As the clouds moved, bright sunshine fell in the forest. The shadows of the forest were removed, revealing Crockta’s form.

The bandits were stunned. A huge size and rugged face. The fearsome greatsword. The opponent was much more vicious than they imagined. Crockta looked at them without saying anything. The bandits stepped back at his gaze. The tattoos covering the body and the terrible belt at his waist made him seem like a demon.

The person in the lead bowed first.

“W-We’re really sorry!”

The other bandits identified the situation and also bowed while begging for mercy.

“We’re sorry!”

“Spare us!”

“It is hard to eat and live!”

Bowing to the overwhelming enemy!

Tiyo hit Crockta’s waist. “Smile a bit dot.”

“.....”

Tiyo had a point. He didn’t look so scary when smiling. A nasty person wouldn’t smile.

Crockta smiled at them and said. “Stand up.”

The reaction was explosive.

“Hiik! We’re sorry! Spare us!”

“My wife and children are waiting for me!”

“Sir Orc! Mercy!”

Crockta glanced at Tiyo. He shrugged and immediately changed his words.

“You should’ve left it as before. Look the way you want dot.”

“.....”

Anor came forward and helped them up. “Phew. Stand up. This person looks like a serial killer but he isn’t bad. Stand up. It’s okay.”

He was wearing a dark robe, but as soon as the dark elf Anor appeared, they started to recover.

“Pff. Anyway, life is unfair dot. Pffft.”

Tiyo giggled.

Crockta muttered, “...Kid.”

“W-What did you say dot?! Say it to me!”

“I didn’t say anything.”

“Don’t lie dot! You called me a kid dot!”

“You heard wrong.”

“Eek!”

Tiyo jumped and clung to Crockta. He tried to place Crockta in a headlock, but he just looked like a child hanging on.

“What are you doing now? These kids.” Anor muttered as he stared at them. “Is this the right time?”

“T-Then?”

“Listen to these people’s stories! Go and talk to them!”

“Um...”

There weren’t many bandits in this area, which was the north of the continent. It was so peaceful that people hardly ever turned to the criminal path. But this happened as soon as they headed south. The south might be different from the continent that they had experienced.

“I’ll do that.”

Crockta completely recognized Elder Lord as a real world. In the world of Elder Lord, he had power. In other words, a Hero. With great power comes great responsibility, so he wanted to help people who were in need. He should find out their circumstances.

The bandits’ eyes widened.

They were residents of a small village in the forest. They didn’t have much, but it was still a life of freedom. Then one day, an existence appeared that took all of that away from them.

Knights.

“They told us to follow the Emperor.”

“Emperor?”

“Yes.” One bandit said. He was their leader called Hans. “As you know, there is no emperor on the continent. It is an unwritten rule. The advent of an emperor had always led to the persecution of other species.”

“But someone is calling himself an emperor?”

“Yes. The knights are gathering villagers and farmers like us under the emperor’s name. They speak nice words but we will be serfs. It is no different from slavery. So we refused.”

Once they refused, the knights turned like they had been waiting and devastated the village. Anyone who rebelled was killed. In the end, they had nothing left and become bandits attacking adventurers and merchants in order to survive. However, their combat power was weak so they were often defeated.

“It is our fault but our children are starving...sorry.”

“You don’t need to apologize.”

Crockta’s group reached their home. The elderly, women, and children poked their heads out from tents in the forest. They looked frightened at the sudden appearance of a heinous orc.

“Umm...”

All of them were starving and their ribs poked out from underneath their skin. In particular, the children’s conditions were serious.

Hans sighed, “We are eating fruit in the forest and hunting, but...”

Tiyo clicked his tongue.

“What are these knights doing dot? The emperor of where?”

“The king of Esperanza.”

“The king had a change of heart...”

In the case of orcs, each city was operated independently. The elves were similar to orcs, but they were weakly connected by the world tree. Gnomes regularly voted for their representative.

In the case of humans, there were royalty and nobles. However, the king's power wasn't strong and he was mainly regarded as a symbolic entity representing the nobles. Something seemed to have changed.

The advent of an emperor would shake the entire continent.

“It is unknown if the other species know about this.”

“If he does this, they will probably find out dot. But this is serious dot.”

Anor's ears pricked, “The emperor...is he like the orc's great chieftain?”

“Yes dot.”

“Then do we have to worry? Don't we have the great chieftain here?”

“Ah! That's right dot! The great chieftain...oof!”

Tiyo and Anor tried to tease Crockta again. Crockta quickly blocked their mouths and said, “Anyway, this is a pitiful situation...I want to help.”

“How dot?”

“This much...”

Crockta looked at the residents. There weren't many of them because they were originally a village. The Rehabilitation Brothers could afford this number. Besides, the Rehabilitation Brothers were formed for the purpose of helping others. They would also listen if Crockta asked them to do it.

Crockta told them, “Go to Maillard.”

“Huh? Maillard?” Hans questioned. He became even more polite after hearing the name Crockta.

“There are people in Maillard who will help you out.”

“Do you mean us?” Who...?”

“My friends are known as the Rehabilitation Brothers.”

“Rehabilitation Brothers?”

Hans was dubious. “But Maillard isn’t close. It won’t be easy to reach there...”

They had to worry about the daily meals. Crockta shook his head as if telling them not to worry.

“Here.”

Crockta pulled out some gold coins. He had become a top ranked player while playing the game and could afford at least this much.

“This...!”

Han’s eyes widened. For ordinary people, gold coins were worth a huge amount of money. Crockta pulled out several, not just one, and placed them in Hans’ hands.

“Why is this...?”

He didn’t put away the gold coins on his palm as he stared blankly at Crockta. Crockta scratched his nose and shrugged.

“A warrior shouldn’t turn a blind eye to those in distress.”

“.....!”

“Just take it. The gold coins are just shining stones to me. I can spare a few stones if it saves you from starving!”

Hans was thrilled. “Ahh...please forgive me for taking this. Crockta!”

“Don’t do that.”

“I wouldn’t be willing if it wasn’t for the children! Thank you!”

Crockta raised him up. As the two were talking, the villagers started to falter.

Tiyo was the first one to notice.

“.....?”

Tiyo suddenly felt horseshoes approaching. The village residents were terrified when they looked to one side. He followed their gaze to see a group of humans. The humans were mounted and in full-body armor. They held lances and swords.

Knights.

“Now, are you willing to follow the emperor?”

Chapter 145 – Dirty South (2)

The appearance of the knights in the iron armor was imposing. It was hard to see so many fully armed people in the land of other tribes. They never bowed their heads. They were arrogant people who looked down at the villagers like they were dirty from their horses.

“His Majesty is merciful. You have another chance.”

The villagers recalled the past and shivered with fear. As nobody answered, a knight came forward and pulled out his sword. The sunlight falling through the dense trees reflected off the blade, causing a dazzling flash.

“All you dumb people! Answer!”

The villagers were hesitant and resigned. Their eyes were focused on the blades of the knights.

These swords. Their homes had been trampled and the family was killed by these swords. They would be forced by those swords to follow the emperor. The obvious way was to follow the emperor. In the end, they would become serfs and sacrifice their lives. No, the emperor would recruit them for a war that they didn't want to participate in.

The emperor was such a person.

“.....!”

Hans shook from behind Crockta's back. He took deep breaths. He held the gold coins he received from Crockta, hesitated for a moment before grasping Crockta's hand. Crockta accepted his hasty gesture.

Hans whispered. “Run away!”

“.....”

He headed towards the knights without looking back. He was the

representative of this place.

“I will be happy to answer. Sir Knight.”

He bowed his head in front of the knights. The knight's blade descended towards Hans' head.

“Go ahead.”

“We are...”

“Before you say it...” The knight interrupted Hans' words and laughed. “Look at the people around you and think about it.”

Hans closed his mouth and looked back. The eyes of all the villagers were facing him. The wrinkled eyes of the elderly, the nervous faces of the youths, the frightened women and the infants sleeping without knowing anything.

Hans closed his eyes, took a deep breath and spoke again. “I live in a small village and don't know anything about the world, like you knights...”

The blade fell to the top of his head. Hans stopped breathing.

“...After the knights came, we moved to the forest to become bandits. We tried to hunt and fight, but were often defeated.”

“You speak too much.”

“...We are just normal people. If the knights point swords at us then we can only follow. It is better than dying. But that is what I'm saying.”

Hans raised his head. The sun reflected off the helmet but he stared directly at knight's face. It was the face of a young man. Hans spoke.

“We also know what the Emperor is like. We aren't people who fit your world. Can't you just let us go?”

There was an earnest appeal in Hans' eyes. The knight nodded. “I see. I heard it well.”

Hans bowed his head again. The knights glanced at each other. After a short exchange of opinions, the knight opened his mouth.

“People not from His Majesty’s world...” The knights pulled out their swords. “Then you should go to a world that suits you.”

The village residents shrieked. The first target was Hans. The sword descended towards him.

Kakang!

Then there was the sound of weapons hitting each other.

“.....!”

The knight was stunned. Something was blocking him. It was a gigantic greatsword that couldn’t be lifted even if he tried.

“Bul’tar. You don’t deserve the name of a knight.”

The ferocious orc moved the greatsword and the knight staggered. He was strangely covered in tattoos. His body emitted a terrifying killing intent.

“Who are you?”

The knights were hesitant. They instinctively felt that this orc wasn’t easy. Crockta pushed the puzzled Hans back before firmly replying, “My name is Crockta.”

“.....!”

Crockta, a name they had heard somewhere before. It was a name that all the gods whispered in the temples. A northern hero who conquered the north and stopped the great chieftain.

Northern Conqueror. But the only thing known about him was the name Crockta and that he was an orc. It was hard to believe that he was Crockta.

The knights snorted, “Where did you hear that?”

They thought that he was just borrowing the name of Crockta. Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder and declared, “If

you are really a knight, there should be oaths that you made when you became one.”

Chivalry wasn't that different in the world of Elder Lord. They pledged to defend the knight's oath. It wasn't that different from the warriors' law that Crockta received.

“Do you remember?”

The knights' faces distorted. “What Crockta nonsense? Garbage orc bastard. Everyone attack!”

“Yes!” They shouted as the horses started running.

At that moment, Crockta roared and kicked off from the ground.

“Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrr————!”

A shout like thunder! At the same time, Crockta's energy exploded. The horses were shocked and turned like something was blocking the front.

“Whoa! Whoa!”

“What is going on?”

The knight in the lead called out. The orc looked like a giant, no huge monster in front of the horses. He was actually like that. His killing intent shot into the sky.

The knights started sweating. The horse's eye level was much higher, but it seemed like the orc was looking down at them from a huge height. The greatsword seemed like it could break a mountain. The pressure was huge.

Was this orc really that person? The orc Crockta, who killed the great chieftain and conquered the north alone! Did he come to the south after leaving the north?

“Tell me.” Crockta gazed at them with fierce eyes. “What was your oath?”

“.....!”

The illusion of a giant orc crushed them.

“Did you swear to persecute the weak? Is that the type of knight you are?”

“Something like this...!”

“Or did you want to swear an oath now?”

Crockta’s killing intent tied up their bodies. A knight feared the crisis and aimed his sword at Crockta.

“Shut upppp!”

His body filled with strength. He wasn’t an ordinary soldier. At the end of hard training, he was a man who received the title of a knight. The knight who was after Crockta’s life laughed wildly and got off his horse.

“Chivalry? Puhahat, what nonsense.”

He realized that he shouldn’t rely on horses to deal with this orc. The horse was unable to charge because of the opponent’s fierce killing intent. He could feel that his horse was shivering.

“Everyone get off your horses and deal with this orc. He is someone who can’t be ignored.”

Crockta was calm. He was familiar with one-to-many fights. The knights started to surround Crockta.

“Chivalry? An orc shouldn’t say something so funny. But I will give an answer.” The knight talking to Crockta laughed. They were knights. No matter how strong this orc was, he would never be able to win against so many knights.

He shouted, “I said to protect the weak, fight injustice and do justice. But what good is that? Anyway, strength is the only thing that matters in this world. You will die today! Kuhahat!”

The blades of many knights headed to Crockta.

“The emperor is more important to us than the oath! For His

Majesty!”

“For His Majesty!”

The knights aimed for Crockta. It was a forest of swords with no place to avoid.

Ogre Slayer moved.

“You forgot your shame and are speaking so unabashedly.”

Kang!

Kang!

Kang kang kang kang kang!

Kaaaang!

At that moment, Ogre Slayer hit dozens of blades at the same time. The swords of the knights bounced back. The knights retreated from the tremendous shock. They couldn’t comprehend the situation.

What just happened? Only one sword had blocked their swords at the same time. The attacks were all from different angles. But the sword had met dozens of blades at once.

Crockta opened his mouth. “Destroy the covenant.”

“What?”

“The burden on your back!” Crockta lowered his posture. His lower body contracted. “It will be the cause of your death.”

Crockta exploded forward. The knights raised their swords but Ogre Slayer penetrated through the gap. The broken bodies and blades flew through the air. A fountain of blood followed. Crockta laughed as his sword pierced a stomach. “If you wonder why the emperor will die, this is your answer.”

“.....!”

The knights’ morale was broken after suffering from his explosive strikes. The formation was broken. Crockta didn’t miss

this chance as he dug into the knights' encirclement and broke it further.

“Kuaaaak!”

“Aaaah!”

Terrible screams were heard. The horses were watching their masters be slaughtered with frightened eyes. The sight of blood spouting and the greatsword separating the body was reflected in their big eyes.

Ogre Slayer sank into the belly of a knight who resisted. The situation was over. The knights were scattered all over the place, making it impossible to tell which body and head went together.

Crockta kicked a head at his feet while walking towards the one remaining knight. The knight fell to the ground and shivered while moving backward.

““M-Monster...!”

“Monster?” Crockta kicked him. The knight fell back on the ground. “You are the monster.”

“.....!”

“It isn't just here. How many villages did you destroy?”

When he didn't answer, Crockta placed the greatsword against his neck. The knight hurriedly opened his mouth.

“W-We didn't kill everything. According to orders, we didn't kill...”

“So how many did you kill?”

“.....”

The knight moved his mouth but couldn't speak.

“Ohh...” He suddenly fell face-down in the dirt. “P-Please spare me.”

He spoke as his forehead touched the floor. It was a subservient

appearance.

“It can’t be helped since I just followed the emperor. Please spare me. I worked my whole life to become a knight. My dream just barely came true so I can’t die like this...please forgive me once!”

“.....”

Crockta couldn’t answer. The knight became still but slowly looked up when there was no answer.

“...Ah?”

But the greatsword was right before his nose. The greatsword moved.

Kwajik!

“Kuaaaaak!”

The knight’s right hand was severed. The severed limb rolled across the ground. The bleeding continued. Crockta tore clothing from a dead knight’s body and threw it at him.

“Tell the one you call the emperor.”

The knight covered his wrist with the cloth before wriggling to retrieve the hand that had been cut off. If he went quickly then he could reattach it. Crockta kicked the severed hand away. The knight felt despair.

“I am Crockta, the one who killed the crazy chieftain. He who has killed innocents and cast the world into darkness for his own sake.”

Crockta grabbed the knight’s neck and raised him. Then he placed the knight on top of a horse. The horse trembled lightly. Crockta whispered in the ear of the knight.

“Let the emperor know that his fate can be the same.”

Crockta’s party left Hans’ village. After witnessing Crockta’s

ruthlessness, Hans and the villagers worshiped Crockta like he was a god. Crockta gave them money and sent them to the Rehabilitation Brothers in Maillard. He wrote a letter asking them to be looked after.

Hans and the villagers bowed in thanks before leaving immediately. It was because the emperor might dispatch more men if they stayed there. Maillard, the area of the elves, was beyond the emperor's touch.

“The south is a little strange dot.” Tiyo said.

They were now riding the horses that used to belong to the knights. After seeing their masters die because of Crockta, the horses started following them in earnest. The rest of the horses were given to the villagers.

“Humans are the strange ones.”

It seemed like hierarchy still remained in the southern part of the continent.

“Even so dot... Look, isn't that strange dot?”

Tiyo pointed in front of him. Crockta looked forward. Then he slowly opened his mouth.

“What is that?”

“I don't know dot.”

“Isn't it a knight?”

“What are you saying dot?”

As Anor said, it was a knight. But it was different from the knights they met before.

“Help me! I am a knight! Save me!”

Someone was running on all fours. And there were bandits chasing him.

“You can't run away! Give us everything you have, Knight!”

“Nooooooooo!”

The knight’s eyes shone as he saw Crockta. Then he started to run towards them.

“Orc Brother! Hey, Orc Brother! I am a knight so can you help me? Orc Brother!”

“Crazy!”

Chapter 146 – Dirty South (3)

The questionable knight headed towards Crockta.

“.....!”

The bandits and Crockta’s party faced each other with the knight in the middle.

“The south is truly strange dot. Knights attacking bandits, and this time the knight is being chased dot.”

“Gnome Brother! Save me!”

“Who is your brother dot?”

The bandits flinched as they saw Crockta’s ugly face. The leader looked behind him. Bandits were still rushing over. Once there were enough of them, the bandits looked at Crockta with confidence.

“Orc and Gnome! Give that knight to us!”

They raised their weapons as the leader spoke with a threatening manner and voice. They were different from the villagers, as they looked like real bandits.

“Tell me what is your relationship to each other.”

“Tell you?” The bandits burst out laughing. “The orc isn’t scared! He dares to speak to me, the Mountain King Nodun!”

The bandits behind him also laughed.

“Hey! Knight! Both that orc and gnome are going to die because of you!”

“You aren’t a knight but a grim reaper! Kelkelkel!”

“Get along well! Kekeke!”

The bandits taunted the knight’s as tears welled up in his eyes.

“Orc Brother, you have a big sword so please lend me your

strength...”

However, the knight seemed to become desperate as he saw that the number of bandits kept on increasing. The number of followers of the self-proclaimed Mountain King Nodun continued to grow, and there now seemed to be several dozens. Unlike the other bandits, they were equipped with proper weapons and armor. Archers were aiming bows at them from the rear.

Real bandits. While Crockta could easily handle them, they were at a level that couldn't be matched by an ordinary warrior.

The knight frowned before bowing his head and sighing. “Hoo. It is only up to here. It is a shame.”

The knight raised his head. He grabbed the long sword hanging from his waist. He placed the handle and guard section in front of his forehead and whispered.

“The Alaste Knights live without regrets and die while laughing.”

The trembling voice slowly calmed down. He looked at Crockta and said, “Orc Brother, I'm sorry. Run away.”

“What about you?”

“Out of fear for my life, I have shamefully placed you in danger. I will endure as long as possible. I apologize for the inconvenience.”

He stepped forward and took a stance. Mountain King Nodun laughed and raised his axe in response. “Now you want to come out and pretend to be a hero?”

“Do I look like a hero?” The knight rushed forward. “I am an ordinary knight, bastards!”

It wasn't seen when he was running away, but his movements when charging into battle were quite good. There was no contest if he was fighting Nodun one-on-one. The knight pierced through any gaps with brilliant movements and predictions as he aimed at Nodun.

Nodun faced the knight with his axe but he eventually retreated. The difference in skill was remarkable. Nodun immediately called for his fellow bandits.

“Guys! Catch this guy!”

“Yes!”

“Let’s go!”

The bandits stampeded forward. The knight stepped back as if he expected it and cut the person who approached him first before shouting, “I am Knight Vigo of Alaste!”

The knight was remarkably brave when dealing with the bandits alone.

He gave Crockta a good impression. “That guy is different from the fake knights.”

Suddenly, the axe of a bandit aimed towards Vigo’s back. A crisis situation! At that moment, a light flashed.

Puoong!

Tiyo’s magic bullet pierced through the air and hit the bandit. The bandit flew in the air. Tiyo’s artifact, General, was gradually becoming more destructive.

“Go Crockta, dot!”

“Bul’tar!”

Crockta got off his horse and joined the battlefield. He grabbed Vigo’s collar and threw him back, dealing with the bandits alone. Every time his greatsword swung, the enemies would be broken down. It was an overwhelming force, like a lion among sheep. No one could stop Crockta.

“W-What is this guy?” Nodun stepped back and ordered the archers to shoot.

“O-Our companions are there!”

“Shut up! Just shoot!”

“Yes, yep!”

The arrows fired without caring about the bandits hit as well. Crockta stopped the arrows with his greatsword.

“Ack!”

“...Cough!”

“Keooooook!”

The arrows just ended up reducing the people on the same side. The bandits hit by the arrows stared incredulously before dying. The pupils filled with grudges stared at Nodun.

“Uhhh...shit.” Nodun gritted his teeth and shouted, “Monster! Run away!”

“Retreat!”

“Retreat!”

The bandits started to run away. The speed at which they escaped was fast.

Crockta watched them and shrugged. “It isn’t worth chasing them.”

He smiled and turned around.

“Oh my god....!” Vigo’s eyes were shaken after witnessing the dance.

It was a short fight but it was enough to guess the orc’s level. Only a few knights were able to overcome such a huge difference in numbers. A one-sided slaughter was even rarer. Only a handful of knights, called masters, were capable of it.

The master knights all led a unit and were coveted talents in every city, the most important power. In addition, the orc’s skills seemed to be beyond a master. Maybe he was a grandmaster.

Grandmaster! A true legend that transcended a master! There

was only one grandmaster in Alaste, where he came from.

Vigo was thrilled as he rushed up to Crockta.

“Orc Brother!

He hugged Crockta and shook his body to the left and right. It seemed like he was trying to lift Crockta, but Crockta was too heavy.

“I’m so lucky to meet Brother! Orc Brother! What is your name?”
I’ll be your brother from now on! I love you!”

“.....”

Crockta couldn’t tell if this knight was good or shameless. Then the watching Tiyo came over.

“Kiiyok!”

“Keok!”

“What Crockta Brother dot? I am the one who saved your life, Tiyo from Quantas dot!”

“Ah, Gnome Brother. Hahahat! Brother! Vigo greets you!” He smiled and bowed deeply. “I am Knight Vigo of Alaste! It’s an honor to meet you today! Hahahahat!”

“We didn’t allow you to...”

“Crockta Brother! Tiyo Brother! Hahahat!” Then Vigo discovered the hiding Anor. “Hey! Are you their follower?”

“Huh?”

“I’m asking if you are their follower! A thin fellow like you...”

“Why is a bastard like you trying to convert me to a follower?”

“W-What...”

“You fuc...oof! Don’t stop me...this bas...oof oof!”

Crockta blocked his mouth. “This is Anor, a companion.”

Vigo nodded as he ignored Anor who kept trying to curse. “Ah...

yes...Anor...Brother?”

“Be careful of his swearing.”

“I-I will be careful.”

“What type of scavenger...oof!”

Thus, they defeated the bandits and met a knight of Alaste.

Vigo stood up and shouted. “Brothers! Be Alaste’s strength!”

“.....!”

Vigo’s drunk voice resounded loudly in the pub. The eyes of those drinking gathered on him. Vigo noticed and carefully sat down. The eyes of the drunkards weren’t good.

“What, an Alaste bastard?”

“Get out of our neighborhood!”

“They will be crushed and will fall.”

The men occupying another table cried out. This was a kingdom of humans. After going south from Maillard, there was a wide forest and after that, they would see a human city. Other species were about to enter, but like Orcrox and Maillard, the humans were dominant and the rulers were also human. This was the first checkpoint city, ‘Reynolds’.

“What is a bastard from Alaste doing in Reynolds?”

“Be patient, patient.”

“Hey, my mood is bad now.”

They stared at Vigo with threatening eyes.

“Beat up that Alaste bastard.”

Vigo’s eyebrows twitched. He couldn’t endure the insults. At that moment, the door opened.

“.....!”

Everyone's breathing stopped.

An orc. As soon as the door opened and the horrible face entered the pub, all drunkards regained their spirits. It wasn't a hangover remover. The pub became quiet as the large body with menacing tattoos and the greatsword entered the room.

Orcs rarely appeared in the south. In addition, it was rare to see such a vicious looking orc among the orcs. The orc looked around the pub with fierce eyes before sitting down at a table. It was the table with the person from Alaste.

"Crockta, you came dot."

"Um. You are late."

Crockta had stopped by the blacksmith to repair Ogre Slayer. A lot of blood covered it so it needed to be checked.

"But why do they call you a bastard from Alaste? They use that phrase for you dot."

"Alaste?" Crockta looked around the eerily quiet pub. "It is quiet."

There were no more voices mocking Alaste. Those who made the threatening remarks were now quietly sipping alcohol while staring at their table. After the silence caused by Crockta, Vigo shouted, "Hooray, Alaste!"

"....."

Alaste was unique in the human territory because it was a city that declared itself completely neutral. In other words, it wasn't under the reign of the king. It hadn't been a problem when the king's existence was just a symbol, but now it was a huge problem when the king declared himself an emperor. He demanded Alaste's submission. The king's policy had changed.

"The kingdom will soon become an empire. This isn't just our problem. It is a continent-wide problem."

“Hrmm.”

The great chieftain in the north, and an emperor in the south. Crazy people kept appearing.

“The world is becoming ridiculous.”

“That’s right. It is ridiculous.” Vigo lowered his voice as he said, “In fact, I think the guy called the Mountain King was chasing after me because of the emperor.”

“What do you mean?”

“He and his men suddenly appeared and occupied the area. They only attack people traveling to Alaste. So I was dispatched for reconnaissance, but my companion was caught.”

“Your companion?”

“My companion...” Vigo paused. “My companion is... a brave Alaste knight who is now gone.”

“I’m sorry. It is a shame.”

“...No. Anyway, those bandits use axes but their movements are definitely trained. In particular, they use the swordsmanship of the kingdom. It is obvious. It doesn’t make sense that those guys are just bandits. They must be soldiers assigned here.”

Vigo thought that the kingdom deliberately created bandits in order to harass Alaste.

“Alaste’s future is dark, but I saw hope today, brother!”

“.....”

“Help Alaste!”

Crockta looked at Tiyo, who just shrugged.

“Let’s listen a bit more dot.”

Anor didn’t speak as he quietly sipped his drink. His hood was down so the females in the pub were also looking at him with strange eyes. He was too handsome.

“How can we help? Do we have to spend our whole lives in Alaste? That is impossible.”

“That’s not it.” Vigo took another gulp of his beer before thumping the glass against the body. Then he said. “Compared to the kingdom, Alaste is weak. It is obvious. Everyone knows this. So the king calling himself the emperor took mercy on us and made a proposal.”

A one-on-one fight between the most powerful person in Alaste and the kingdom! A proxy war with the best knights! If Alaste won, the kingdom would leave them alone. If the kingdom won, Alaste would join the kingdom.

“Once the king places Alaste and other cities under his control, he will change his title to Emperor and start earnestly creating an empire. Most places have already joined and among the few remaining cities, our Alaste is especially symbolic. It is the biggest situation.”

“Um...”

“You might’ve guessed already. The kingdom is full of tremendous knights. In particular, Grandmaster Paklinche is an unbeatable knight who has never been defeated.”

“Paklinche?”

“Yes. He is Adandator Paklinche.”

“Does he have a relationship with Leyteno Paklinche?”

“...Ah...the traitor. You know him.”

Crockta’s eyebrows twitched.

Vigo raised both hands. “I don’t mean anything by it. Please understand.”

Leyteno Paklinche. The great warrior in the Hall of Fame, ‘Master of the Greatsword!’ He was why Crockta used the greatsword. A human who hated the false hypocrisy of humans

and fought with the orcs against his fellow countrymen.

“Leyteno is a distant ancestor of Adandator Paklinche. A master of the family.”

“I see.”

“In any case, it is expected that he will come out in the proxy war. If he comes out, there is no knight in Alaste who can fight against him...ah!” Vigo’s eyes lit up. “I have Brother today! Please come out in the duel for Alaste!”

Chapter 147 – Great Duel (1)

“The emperor... one of them dot,” Tiyo muttered.

Crockta, who had been sleeping, listened to him.

“Either the king is crazy or the humans are dot.”

“Why?”

“A person can’t call himself an emperor unless he is crazy. If humans weren’t crazy, they would stop their king from calling himself an emperor dot.”

“I see.”

The status of emperor seemed to have special meaning in the world of Elder Lord. An emperor always appeared just before a great war between species would occur on the continent. The past war between humans and orcs that Leyteno Paklinche took part in also occurred because the humans had an emperor, and it stopped when the emperor died.

“Crockta.”

“Hmm?”

“Do you intend to fight in the proxy war?” Tiyo asked.

He thought about the words that Vigo, knight of Alaste, had said. It was a bit much to demand that Crockta help in a dangerous fight after they just met, but it was a sign of his urgency.

“I don’t know. I want to refuse but it seems to be that it will affect not only Alaste, but all of us.”

“Indeed dot. The dynamics of humans will cause the continent to fall into confusion.” The emperor stood for a military rule. Maybe the continent would be drawn into a species war after a long period of peace. “Ah...there isn’t a single day of quiet on our trip dot.”

The great chieftain in the north and the emperor on the

continent. There was trouble wherever they went.

“Crockta, there is a reason for everything that happens to us dot.”

“What a religious remark.”

“Bah. Meaning is an attribute that all species with intelligence have dot.”

Crockta chuckled in a low voice, “Anyway, the great chieftain in the north and now this place. It is better to think of it as a given mission dot.”

“Mission...”

Crockta closed his eyes. He was a soldier who once killed people. He killed people but he didn’t know whether the world’s suffering was reduced, or whether he only increased the pain. The scale of reality was complicated and difficult to measure.

Compared to that, the missions given to him in Elder Lord were simple. It was so simple that he couldn’t afford to not do it.

“I should do the mission.”

“Hoh. You will do it yourself dot?”

“I can’t ignore it.”

“Adandator? Isn’t he famous in the south dot? Can you win? Aren’t you shaking dot?”

Tiyo started to subtly mock him. Crockta snorted and replied, “Not at all.”

The moon shining through the open window cast a soft light on the bedside. Reynolds was quiet at night. The sound of footsteps could occasionally be heard, but it was mostly calm with only the sound of the wind entering their ears. Anor’s breathing was heard from close by as Tiyo and Crockta whispered to each other. The spirit of sleep was entering their brains, making them feel drowsy.

“If you go further down from Alaste, the sea will appear and there is a beautiful resort village. The name...” Crockta whispered.

Tiyo’s voice gradually softened. “Gridori dot.”

“Yes. Gridori...”

“You want to go there dot...?”

“After the work in Alaste... it would be nice to go there.”

“Okay dot. The sea, it has been a long time dot...”

“Do you know how to swim?”

“I am the seal of Quantas dot...”

“That is an exaggeration.”

“Huhu...I will show you dot. My butterfly...”

Both their voices gradually subsided.

“Maybe my father is resting there dot...”

“That would be nice.”

Then the two of them fell asleep.

In his dream, Crockta was in the ocean. He was standing on white sand and turned around when someone touched him from behind. Next to him were Han Yeori and Yoo Sooyeon. Then a beach ball flew at his head. There was a sound and he saw Tiyo and Anor laughing while pointing at him. He entered the sea with them.

It was a pleasant dream.

Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor woke up early. Tiyo forced his eyes open as they headed to the dining room on the first floor.

Vigo was sleepily eating breakfast with matted hair. “Oh, good morning Brother!” He smiled and raised his hand. He was still in a state where his eyes couldn’t open properly. “Breakfast is

important in Alaste. Brothers should eat as well. I'll buy."

"Hoh. Really dot?"

"Yes. The food here isn't bad. Landlord!"

The inn owner was dozing off at the counter. Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor ordered breakfast according to what they liked. Crockta ate a steak in the morning, Anor had a salad, and Tiyo ate a sandwich.

"Now, eat a lot since we have a long way to go. Isn't that right?"

"....."

"Let's go to Alaste!" They were planning to go, but Vigo's remark was so brazen that they didn't feel like it. It was like there was no middle ground.

Tiyo shook his head. "Rather than Alaste, we are going to the kingdom."

"I have the same thought."

"The kingdom is a place where we can see many things dot."

"Then let's go quickly."

"Brothers! Go!"

Anor frowned as he chewed on his salad.

"Phew, so noisy. Be quiet in the morning."

"Yes..."

Vigo sat down at Anor's scolding started to eat his breakfast again. The guests staying at the inn gradually started trickling downstairs. The dining room became filled with guests again. Those who were leaving this morning exited the door with their baggage.

"Isn't there any knight in Alaste that can deal with Adandator dot?"

"There is one person, a grandmaster like Adandator."

“Then why isn’t he dot?”

“He is old...”

Alaste’s grandmaster was an old, white-haired knight. His experience and skills were excellent but he was old, so many thought it was impossible for him to deal with Adandator. He was also hard at work training pupils.

“If you go to Alaste, you can see him once. Not only is his swordsmanship famous, he is known as the master of knights who trains other knights in the right way.”

“Hoh.”

“I am a knight because of him. Hahahat.” He laughed loudly. “Crockta is already strong enough, but I’m sure you can get stronger if you meet him. It is the same for the others as well.”

“Even if Anor is a necromancer dot?”

“That doesn’t matter. As I said, he is a special person. Magicians also learn from him.” Vigo spoke enthusiastically “Then when are we leaving dot?” Tiyo asked.

“Oh! You’ve decided!” Vigo jumped up.

Crockta laughed as he said, “I will go there and decide if I will fight or not. I want to look at the situation.”

“Hahat, that is enough. You’ll know when you come to Alaste. The reason why I want to protect Alaste.” Vigo shouted, “A drink over here! Give me a drink!”

“It is too early in the morning dot!”

“We have to go a long way and riding while drunk is the best! We have to celebrate you going to Alaste! Hahahat!”

The owner brought Vigo a beer as he requested. Crockta eventually followed him by drinking a glass. The other guests became enthusiastic once they saw Crockta’s group drinking in the daylight. It was a rampage in the daytime. Thus, they left the inn

smelling of alcohol.

“Hah! Hah! Haah! Hut!”

The yells regularly rang out, “Bul’tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!”

A gigantic roar shook the training grounds.

“How are the warriors these days?”

“Not enough.”

“It is like talking to Lenox.”

This was the cradle of orc warriors, Orcrox. Orcs were training to become warriors. After the death of the great warrior Lenox, another warrior became the new instructor. Hoyt, Lenox’s disciple and the one who mastered the hammer, undergoing many fights.

He had spent a long time recovering from his injury but after he recovered, he started enthusiastically teaching the orcs. Now the orcs who came to Orcrox learned from Hoyt, not Lenox.

“Do your best!”

“Yes!”

“Don’t just shout! Wield your weapon! One more time! Think of it as the best strike of your life!”

“Understood!”

“This is your greatest attack! Do you want to bet your life?”

“No!”

“Then swing again!”

“Bul’tarrrrr!”

Every time Hoyt shouted, the orcs’ momentum changed. They squeezed out more strength, surpassing their limits. Although he was originally a warrior, Hoyt wasn’t any less stringent than Lenox as an instructor.

“What brings you here? Tashaquil.”

The one who came to see him was the great shaman Tashaquil, the orc shaman instructor at Basque Village.

“I had a dream.”

“A dream.”

If any other orc had talked about their dream, Hoyt would’ve ignored it. But the other person was Tashaquil. The dream of a powerful shaman was like a prophecy in itself, as it contained a clue to the future. He wouldn’t come here because of an ordinary dream.

“What was the dream?”

“I saw a warrior.” Tashaquil smiled. “He is fighting to become a great warrior.”

“Who?”

“I won’t reveal it to others. It is unfair.”

“I can guess who.”

“Really? Well, I wonder...” He chuckled in a low voice.

“Fighting to become a great warrior...” Hoyt looked at his hammer on the ground. A masterpiece from Golden Anvil. The name of the hammer was ‘Mountain Slasher.’ As the name suggested, anyone hit by this hammer would die.

“It is very dangerous.”

“That is a warrior’s life. Die or become great.” Tashaquil chuckled. “So I came here. Give me that.”

He pointed to one side. Hoyt’s expression changed. This wasn’t something he could give to Tashaquil.

An old helmet. It was Lenox’s legacy, the steel helmet he had used. It was hanging from a bar on one side of the training grounds and watching the orcs, just like Lenox during his life.

“I can’t do that. It is Lenox’s.”

“He is gone. I will give it to someone who deserves it.”

“But that...it can’t be anything else?”

“Yes.”

“I’m reluctant to give...” The moment that Hoyt was about to refuse...

A blast of wind shot through Orcrox. It was strong enough to cause the sand scattered on the ground to rise. Hoyt and Tashaquil covered their faces with their hands.

“.....!”

An incredible thing happened. Lenox’s helmet was caught by the wind and fell off the bar to the ground. The steel helmet tumbled towards them. It was rare for heavy steel helmets to fly in the wind.

Tashaquil laughed. “Lenox seems to think he needs it.”

“.....”

Hoyt didn’t answer. It felt like Lenox’s response.

“Hoyt. Can I send it to the warrior who needs it?”

“Are you going to bring it directly to him?”

“I need to stay in Basque Village.”

“Then...”

Tashaquil whistled.

Something emerged. A huge shadow appeared.

Hoyt laughed at the sight. “King of the Forest.”

“Yes. This guy will bring the helmet.”

“Now I know for sure who the other person is.”

A giant tiger. He was 1.5 times bigger than a normal tiger. The

ruler of Orcrox Forest, the one who created fear in the creatures of the forest! The tiger who was the king of the forest, Simba. The tiger Simba, who defeated the mutant wolf with Crockta, had now matured and reigned as king of the forest.

He became a friend of the orcs due to his relationship with Crockta, and came here following Tashaquil's call.

"Simba."

"Grrrung..."

"Give him this." Tashaquil placed the helmet into a sack and tied it around Simba's neck. Simba shook his head and stretched lightly. "Can you go?"

"Grrrrrung!"

"Yes. Now go. There is no time."

"Kuaang!"

Simba roared before turning around and running out of the training grounds. The orcs were aghast at the sudden emergence of a tiger.

Hoyt spoke in a despondent manner.

"The tiger and Lenox's helmet. I wonder what type of dream you had."

Tashaquil grinned. He shook his staff and blessed the warriors in the training ground. Some of them would give up and others would continue to walk this path until they eventually became warriors. Maybe one or two might become great warriors.

"The king of the humans is calling himself the emperor."

"Yes. Humans always make the same mistakes."

Tashaquil looked at the distant sky and said.

"He will soon meet a warrior."

Chapter 148 – Great Duel (2)

They arrived at Alaste after two days. Outer walls surrounded the white city.

“This is Alaste. Isn’t it beautiful?”

The walls were gray while Alaste shone white like marble.

Crockta nodded. “Beautiful.”

“It is something Alaste has long been proud of. It is said that the white dragon Ariadne built it with magic. A legend.”

Thanks to Knight Vigo, they were smoothly granted access. The guards saluted Vigo. Vigo shook his head and pointed to Crockta. “Not this way! This brother will save Alaste so salute him!”

“He will help Alaste?”

“He is an incredible, strong orc warrior. I will recommend him for the kingdom duel!”

“Ohh! It is nice to meet you! Alaste!”

“Alaste!”

Their eyes lit up and they saluted Crockta. Normally people were afraid of orcs, but they actually felt admiration as they looked at Crockta’s scary face.

“Crockta Brother will scold Adandator!”

“Crockta! We believe in you!”

“That Adandator will be overthrown just looking at Crockta’s face!”

He didn’t know if it was praise or gossip but Crockta nodded. Vigo exchanged more well wishes with the guards before entering Alaste with Crockta.

Then the landscape of Alaste was revealed.

Anor responded first, “Whoa!”

Tiyo, who rarely admired the culture of other species, cried out in a small voice. “This is quite good dot.”

Crockta smiled and remarked, “How great.”

The inside of Alaste was a beautiful white. Although Arnin, the city of elves was white, Alaste was a pleasing blend of white and blue colors. It was just like a Mediterranean city.

Vigo puffed out his chest and proudly proclaimed, “We designed Alaste to be aesthetically pleasing. Hahaha. The urban landscape department and the citizens cooperated to avoid harming the beauty of this city. I’ve never seen a person who hasn’t admired it.”

He was filled with pride for the city’s appearance. As Vigo appeared with three people of varied species, the citizens stared in wonder. However, unlike other cities, Crockta couldn’t feel any fear towards orcs. Crockta realized it was because of Vigo being next to him.

“Hello, Mister Knight! Who is the orc uncle next to you?”

“He has come to help Alaste!”

“Wow! Thank you!”

The children smiled brightly and greeted Vigo. Everywhere Vigo went, citizens would greet and thank Vigo. Some citizens, who had never seen anyone from another species, even asked for a handshake from Crockta. Alaste was filled with respect for their knights. There might be an unfamiliar orc but they thought there was no harm because a knight was beside him.

Anor smiled and said, “This is a good place.”

“That’s right.”

The streets of Alaste was filled with vigor. The back alleys didn’t seem visible as they walked through the city.

“The lord of Alaste doesn’t charge a high tax. Alaste has quality marble and big silver mines, so there is plenty of money around. It is a gift from the gods.”

As they looked around the surroundings, they eventually arrived at the lord’s residence in the center of the city. Knights were guarding it, but they knew Vigo and welcomed his return.

“Vigo!” They looked between Vigo and Crockta’s group. “Who are they? Where is Morenson?”

Vigo explained the whole story. First of all, he announced the death of his colleague who went to scout with him. The faces of the knights changed. He explained Crockta’s actions and his suggestion to have Crockta do the duel instead, causing the guards to stare strangely.

Crockta understood the look in their eyes. A competitive spirit! They wanted to directly verify if he had the skills. Crockta grinned. He didn’t hate that attitude. A knight needed such a mindset.

“Let’s go inside first. Speak to the lord.”

They opened the way.

A woman who seemed to be a staff member guided them upstairs. The lord was more frugal than he thought. The distinct architectural style of Alaste was reflected but there were no luxurious decorations.

They climbed the stairs and entered a room. The employee who guided them knocked on the door.

“Lord. Knight Vigo is here.”

“Come in.”

The voice of the lord was heard. Crockta’s group and Vigo thanked the employee before entering the room. The lord was a

sturdy middle-aged man with red hair and beard. He was talking with someone and his eyes widened as he saw the orc that appeared.

“Hmm?”

“I greet the lord.”

“Hey Vigo. Who is your orc friend standing there?”

As Vigo communicated with the lord, Crockta gazed at the man sitting with him. He was an elderly man who was going bald. The weight of the years showed on his face, but his posture was straight without any signs of weakness. He wore a sword alone with his comfortable clothes.

Crockta instinctively knew who he was. This man was the old grandmaster that Vigo had mentioned.

Once they reached a certain level, they could see many things just by looking at each other. An image was drawn. Crockta wielded his sword at the man. In a world where speed converged, the man didn't dodge but moved forward.

He narrowly avoided the greatsword and swung his sword at Crockta's abdomen. Crockta twisted his body and the two swords met. Sword, sword, a blow. Evasion and changing of offense and defense.

Their internal struggle continued for a while before a remark ended it.

“Isn't that right?”

Crockta didn't know what the question was. The white haired knight smiled. He also woke up from his fight against Crockta.

“What did you say?”

“Is Crockta Brother the Northern Conqueror Crockta?” Vigo asked again. “At first, I wasn't sure but now I am quite confident.”

Vigo also knew Crockta's identity. His reputation had spread

widely.

Crockta nodded. “That is what they sometimes call me.”

“Indeed!”

The lord’s eyes grew bigger at Crockta’s reply. He exchanged looks with the knight he was sitting with. The lord rose from his seat and approached Crockta. His body was conditioned from steady training.

“Thank you for the difficult decision. Alaste will never forget the help of Northern Conqueror Crockta.”

It seemed like Vigo had spoken like Crockta already agreed to do the proxy duel. Vigo was frowning from behind the lord.

Crockta just laughed. “No. I was impressed by Vigo’s sincerity when he said that he would dedicate three months of his own salary.”

“Ohh Vigo, really?”

“Huh, yes?”

“How impressive.”

“Ah, that...”

Crockta noticed that the lord was also joking, but Vigo mumbled hesitantly.

At that moment, “Don’t make fun of the young knight.”

A hoarse voice was heard. It was a low, rough, yet resonate voice. It was an unusual tone that was attractive. The knight got up from his spot. He had a lean body and was a similar height to Crockta.

“Truly a great warrior.”

The knight reached Crockta and looked him up and down. The grandmaster’s instinct was warning him about Crockta. The orc’s solid body meant they usually fought with strength, but this orc warrior seemed more sophisticated than a human or elf. He had

fast and accurate greatsword skills.

“You are stronger than me.” He admitted it.

The lord and Vigo were shocked as soon as Alaste’s living legend recognized his opponent’s superiority.

“To that extent?”

“Yes, it seems like he can overthrow Adandator. It is clear at first glance.”

“Ohh...”

“I can now understand how you conquered the north alone.”

“Ohh...”

“The gods are taking care of Alaste.” He smiled and reached out to Crockta, who held his hand. “Crockta. I am an old knight of Alaste, Galadin.”

“I am the orc warrior from Orcrox, Crockta.”

It was the meeting of grandmaster Galadin, the guardian of Alaste, and Crockta, the conqueror of the north.

Vigo and the lord laughed heartily at the sight.

“Lord, Alaste’s future is bright.”

“Galadin is old and Crockta is an outsider. Alaste’s future relies on young knights like you.”

“Umm...”

“Is it still bright?”

“It is a little cloudy.”

“That’s why I’m so old.”

“I’m sorry...”

The knights arranged to retrieve the corpse of the knight killed

by the Mountain King. Galadin looked at the knights arranged in a polite manner. His words were short.

“Our friend has come. The funeral will be held later.”

“Yes!” The leader of the knights raised a hand to his chest and bowed. “I will start now.”

“I’ll allow it.”

“To battle!”

The knights turned around. Then they headed outside Alaste. The voices of the citizens cheering for the knights could be heard.

Tiyo watched them and asked. “You will be fighting the kingdom soon. Can you really send the knights away dot?”

“There is no chance of victory if we fight properly. The other side proposed the duel first so they will stick to it. They have to fear the eyes of the gods and the citizens.”

Crockta touched his chin. He pondered on something before asking Vigo.

“Vigo.”

“Yes, Brother.”

“Alaste...”

He remembered why the name Alaste was familiar. In the early days, he searched for tips on Elder Lord and saw a user advertising that Alaste was a good place to live. The person who posted the message was called Alastepara. At the time, the user had aspirations to become a senior official in Alaste and to develop it.

“Do you have anybody who is cursed by the stars?”

“We do. There are a lot of them in the city.”

“What about a person in a high position?”

“Ah, are you talking about Yellow?”

“Yellow?”

“Yes. You would’ve met her before.” Vigo pointed to a young lady. “The woman who guided us.”

“Ah, her...”

Crockta nodded. When they entered the lord’s residence, a woman had guided them. She had bangs so he hadn’t seen her forehead, but she was also a user.

Over time, as the level of users rose and strategies came into play, there were those who took an active role in different walks of life. In the past, there was the militia member Kim Dalkwang, but other users had built their own domains in Elder Lord.

“She has a quick mind and her work is good, so the lord trusts her. Why are you asking about those cursed by the stars?”

“I am asking because there are those cursed by the stars on the side of the kingdom.”

“Haha, there are those guys. The person called Rommel is famous. He is favored by the king, so you might see him at the duel.”

Rommel was the name for Choi Hansung.

The duel was in a week. The entire south knew that this was a fight between Adandator and Galadin, despite the names of the knights being concealed. They were the most famous knights on both sides.

It was also agreed that the kingdom would win. Adandator was a young and powerful supernova, while Galadin was too old. Unfortunately, the one who would duel for Alaste was Crockta, not Galadin.

It was a variable that no one expected.

“Crockta.”

Galadin’s distinctive low voice called out to him. Crockta turned

his head. Galadin was dressed in a knight's equipment, making him seem young again. Previously he looked like an old man, but now he was a thriving warrior.

Crockta smiled and pulled out Ogre Slayer.

“Galadin.”

The two of them walked towards the knights' training ground. Both of them wanted to test the other. Their spar would be calm and at the same time, very dangerous.

“The atmosphere around you is good but I have to see it directly. As I grow older, I become more suspicious,” Galadin said.

Crockta realized something. Due to the wrinkles on his face, Crockta hadn't seen his true expression. Galadin wasn't a gentlemanly knight.

“I will do it softly.”

Crockta shrugged and said, “I don't want to hear the sound of an old man's bones breaking.”

“Kukuku.” Galadin was an aggressive fighter. “It is good to be young!”

Before Crockta could take a stance, his strike hit Crockta's body.

Chapter 149 – Great Duel (3)

Yellow lived in Alaste and realized that someone had visited her bedside last night. There was a letter on the desk next to her bed.

She got goosebumps as she checked the letter.

“This...”

She wondered who sent it. The author didn’t state their identity, as only a few things were mentioned. However, it contained something shocking that she had never considered at all.

“No way,” she murmured.

“Perhaps?”

But it made sense. She read the letter once again before exiting Elder Lord.

Crockta sat in front of a fireplace with VIgo.

“I didn’t see Yellow today. Was she dragged by the call of the stars? I truly feel sorry for that friend.”

The NPCs understood the concept of disconnection as the users being summoned to the abyss. In a way, it wasn’t wrong. Going back and forth between Elder Lord and Earth. This situation often happened so users found it hard to have a close relationship with NPCs. It was hard to trust those who suddenly disappeared ahead of important things.

Therefore, users who couldn’t connect for long tended to only socialize with other users. This was because NPCs didn’t trust them.

“Yellow is normally good so this is surprising.”

Of course, Yellow was excellent in Elder Lord. She had been living like an NPC for nearly a year. This allowed her to move up to

the position of working for the lord.

“I guess she has something to do.” Crockta smiled strangely.

She probably ended the connection after reading the letter that Crockta sent her at night. He wasn't sure if it would work, but he needed to do what he could. The kingdom's path involved the Heaven and Earth Clan. It was already a public fact and there was a precedent where they devastated any areas in the name of the kingdom.

In particular, the southeast region with no clear system was brutally destroyed and the ruins broadcasted several times. The Heaven and Earth Clan didn't keep faith with NPCs. As long as they considered Elder Lord a game, Crockta needed to extend this duel agreement not only to NPCs but users as well.

“By the way, what are they doing?”

Vigo turned his head at Crockta's words. In the meantime, Grandmaster Galadin and Anor were staring at each other.

“Ohhh...”

Anor, who was very timid and not good with eye contact, desperately tried to turn his head away with red cheeks. It looked so funny that Tiyo joined Galadin in staring at Anor. As the eyes of the two people focused on him, Anor turned his eyes towards his hands.

“I got it. Stop! Stop!”

Galadin and Tiyo chuckled.

“You will be stronger if you don't avoid the eyes of others.”

Tiyo approached, “In other words, don't act like this forever dot! Kahahat!”

“Ahyu.” Anor seemed like he was about to cry. “It is strange when you keep staring.”

“You are very shy. Don't avoid other people's eyes. It is a shame.

Hahat!” Galadin was famous for identifying people’s characteristics and leading them to the right path.

Crockta seemed to know the secret after exchanging blows with him. Galadin had the ability to read inner thoughts, like he was telepathic. During the spar, he predicted all of Crockta’s moves. There was the feeling that he knew in advance every move Crockta was going to do and could cope with it.

Crockta won, but he wasn’t sure the results would be the same if they really tried to kill each other.

“He is a mysterious person.” Crockta stated.

“That is correct. A mysterious person. He looks inside people.”

If he could really see into a person’s heart, he would be able to find out their problems. His teachings were about inner matters, rather than technical ones.

Crockta also received advice from him.

“What did he say to Brother? If you don’t mind, please let me know. I am curious. Is a warrior like you lacking anything?”

“Um...” Crockta recalled Galadin’s words. “Just...”

Vigo was right.

Galadin wasn’t just a person who strengthened knights. When wielding a sword, he was an aggressive knight. But after putting it away, he looked at the other person with warm eyes. He was someone who caused the other person to grow as a human.

“He told me not to shoulder everything alone.”

“Oh, indeed. Brother has something.” Vigo raised his thumb. “Doesn’t he feel like a father when he says that?”

Crockta laughed. His father passed away but memories from his childhood still remained. He never resented his parents. In life, how many people had the strength to look straight at themselves?

“That’s right.”

Now it was Tiyo’s turn to receive advice from Galadin. However, Tiyo disliked this and refused his advice. An angry Galadiin wielded his sword. Tiyo ran away.

“Stop dot! I understand! I understand dot!”

“This guy! Listen to the adults!”

“I am an adult dot!”

“If you are an adult, listen to a real adult!”

“I am a gnome! General, General!”

“General? Shoot it once!”

“Kiyak!”

Tiyo screamed as he ran away from Galadin’s wooden sword. Crockta and Vigo burst out laughing as they saw it.

“Phew. Truly.”

The still embarrassed Anor was fanning himself as he walked towards Crockta.

“We have to watch you for you to grow. Isn’t it?”

“.....”

“.....”

“...Excuse me?”

Vigo and Crockta stared at Anor, mimicking Galadin and Tiyo from earlier.

Anor blushed. “No, now...”

They diligently gazed at Anor’s face. Anor was embarrassed and covered his face. “Don’t do it! Ah!”

Anor’s face turned bright red as he ran somewhere else.

“Anor Brother is both handsome and cute. The females will like

him.”

“Kulkulkul.”

It was enjoyable. Alaste was a vibrant city filled with laughter. Whether it was the nature of the people or the richness of the natural environment, they seemed to enjoy each moment. Of course, it wasn't just due to material reasons that laughter was gradually disappearing from the prosperous modern age compared to Elder Lord.

“Vigo. You were right.”

“What do you mean?”

“Alaste is a wonderful place.”

“Of course. I don't lie! Hahahat! Viva Alaste!”

“Kulkulkul!”

In a matter of days, Crockta had explored all over Alaste. Every time he walked through a city, Crockta felt fear towards him, whether it was because he was an orc or his frightening appearance. In fact, he wasn't a real orc but a human being wearing the shell of an orc. However, there were still negative prejudices towards his shell.

But Alaste was different. The children came to play with Crockta while merchants added orc goods. He felt like a welcomed guest.

“Brother. Now you know. Why I kept hanging onto you, despite it being the first time we met.” Vigo placed a hand on Crockta's shoulder and gazed into the distance. “The kingdom and Adandator is trying to destroy such a beautiful place.”

Once incorporated into the kingdom, this landscape would disappear. The citizens would suffer under heavy taxes and young people would be conscripted for war. The lands under the kingdom's reign were already going through this process.

Crockta nodded. “I heard that Adandator is a handsome, young

man.

“Yes. His face is famous.”

“Then I’ll beat him up and make him look worse than me!”

Crockta shouted. It was Crockta’s declaration that he would protect Alaste with his best efforts!

But Vigo wasn’t very impressed by the remark. “No matter how much you hit him, it will be difficult...”

“.....”

Crockta’s face stiffened. Vigo hurriedly changed his words.

“Ah, no. I believe in Brother!”

“It is okay. I’ll fight in the duel...”

“What are you talking about? Brother’s face is better than his. Really! I’m not lying!”

The Elder Lord community had recently heated up because of a new topic. And the one at the heart of the topic was the Heaven and Earth Clan.

[Author: Yellow Alaste]

[Title: Announcing the negotiations between those who love Alaste and the Heaven and Earth Clan.]

[Hello. I am a native of Alaste, Yellow who loves Alaste.

The human kingdom is expanding its forces in recent years. The Alaste that I love is in crisis but most users don’t know exactly what is happening. The kingdom and Alaste have decided to settle their fighting in a one-on-one duel through their respective representatives.

We can settle this without having to fight against each other.

If the kingdom wins, Alaste will be incorporated into the

kingdom. If Alaste wins, it will remain independent as a neutral city and the kingdom won't invade Alaste in the future.

In fact, the possibility of us winning is low. Even though we have Grandmaster Galadin, the kingdom has the famous Adandator. However, the users who love Alaste are eager for a miracle to happen.

Anyway, the reason I am writing this is to plead with the Heaven and Earth Clan. There are users who regard NPCs as consumables, mere artificial intelligence and doesn't feel any remorse. The Heaven and Earth Clan especially has such tendencies.

So we are worried that even if Galadin and Alaste wins, the Heaven and Earth Clan will ignore the existing negotiations and hit Alaste. Users often do this, not just the Heaven and Earth Clan. People will know this. But we are users who love Alaste, and we hope that the users, including the Heaven and Earth Clan, will accept the result.

Therefore, we have asked the Heaven and Earth Clan to sign a memorandum stating that they will comply with the agreement between Alaste and the kingdom. Heaven and Earth's clan master Choi Hansung has agreed.

This is the actual memorandum.

(Screenshot)

I am posting this here because I hope that all users who enjoy Elder Lord will be the notaries of this memorandum.

We don't want Elder Lord to be ruined by a reckless war.

If there are hundreds of users, there are hundreds of ways to play. I fell in love with Alaste from the first moment I saw it. Alaste is a really beautiful place. I used to always brag about it and I am still proud.

If Alaste is defeated, I will probably disappear from this forum. I will also delete my character. There is no reason to play. If there

are people who want to continue seeing it like me, please pray with us.

I hope for a miracle.

Alaste Lover, Yellow.]

Yellow posted on a famous community board. This article immediately became a hot topic.

The first reason was that the greatest knights in Elder Lord, two grandmasters were having a confrontation. Another reason was that the author was Yellow, a user who managed to become a senior official.

Yellow was the user whose name became famous with an Elder Lord strategy guide. Users who wanted to become civil servants in Elder Lord would regard her guide as a textbook. In addition, she introduced users to the calm lifestyle of Alaste and made many users turn to Alaste.

Her article became a hot topic and thousands of comments had already been posted.

The Heaven and Earth Clan also confirmed her post.

“Is it okay?”

Hyunchul, ‘Luin’ in Elder Lord said. After helping to lure and kill Lenox, he was now an executive in the Heaven and Earth Clan. In addition, using his friendship with the NPCs and Choi Hansung, Keynes went from being the clan master of Thawing Balhae to the vice clan master of Heaven and Earth.

The clan master was ‘Rommel’ but most of the clan’s actions came from Keynes’ head.

“There’s nothing to worry about.”

Rommel smiled and drank his wine. This was the clan dwelling in the capital, Esperanza. It was a land they had received directly

after gaining the favor of the king. The room they were talking in was luxurious and wasn't lacking when compared to a noble's house. All of this was due to the members of Thawing Balhae who joined Heaven and Earth.

“Do you really think Adandator can be beaten?”

“Indeed...”

“He is a monster. I've talked to Adandator and he is confident that he can beat Galadin. Galadin is old and Adandator has already reached a new level.”

“I'm glad that monster isn't our enemy.”

“I completely agree. So don't worry. The woman thinks it will work, but it will end without a problem.” Rommel handed the wine glass to Keynes who was sitting silently. Keynes smiled and received it. “Why aren't you saying anything?”

“There is something that bothers me.”

Keynes' nerves were sharp after the Maillard branch of the clan collapsed. All of Maillard's members mentioned the NPC called Crockta. Everyone knew that the Thawing Balhae had been destroyed by the Righteous Orc. A coincidence? Or maybe he was chasing after them in the Heaven and Earth Clan.

“Don't worry about it. You are here now.”

“Yes.”

Keynes nodded. Even so, he couldn't help being worried. Rommel laughed.

“Keynes, you are always worrying.”

Luin suddenly said, “Speaking of worrying, what will happen if Adandator is beaten?”

“Um...well, it can't be helped. I actually thought about ignoring it but then that girl made the post.”

“Yellow’s head is quite good.”

“It’s a last hurrah. Anyway, Adandator will win. Now, drink.”

Rommel, Luin, Keynes, and the other high ranking members of the Heaven and Earth Clan nodded. They raised their cups at the same time and shouted, “Heaven and Earth!”

“War!”

A few days later on a sunny day, both the Lord of Alaste and the King of the Kingdom led their knights out on the Gabriel Plains located not too far from Alaste.

It was for the great duel.

Chapter 150 – Evil Empire

The two sides confronted each other on the plains. The kingdom's and Alaste's flags danced in the wind. The king and the lord of Alaste headed towards each other on horseback.

“It is great to see you.”

“It has been a while, Earl Alaste.”

The king was a young man, the epitome of a noble with blonde hair and observant, blue eyes. Of course, he was more than a mere noble. He was the king who would soon stand at the top.

“It's a good day. I will cleanly accept the result today. In the name of the gods.”

“Yes. I will as well. I hope Your Highness keeps the words you said beforehand.”

The king's eyes narrowed. Earl Alaste's expression didn't change.

The king asked, “You seem to have confidence. How is Galadin?”

“He's as upright as always. Do you want to see him?”

“It's okay. It is enough to see you instead of that old man's face.”

Both of them didn't avoid the other's eyes.

“...Okay.”

The king's lips twisted before he smiled and said, “Once the sun comes up to the middle, the duel will start. I'll tell Adandator to control his strength in consideration for Galadin's old age.”

“Thank you for your words. Just...”

“Just?”

“Galadin won't be fighting today.”

“What?” The king gazed at the lord with a suspicious expression. “Then who will come out?”

“You will see when the sun rises to the middle.”

“.....”

The king’s face twisted at the lord’s relaxed attitude. He was dissatisfied with the lord’s relaxed attitude and confused about the unknown warrior. He spat out in a rough voice, “Yes, I’ll see soon.”

They turned around and returned to their camps. Lord Alaste immediately sought out Crockta who was in a tent at the rear of the camp. His face was stiff with tension. However, he couldn’t help smiling at the sight within the tent.

Crockta was lying on a bed and humming, while Vigo was sitting next to the bed and fanning Crockta.

“Are you cool?”

“Harder.”

“Hiyah!”

“Do it properly. You will be responsible if my condition isn’t good.”

“No! Brother!”

“A knight should have a better wrist snap.”

He didn’t seem like a warrior who had the fate of the city on his shoulders. That made him seem more reliable. This was none other than Northern Conqueror Crockta. He would clearly be able to cope with Adandator.

Even Galadin acknowledged that Crockta was stronger than him. The lord decided to give up worrying. It had already left his hands. He had dealt the best hand he could.

“Vigo.”

“Yes, Lord!”

“Fan him properly. The future of Alaste hangs on your fan.”

“Cough! Yes!”

Tiyo and Anor came together and weren't worried at all. They were dozing in a corner of the tent. They had drunk alcohol all night. They were friends who had no tension at all.

“Crockta, I want to thank you once again. Thank you for your willingness to go to such a dangerous place.”

“Kulkukul. There is no need for thanks, I am just doing the work of a warrior.” Crockta leisurely stretched while enjoying the breeze from the fan. “So when is the duel?”

“Noon.”

Crockta looked at the sky through the open gap in the tent. It was pretty soon.

Trumpets sounded. Both sides were nervous. The sun had risen above their heads. Now the duel would begin. It was a fight to determine the future of each side. So many things were involved.

Adandator appeared first. The king placed a hand on his shoulder and spoke to him. Adandator answered in a short manner.

“It is lively.”

Adandator was a beautiful young man. His body was well balanced. He was still young, but he was a seasoned knight who had gone through many battles.

Then it was time for Alaste's representative to come out. Crockta walked forward.

“.....!”

The kingdom's side was shaken and murmurs gradually spread. They all expected the warrior for Alaste to be Galadin. It was common knowledge that the best knight in Alaste was Galadin, and there was no stronger knight. The kingdom was convinced of their victory because Galadin was too old compared to Adandator.

However, a surprising figure appeared.

An orc. A warrior with a heinous face and tattoos all over his body. His enormous mass and greatsword could be seen clearly from afar.

Adandator looked at him curiously. It wasn't a tense face. He thought it would be a tragic comedy.

"I am Adandator Paklinche. Who are you?" He was curious about the orc standing in front of him. "Are you really the representative of Alaste?"

Crockta nodded. The plains gradually became quiet.

Crockta smiled and looked at Adandator. "My name is Crockta. I came from Orcrox and stand here to guard Alaste."

".....!"

Adandator's eyes widened.

Crockta. He knew that name. It was the unidentified orc who killed the great chieftain and blocked them before the call for the northern war began in earnest. On that day, all the gods whispered to his name.

"Alaste has prepared a hidden card."

His expression recovered and he lifted his sword. Adandator didn't use a greatsword like Crockta. It was a thin and long sword that looked elegant. Both of them used Paklinche's swordsmanship, but they had different attitudes and atmosphere.

Crockta asked, "Do you know Leyteno Paklinche?"

"Hoh?" Adandator laughed. "The traitor Leyteno. Orcs should know him. Yes, I know Leyteno. He is a coward on the side of the orcs. The traitor who turned his sword against us. That is why he is a blot to the rest of the Paklinche family. In the end, he died miserably."

"A coward. A traitor. A blot." Crockta laughed out loud.

The Leyteno that Crockta heard about was absolutely not a coward. He wasn't a traitor or a blot, but a shining star. The hero who followed the path of his sword. Everyone would've blamed him. If Leyteno just closed his eyes and aimed his sword at the orcs, he could gain wealth and honor.

However, he gritted his teeth and did what he believed was right. He wasn't a slave but his own master. If he followed the same direction that all the other fingers were pointing, he was just a slave.

However, Leyteno shook his head and pointed to the other side alone. He straightened up, pointed to his own beliefs and moved. That was why he would stand forever in the Hall of Fame. Leyteno Paklinche would never die. None of the warriors in the Hall of Fame would die.

“Right now, I will connect to Leyteno Paklinche's will.”

Crockta raised his greatsword. As Crockta reached a higher ground, he had gone beyond Leyteno's swordsmanship but it was still alive in Ogre Slayer.

“Feel it yourself. Paklinche.”

“Show me your blade, Orc.” Adandator grinned. “You are ignorant. I can see an echo of the traitor. Okay, just once...”

At this moment, everyone on the plains was watching Crockta and Adandator.

“Let's do it!”

Adandator plunged in first. Crockta watched him. The world slowed. Adandator's handsome face was shining with a mixture of arrogance and self-confidence. Crockta's greatsword swung towards his shining face.

Kaaaang!

Adandator was a genius and was waiting for Crockta in the realm

of the Pinnacle. The two blades met several times. It was a battle that ordinary eyes couldn't follow. They exchanged blows for a long time. As explosive sounds were heard from both sides, small wounds appeared on their bodies.

Blood splattered on both their faces.

There would be cheers from both sides whenever dust rose as a result of the collision between swords. It was a fight of absolute power that could rarely be seen!

At that moment, Crockta's battle cry shook the plains.

“Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrr————!”

It was like an earthquake occurred as the audience member's legs shook from the roar. Adandator, who faced it directly, felt like his heart was going to stop. Crockta's overwhelming presence was pouring toward him. As his eyes flicked, the trajectory of the greatsword flying towards him changed in a subtle way.

Adandator tried to block it but was thrown back by a huge power.

“Kuheeok!”

The moment of the attack, Crockta's fist struck Adandator's abdomen. Adandator flew through the air and landed on the ground. Crockta's powerful blow!

Waaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Alaste's side cheered. On the other hand, the side of the kingdom became completely quiet.

“.....”

Adandator stood up. He shuddered from the impact as blood poured from his nose.

Crockta laughed and raised his finger, signalling his opponent to quickly come at him. “Kulkul, are you okay?”

“You aren't a mere child. I understand...”

Adandator laughed. He spat out the blood in his mouth. Then he took a serious posture with his sword. His body started to enter the Pinnacle. Over and over, he once again reached a high ground. The world was still.

He jumped and brandished his sword at Crockta. Crockta blocked it with Ogre Slayer. However, his skin was torn and blood poured out. Crockta hurriedly stepped back.

“.....!”

This time, it was the kingdom's side that cheered. Adandator smiled and repeated Crockta's words, “Are you okay?”

Crockta responded with a smile, “You also aren't a mere child.”

“Kilkilkil.”

Crockta calmly raised Ogre Slayer.

Adandator was a genius. He could believe that. Adandator had surpassed the realm of the Pinnacle. It was the realm of the Hero that Crockta had learned while crossing life and death. If so, Crockta should do the same thing.

The cheers and boos became mixed together. The sun was shining above their heads. Sweat was pouring down their cheeks as they recognized the weight of the weapons they held.

A formidable opponent. A high level of swordsmanship where anyone could win was implemented. An interesting opponent.

They moved their bodies while thinking the same thing. The strands of causality started to converge on both of them. The strands of causality stretched out like tentacles towards each other. One step, one stroke, a stepping motion, every time the blades moved, they aimed to create a life or death injury.

Indeed, Paklinche's blood was very deep.

“I never thought you would follow this far...”

Adandator was inwardly impatient. He was convinced that he

could win without fail if Galadin was his opponent. But then this orc appeared instead of Galadin. His instincts sent a warning. They were both on the same ground. This orc had also surpassed the Pinnacle.

Maybe he would die today. The chains of causality stretching from Crockta sought to swallow Adandator.

The sun was blazing above his head. It was hot. Adandator's eyes were dazzled. If he was careless, the orc would cause him to die under this sun.

In the infinitely slow world, Crockta and Adandator met each other. Sweat trickled down Adandator's face. But he never looked away. Now the plains were still. They felt that the fight had reached a realm that they didn't dare to evaluate.

The first one to move was Adandator. He exploded his power in order to win the battle before it lengthened even further. Pressure rose from his body. His power reversed causation and rushed towards Crockta's death.

It was like a tsunami was heading towards Crockta. Numerous blades were aiming at his neck. Causality sped towards Crockta's death. Crockta aimed for Adandator's death and canceled out the attack.

Blood poured from wounds on his limbs. The blades from Adandator inevitably fell towards Crockta from all angles. They pierced his shoulders, sides, and thighs at the same time.

"Ugh!" Crockta fell down.

"Waaaaaaack!" Adandator didn't miss this gap and rushed forward. He wanted to finish this in one blow.

A huge wave pushed towards Crockta. Death seemed unstoppable. The handful of wind, bubbles, nail-sized mass and every other trivial thing could cause death. Compared to that, the tool called a sword, which was made to kill others, was like a large

army advancing towards death.

Dozens then hundreds of swords poured towards Crockta. The probability of survival and probability of death were reversed. Life itself led to death. However.

“Bul’tar.”

Crockta whispered. As Adandator’s tsunami of death flew towards him, he started weaving together the causation of the world. It was risky.

This was the first time Crockta thought about death since the battle against the great chieftain. He needed to risk everything to overcome Adandator’s blow. Crockta held Ogre Slayer. He would fight back with his life on the line.

However, at that moment...

Crockta suddenly saw something.

‘I am alive.’

He didn’t know what it was. However, Crockta instinctively leaned towards the line that was passing through the world. It was a color that was hard to describe. It was a color that didn’t exist in the world.

That line penetrated both the visible world that people could see, the world of the Pinnacle and the world of the Hero that reversed causality. Even death couldn’t bear it.

‘Honor.’

What was that line? In addition, the color as well. Why was it so radiant? The moment that his body touched that line. The whole world pushed Crockta’s back. It was a helping hand to raise all the sinking things.

Crockta rushed towards the infinitely unfolding tsunami of death. He flew towards the infinite expanse of the abyss.

Bul’tarrrrrrrrrrr—————!

There was light.

It was a long fight. Crockta and Adandator gradually entered a state of fighting that couldn't be understood. Only a few senior ranking knights could feel the level. The two repeated the gains and losses as they kept attacking each other. Blood sporadically splattered but they didn't back down.

The king stared blankly and inadvertently dropped his wine glass. However, the king and his knights were conscious of the pieces of glass. It might be a fight that they could never see again in their lives.

“I can't believe it...”

At that moment, Adandator rushed like crazy. It was an attack on everything. As if a storm was taking place around his body, countless attacks were launched. Crockta blocked with his greatsword but fell down to one knee.

Adandator didn't miss this and chased him. Everyone sensed that it was the final blow. There was a black wave.

In that instance, the kingdom was convinced that Adandator had won. It was a blow containing everything. No one could survive that hit.

Then...

A bolt of light. It was a very short moment. Light enveloped the plains. It was a color that had never been seen before. They didn't know what color it was. It destroyed Adandator's black wave.

“.....!”

The light disappeared and dust rose up. They could only see that Adandator's sword was broken and Crockta's Ogre Slayer was pointed at his neck. Silence fell over the plains. The winner and loser didn't move. There was silence. The clouds moving through

the sky stopped.

Then a gnome standing on Alaste's side broke the silence.

“Kahahahat! Victory dot!”

There was no tension in the voice. Then Alaste's side understood the situation and started cheering. They threw their weapons and helmets and yelled. Everyone embraced each other as they shouted.

“Waaaaaaah!”

“We won!”

“Hooray Alaste! Alaste!”

“Hooray Crockta!”

“Alaste! Alaste!”

The kingdom's side was silent. The faces of the young king, his knights and the Heaven and Earth executives stiffened. They hadn't expected Adandator to be defeated. However, the orc Crockta had ruined their ambitions.

“Dammit, that person...I knew it.”

The former master of Thawing Balhae and current vice master of Heaven and Earth, Keynes muttered. That Crockta kept continuing to disturb him. The guy who got rid of Thawing Balhae. Now he was chasing the Heaven and Earth Clan and hindering their work. He gritted his teeth. Somehow, he had to get rid of that orc.

Rommel kept silent with a stiff face.

Adandator dropped his weapon and declared his surrender, causing the duel to completely end.

The lord of Alaste approached the king. Now that victory had been decided, the Alaste lord descended from his horse and bowed towards the king in a polite manner.

“Please accept the result. Your Highness.”

“.....”

Instead of answering, the king quietly turned his head away. The lord of Alaste smiled and stepped back. He felt very uncomfortable. But it didn't matter now. It was time to go back to Alaste and celebrate.

Alaste scheduled a city wide festival. The protagonist was Crockta.

Everyone praised him as the hero who saved Alaste. Crockta's group traveled through the streets and shared food and alcohol with the citizens. To the children, he wasn't an orc but an orc knight. The children gathered every time he appeared. They were all calling Crockta's name.

There was a proposal to build a statue of Crockta in commemoration of today. All the sculptors in Alaste volunteered. Crockta shook his head but was forced to accept their will. His appearance, made of marble, was to remain in Alaste forever.

There were women confessing to Anor. Anor didn't avoid them, staring straight into their eyes as he politely refused. They smiled and expressed their thanks for Anor's gentlemanly attitude. Tiyo hit Anor's ass.

Yellow appeared and hugged Crockta before giving him a kiss on the cheek. Crockta couldn't stop her actions. She loved Alaste and praised Crockta, stating that she would be his fan in the future. People were surprised since this was the first time they saw her drunkenness.

Tiyo eventually accepted Galadin's advice. Crockta didn't know the specifics, but Galadin laughed heartily while Tiyo remained patient. His expression was rotten but his attitude was so polite that Crockta and Anor ridiculed him. Tiyo closed his eyes and endured it.

Crockta's group enjoyed the atmosphere but eventually had to leave Alaste. As Alaste's heroes, Alaste promised that they would always receive a warm welcome. All the citizens blessed their way as Crockta's group left the gate.

Crockta's group was heading towards the resort city Gridori.

After Crockta's group left, the kingdom broke their agreement and invaded Alaste. Alaste was devastated. The kingdom became an empire, and the king became an emperor.

Chapter 151 – Rain Is Coming

The rain fell down in droves, relentlessly striking the umbrellas.

Ian tilted his umbrella and looked up at the sky. A steady stream of water poured out from the gray sky. Suddenly, the sound of music was heard from a store. It had a catchy melody. He didn't know whose song it was, but it was sung by a familiar voice he heard often. The singer was singing about a goodbye in a melancholy tone.

Students ran splashing through the water. Ian's feet were wet. He looked down at his wet feet. The neon signs were reflected on the surface of the puddles and the sound of laughter from distant children overlapped with the rain.

Ian shook his head.

Gloomy thoughts filled his head. This wasn't good.

Ian tried to clear his mind.

"What are you doing? You look miserable." A voice broke through Ian's thoughts. He looked back and saw Yiyu. She was smiling at him from under her colorful umbrella.

"Hello..."

Yiyu was with Yoon Bora. Yoon Bora bowed awkwardly as Ian greeted her lightly.

"Was Oppa waiting long?"

"Yes. I waited a long time."

"Well, that might be the case. Bora was the one who made me late. Isn't that right?"

"No, you..."

"Right."

"Hey! Oppa, Yiyu is falsely blaming me."

“Be quiet.”

Ian smiled as he glanced at the two of them and asked, “Okay, what do you want to eat?”

“I was thinking about it. I got over 900 points, so shouldn’t it be 90,000 won per person?”

“.....”

“Didn’t you say don’t worry about the price?”

Yoon Bora poked Yiyu’s side, who shrugged.

Today was the day when Yiyu received her TOEIC score. On the day of the exam, Yiyu had suggested this if she got the score that she was aiming for, and Ian had accepted without thinking. Her target score was quite high so he internally thought it would be difficult. But she was quite good at languages and eventually got the score she was aiming for. Yoon Bora, who took the test with her, decided to accompany her.

Ian smiled and said, “Yes, then let’s go somewhere expensive. At least 90,000 won.”

“Uh...um...”

She didn’t know a place that was so expensive. How could a student living off pocket money suddenly think about expensive food? At best, only the tuna that Han Yeori liked came to mind. However, Yiyu didn’t like eating raw fish when it was raining.

“So...” Yiyu looked at Yoon Bora, as if urging her to say something. But Yoon Bora shook her head. She didn’t know anything about expensive food.

Yiyu struggled for a moment before opening her mouth, “B-Beef?”

“.....”

Ian looked at her with raised eyebrows.

“W-What?”

“Just follow me. Bora-ssi, do you have anywhere you want to go?”

“No. Everything is good. Oh, if you just...”

“Is that so?”

“Ah, where are we going?!” Yiyu cried out impatiently.

“You just have to follow me.” Ian led them as he headed to the restaurant that he ate at with Ji Hayeon. He hadn’t driven his car so they took a taxi. The employees remembered him from when he came with Ji Hayeon and treated him deferentially.

Ian refused to be served directly by the manager. An employee escorted him to a private room. Ian naturally ordered the course dishes. Various dishes came out as Yiyu nagged at him. Ian and Yiyu tasted the food, talked and laughed at jokes.

Then a voice popped into Ian’s head.

‘Viva Alaste!’

The lively laughter of Alaste was overlaid over Yiyu and Yoon Bora’s voices. He recalled the shrimp dish that had been served to him by Alaste’s best chef. The sweet and sour taste of the shrimp made him constantly eat it, leaving him with a bucket of shrimp shells.

“Oppa?”

“Huh?”

“Are you okay? You don’t look good.”

“I’m just a little tired.”

He smiled. Yiyu turned from Ian towards Yoon Bora. During their conversation, Ian frowned.

It was rare for him. He rarely looked back on the past. It was because the weight of the things he had done was so heavy it was

difficult for him to raise his head. Therefore, he decided to look ahead instead of dwelling on it.

However, today his thoughts turned towards the past.

Why?

Vigo's face as he laughed and bragged about Alaste entered Ian's mind. When he closed his eyes to shake it off, he could see the barbecue ribs cooked at the festival. The people shared the barbecue with him and praised him as a hero.

Now they were no longer there. Everyone he knew in Alaste had died.

That fact weighed on him. He knew that it wasn't a game, but living beings from a real world. Ian suppressed his emotions. Death was one-sided and couldn't be reversed.

Ian closed his eyes, feeling both grief and regret. He had been too naive. If he had stayed a little longer in Alaste, he could've stopped them. He shouldn't have thought about anything else until he pulled out the seed of the Heaven and Earth Clan.

Regret led to a more distant past. A memory from a previous battlefield came to mind. The faces of those he couldn't see anymore.

"Oppa?"

"Wait." Ian stood up. His face was pale. "I need to quickly go to the bathroom."

"Uhh..."

Ian opened the door and left. The manager was surprised at Ian's complexion. Ian just smiled and left the restaurant.

It was still raining. Ian leaned his head against the wall of the building. The landscape of the world melted into the rain.

"Why...?"

Even if he closed his eyes, he couldn't erase their faces in the darkness. Ian stared at the street through blurry eyes. He remembered his deceased comrades. He felt enough sadness at their funerals, so there was no reason to be shaken now.

Nevertheless, their faces were so scary because they eventually led him to one face in the darkness. He had to see her. Ian bit his lips and opened his eyes.

“Crazy...”

Yes, Elder Lord was a real world. The knowledge of that fact might break him. He was tired of seeing people die. No one knew that he was fighting for them as they kept swinging their weapons without a sense of guilt. It was a meaningless resistance. Just.

‘Raven, I was wrong.’

Ian's eyelids drooped.

‘Go.’

It was her last gesture to him.

What type of expression was he making at that time? He wondered if he was looking at her with a resolute face, determined to never abandon her. He didn't think so. Maybe there was some hypocrisy mixed in with regret and sorrow, or a condescending expression as he retreated.

He didn't know. Shortly after she gestured, a shell flew into her body and Ian was staring stiffly at flesh and guts. Her laughing face as she held an assault rifle could no longer be seen. Her death was no different from the other deaths.

Ian instinctively reached into his pocket, an old habit. He had no cigarettes. He removed his hand from his pocket and raised it to his face. He desperately tried to block the memories, but they kept clinging to him.

Maybe, if he had moved a little faster. If only he performed the

operation properly.

Perhaps he did. He built meaningless assumptions and talked nonsense. The memories of that day repeated against his will.

Go, go, go. Explosion, explosion, explosion. His expression, expression, expression.

Ian slammed his fist against the wall.

Alaste, Alaste, Alaste.

Pain spread. He took a deep breath. Ian grabbed one of his injured hands before heading back to the restaurant and handing over his card.

“Something happened...please tell my companions that I am leaving first.”

Han Yeori switched off the last light.

The sound of a broadcast was heard from her phone that she had unknowingly left on.

–The Heaven and Earth Clan had issued a statement about the broken agreement. They defended themselves by saying it couldn't be helped because they were ordered by the emperor. They are playing as the emperor's vassals and it is a game, so the users of the Alaste Love club should understand since they are also roleplaying...

She suddenly turned her head. She felt a haunting feeling. The cafe was clearly empty. She tilted her head. Then she was shocked to see something moving in the darkness.

“Hah.” She froze before frowning, as she realized that the silhouette belonged to a familiar person.

Then she looked again. He must have a reason for doing this.

“Boss-nim.”

Ian didn't answer. Han Yeori pouted.

He had the ability to move without any sound. It was a strange talent from his old days as a soldier.

"Boss-nim?"

He raised his head. It was dark but the lights from the street outside leaked in, revealing his bloodshot eyes.

"Are you okay?"

Ian looked at her and blinked before smiling. "Have you finished?"

"Yes."

"Can I have just one cup of coffee?"

Han Yeori didn't complain. She looked at Ian's face and nodded.

"Yes."

She walked into the preparation room and turned on the light. She hesitated in front of the espresso machine before making a drink and setting it down in front of Ian.

Ian looked down at it quietly. "Is this coffee?"

"Just drink it."

Mint chocolate frappe. Ian quietly put the straw in his mouth.

Han Yeori asked, "Are you okay?"

Ian laughed. She noticed that his laugh sounded a little unusual.

"Yes, I'm fine."

He drank the mint chocolate frappe for a while as the chill faded. Han Yeori sat next to Ian.

"Why are you acting like a man who had his heart broken?"

"How did you know?"

"I have to leave work, so regain your spirit."

She tapped Ian's head. Ian chuckled in a low voice. His voice rang through the empty café. Suddenly, Ian leaned against her.

Han Yeori complained, "Heavy."

"Just for a moment."

Ian said with a sigh, "Let me do this for a moment..."

As he closed his eyes, Han Yeori looked at his face leaning against her shoulder, at the still remaining mint chocolate frappe and then up at the ceiling. Ian's breath tickled her ears. The second hand of the clock touched her nerves.

"....."

Time passed. Han Yeori whispered towards the silent Ian, "You don't have to worry." As Ian's breathing evened out, she added, "I won't report you for sexual harassment..."

She reached out a hand towards Ian's bangs. There was still sweat on his forehead. She wiped it with her fingers and then smiled as she wiped it on Ian's clothes.

"Why is my boss like this...?"

Ian's heartbeat was transmitted from where he was leaning against her. Han Yeori felt his pulse and then got up. She carefully laid the sleeping Ian on the body and placed a cushion under his head.

Ian was now asleep. Han Yeori looked at his sleeping self before taking a coat from the counter and covering his body. It was summer. He shouldn't get a cold.

It was still raining outside the store. Cars passed through water. The procession of umbrellas could be seen.

"Um..."

Han Yeori slung her bag over her shoulder and looked at Ian one last time.

“People with quick senses...”

Rain poured down as soon as she opened the door and opened her umbrella. The rain striking the umbrella was heavy. Han Yeori stood at the doorway of Café Reason. As her ears became familiar with the sound of the rain, she began to move.

Rain was coming. So it was like this. She steadily moved away from the café as her silhouette gradually melted into the rain.

Chapter 152 – Cataclysm (1)

Crockta got up and said, “Let’s go.”

Tiyo and Anor were waiting.

Gridori was a beautiful resort. However, they couldn’t enjoy it properly as they weren’t in the mood to enjoy a resort. As soon as they arrived in Gridori and prepared to sleep, they heard the news that the kingdom had attacked Alaste and devastated it.

They were angry about the defeat in the duel and destroyed everything. Then it became a territory of the empire. At the forefront were Adandator and those cursed by the stars, the Heaven and Earth Clan.

Alaste’s knights fought to the end but were wiped out. Galadin, Vigo, they all died. Therefore, Crockta’s group decided to leave Gridori.

“We must fight!”

There was a disturbance on the street. Crockta’s group looked over and saw a man standing on top of a box, emphasizing his thoughts to the gathered people. Every time he yelled, people nodded.

“We have no king! He can’t oppress us! Gridori is a free city! Fight against the kingdom, no, the empire!”

When he shouted, people applauded. However, those who didn’t agree with him shook their heads.

“How are we going to fight the empire?” Someone yelled back.

The mood sank. It was like the person said. Everyone agreed. The empire’s military power was overwhelming. The moment they declared their resistance, the empire would dispatch troops to destroy them.

Many cities had already been trampled and ruined by them, just

like Alaste was. They didn't even follow the agreement.

"We must risk our lives to fight!" The man on the box yelled through clenched teeth. His voice was choked from all his emotions. He shouted with a red face. "This isn't freedom! Fight for it!"

"You fight alone!"

"The empire will conscript you for war..."

"Don't talk nonsense!"

His remarks were countered one by one. He shouted again but his remarks were gradually buried, with no one caring.

Gridori would belong to the empire. There was such an atmosphere. Everyone changed after the empire trampled Alaste. They didn't want to end up like Alaste. The empire's power was overwhelming.

It would be difficult to defeat their military power, even if several cities combined their forces. Making up the vanguard was the Heaven and Earth Clan, the ones cursed by the stars. They swung the weapons without fear of death. Monster soldiers who lived again after dying.

Rommel, their leader, was called the ghost of war. It was a fight without any chance of victory.

Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor smiled bitterly as they saw it. After Alaste was lost, they became aware of the true nature of the empire. However, they had yet to feel the actual empire. An evil existence that treated human beings as consumables, without caring about the gods watching.

Crockta's group left Gridori. Those who knew Crockta started to murmur, but the group ignored it. The users who grasped Crockta's activities followed them, but Crockta didn't respond. Several users followed Crockta's party. They only knew that Crockta was a named NPC. Crockta knew this and left them alone.

“Where are we going dot?”

“Um...”

They still didn't have a destination. They wanted to stop the empire, but how could they do it? They were already enemies of the empire. Entering the territory of the empire was risky and reckless. However, they didn't plan to leave the empire to its own pace.

Crockta thought for a moment before saying.

“It seems like the empire is aiming for the Espada area.

Espada was a plains area that stretched from the beginning of Alastair and several cities were built there. They were free cities who would never follow a king. In particular, they would never recognize the position of an emperor.

Numerous species suffered whenever a human emperor appeared. Those who remembered the past continued the tradition of thinking that a human emperor was the enemy.

“The Espada area. Let's go dot.”

The Espada area wasn't far from Gridori.

An ambassador of the empire had already reached Gridori. They demanded thorough obedience from Gridori. Gridori would become a bigger city under the empire, but the citizens would become soldiers and be sent to war.

The emperor's laws were no different from the northern chieftain.

“Was the king originally like this?”

“He was originally a wise boy...people change.”

Crockta thought that maybe a divine presence like the ‘Tribulation’ interfered with him.

The south was in an uproar due to the emperor. Crockta's party decided to go to the Espada area. As they moved away from Gridori, their followers signaled to each other.

“Crockta is leaving Gridori.”

“What do we do?”

“Keep following. Determine the location first.”

They were Crockta's fans who tracked his movements as soon as news of Crockta appearing in the south spread, members of ‘He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy.’ Now that Crockta was famous and due to his actions as an NPC, people started to track his movements like he was a celebrity.

People were looking forward to his adventures. On the fan club's forum, there were constant reports of Crockta's location. Fan club members from all over the world listened to news of him and posted it, allowing people to directly follow Crockta.

“Crockta was in a one-on-one duel with the empire and won...”

“I want to see it.”

As the rumor spread that Crockta became Alaste's representative and had a duel with the empire, all the members of ‘He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ were disappointed. No one knew that Crockta was involved in the battle due to the uproar from Yellow and the Heaven and Earth Clan's agreement. Crockta had been spotted nearby but nobody guessed that he would be at the center of the situation.

“But won't he continue to fight in the future?”

“Yes. Don't miss it from now on.”

The empire had broken the agreement with Crockta and Alaste. Crockta would be burning with anger. He implemented justice all over the continent and went to the north alone to kill the great chieftain.

Now his sword was aimed at the southern emperor. It wasn't a drama. If this world was reality, Crockta was truly a hero. They followed Crockta because they wanted to see this. They saw that Crockta was heading to Espada and knew that he was going to challenge the emperor in earnest. It was exciting to imagine how Crockta would resist the empire.

"I don't like the Heaven and Earth Clan, so I hope that Crockta will implement justice."

"Indeed. That is a good idea."

The Heaven and Earth Clan had signed a memorandum with the Alaste Love users. However, they broke it. The memorandum was just a promise, so it had no effect. However, since they were all users, they had trust in each other. The Heaven and Earth Clan had betrayed that trust.

Then they said, 'It couldn't be helped since the emperor ordered the attack.'

However, the emperor also said, 'Those who are cursed by the stars were the ones who attacked.'

They laughed as they handed responsibility for Alaste over to each other. Everyone could see that they had plotted together. Now the Heaven and Earth Clan were the emperor's hounds. It was a tremendous achievement for users to be in that position, but they were turning that sword towards fellow users.

'The Heaven and Earth Clan will receive any complaints. If you have the power then bring it on. We are the Heaven and Earth Clan.'

There was already a precedent where they defeated the large American dominated clan, Metatron. Metatron's leaders lost their achievements they had accumulated in Elder Lord and quit the game.

The Heaven and Earth had begun walking the path of

destruction, using their strength.

“Let’s watch.”

“Yes. Believe in Crockta.”

The moment that they were about to follow Crockta’s path...

Someone suddenly appeared.

“Did Crockta go this way?”

The users looked around.

It was a woman who wore clothes that clung to her body. Her appearance was familiar, as if they had seen it many times. The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members thought for a moment as they looked at her.

She said, “I heard your conversation. You are members of He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy?”

“Yes.”

“I’m also a member.”

“Are you perhaps a famous person? I think I saw you somewhere before...”

She smiled. “I’m famous because of Crockta.”

Youvidser Laney. She was the one who got a chance to shoot Crockta’s fight with the user hunters in the early days. The users were shocked to see the orc’s wild fighting style and his talk about honor after killing the user hunters. Later, she had taken the video of Crockta’s desperate fight against the clans in Chesswood, breaking the Youvids record.

The members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ greeted her after realizing her identity. Laney was their most famous member. She was the first person that people told about Crockta’s location.

“Don’t miss it this time. Crockta seems like he is going to fight properly against the emperor...”

“If you shot the video of his duel with one of the empire’s knights, it would’ve been a huge jackpot. It’s too bad.”

Laney shrugged, “It isn’t too bad.”

“.....!”

The members’ eyes shone at her words.

“Perhaps?”

“That’s right.”

Laney struck her chest and declared, “The duel scene, I filmed it.”

“Wow!”

“I have been following Crockta since he returned from the north. It is a type of project. I knew Crockta would definitely do something nice.”

Photographers said that they would wait all day for a great photo. But Laney didn’t have to do that. There was always a wonderful scene when she followed Crockta. Crockta’s very existence was a scoop.

“Show me!”

“Huhuhu, wait a bit.”

Laney looked in the direction that Crockta had disappeared in and said, “I will be making a movie.”

Crockta met with travelers and inhabitants of the south as he left Gridori. All of them were concerned about the emperor’s invasion. They were also a group who decided to leave the south.

“We don’t have an emperor. We will never follow the emperor.” A middle-aged man said to Crockta. “It is the same for Crockta.”

“Yes. Orcs have no king or emperor.”

“There used to be an emperor in the past, but that position disappeared after the war was over. We know that if we follow such a person, we will lose our freedom and have to shed blood. The emperor is such an existence. Now an emperor has shown up again. He has failed to learn anything from the past.”

They were leaving the south and moving to the area of the elves.

Those who met the orc Crockta, who fought against the emperor's knight, spewed their resentment towards the emperor. Many regions had already become colonies of the empire and suffered from all kinds of tyranny. If their departure was a little late, their area would be incorporated into the empire and they wouldn't be able to leave.

“I don't know how the situation will end. I just want my family to be safe.”

Behind him were his wife and children. The middle-aged man had convinced his friends and relatives and was moving towards the north.

Tiyo was playing with the bright children who didn't know anything.

“Crockta, are you going back home? Or are you going to fight against the emperor?”

“I will fight. I just don't know what to do yet.”

“Great. There should be more warriors like you. Not the fakes who shake their tails towards the emperor. I am asking you to help the south. It is shameful that I am saying this when I am leaving.”

“Everyone has their own path.”

They walked down the road together. At that moment, the sound of horse hooves was heard and knights appeared, blocking the road in front of them. The residents were shaken. The mark of the empire.

“Where are you going?”

The middle-aged man talking with Crockta came forward. “We are leaving.”

“Leaving...uhh?” The knights discovered Crockta standing next to the middle-aged man. “Crockta?”

Crockta matched the description going around. The leader turned around and talked to the other knights before approaching Crockta.

“There is no need for us to fight. His Majesty is eager to meet you.”

He made Alaste into a ruin and now he wanted to see Crockta.

Crockta’s face became dark. Crockta replied, “I have no intention of doing that. Why did you stop them?”

“That...”

The knight looked at Crockta. If Crockta wanted to fight, they couldn’t stop him.

The knight declared, “His Majesty has issued a decree that all inhabitants of the south can’t leave the south without permission.”

Chapter 153 – Cataclysm (2)

Crockta laughed, “There is no need to hear any more. Leave.”

The knights immediately glanced at each other. They knew that they couldn't stop Crockta if he attacked them. Crockta had defeated Adandator. They couldn't beat him unless they dragged an army over.

“Crockta. I saw the duel.” The knight with the highest status told Crockta. “I respect your skills. In that sense, I want to tell you...”

He looked at the residents. He understood the hearts of those who wanted to leave the south. But he couldn't go against the emperor's will.

“Don't try to go against His Majesty. The best judgment is for Crockta to join the empire and be with us. His Majesty promises wealth and honor.”

Crockta looked at him. The knight was serious.

Crockta smiled bitterly. People judged the world based on their own viewpoints. His concern was appreciated but he could never be together with the knight. One day, they would meet on the battlefield and kill those on the other side. But that time wasn't now.

Crockta felt a strange sense of sadness of irony about the world as he spoke.

“My honor is different from your honor.”

It was turned down. The knight nodded. He looked at the residents and said, “Don't think that you will be safe afterwards just because you're currently with Crockta. The southern residents can't leave without His Majesty's permission.”

“.....”

The residents were agitated. They didn't think that the empire

would take such direct control. The freedom to go anywhere they liked on the continent, the empire had cast the shade of oppression over it. It all began with the emperor's emergence.

"Damn emperor..."

The residents cursed as they watched the backs of the retreating knights. Then they expressed their thanks to Crockta.

"Thank you. It is all thanks to Crockta."

"No."

"Sigh. It is very concerning. I wonder if we can go north..."

Their first goal was the elf city called Riznari. It was a free city located a little away from Maillard where all types of species gathered. But based on the appearance of the knights, the empire had started to control all roads leading out of the south. It was questionable if they could reach their destination.

They started to exchange opinions among themselves.

"I would rather go to Espada..."

"I am the opposite. If we go to Espada, we will definitely have to fight the empire."

"If I had to choose one of them it is better to fight the emperor!"

"Maybe we should just go and see..."

"You just saw it. We will just get caught!"

Tiyo shook his head. "Crockta. Looking at the south... it might be better to leave this area first dot."

"Yes, but I don't want to do that."

"In order to fight the emperor, we must have troops. But you don't have that much power in the south dot."

It was possible to defeat the great chieftain in the north because they had the force called the dark elves. In order to get rid of the emperor, forces hostile to the emperor were needed. The emperor

would reveal his ambition soon, so it might be wiser to wait for the clash with forces from the elves, gnomes, and orcs.

But Crockta didn't want to do that.

"I will go to Espada and think about it."

"Understood dot."

Once he figured out Espada's situation, he would be able to make a decision about any future actions.

"Maybe we can get some rest dot."

"The discussion is getting longer. The residents in the south were having a discussion after meeting the knights to decide whether they should go north or go to Espada with Crockta.

"I'll keep going. I won't be intimidated."

"Then are you planning to take on the knights?"

"I will go quietly. It can't be helped if I end up conscripted."

"Do you think they will be so accepting? I would rather fight in Espada than be conscripted by the empire."

"Hah, truly."

As they talked, Crockta's group took out tools from their bags and started cooking. It was lunch time. The residents sat down and prepared to eat. Among the residents, there were those who continued discussing the future while the rest ate lunch.

Crockta chewed on beef jerky and looked at the distant horizon. If this was a normal trip, he would've sung a song. However, the emperor had emerged and shattered this. He couldn't rest easily until he removed those who destroyed Alaste.

"After fighting the emperor..." It was a similar story when he fought the great chieftain. Crockta looked up and spoke to Tiyo and Anor. "Let's go back to Gridori and enjoy some rest."

Tiyo grinned.

“The emperor after the great chieftain. I’m afraid that if we stop the emperor, a god will appear dot.”

“If a god blocks us, we should get rid of the god.”

“Kahahat.”

The meal ended and Crockta’s group rose. Then they looked at the residents. If their argument was prolonged, Crockta planned to leave for Espada first. But they seemed to have come to a conclusion.

“We will go to Espada.”

“I wish you good luck.”

The residents decided to split into two groups. There were those who would continue to Riznari, while the others would go to Espada. On the way to Riznari, there was a high probability of meeting the emperor’s knights, but they couldn’t think about fighting the emperor.

“It will be dangerous...”

“They won’t kill us. At most, we will be punished before being conscripted by the emperor.”

“I hope to see you again.”

“Then...”

The group said farewell and split in two. They said, “Goodbye. I didn’t know we would be breaking apart like this.”

“Life is about choices. It would be good if I could know the future.”

Crockta listened to their conversation and thought of a skill. If he used the ‘Gray God’s Eyes’, he could see the other person’s lifespan. However, he was reluctant to use this skill. It was a great skill but knowing the lifespan of someone else gave off a feeling of taboo.

In particular, after finding out that Elder Lord was another dimension, he became more reluctant to use it. He didn't want to steal the intimate knowledge of another person's death. In addition, he didn't want to be forced to do something by this ability.

Just like the name, this skill was the domain of the gods. But at this moment, he felt like he had to confirm their remaining lifespan. If he used this, he could guess if they were killed by knights or if they would make it safely to another city.

Crockta hesitated before using the skill on the villagers in the distance. Then something emerged on top of their heads.

“.....!”

Crockta felt dismayed. They would die in the near future. The same number was written above the heads of those continuing to the north. They would meet death on the same day.

“Stop.”

“Huh?”

“They...” Crockta turned his head. “.....!”

The numbers showed once again. The numbers above their head were no different from those heading to the north.

Crockta dropped his gaze, unable to look at the fate of those heading to their deaths. There was a procession of ants at his feet. There was something faint around them as well. The inevitably overwhelming marks of death were stamped all over this world.

Death was equal, stamping the heads of both humans and ants. Not just humans and ants, but the land he stood on would be destroyed someday.

Crockta once again regretted using the Gray God's Eyes. The power became stronger every time he used it. It was hard to breath when seeing the world of death through the Gray God's Eyes.

“Crockta, why are you so slow dot?”

Tiyo approached him and asked. Crockta didn't want to see the mark of death above Tiyo's head. So he tried to stop the Gray God's Eyes. At that moment,

[The Gray God's Eyes was originally a passive skill.]

“.....!”

A system message. No, it was a message from the 'Gray God'.

[Once you use it once, you will see them forever.]

Crockta shook his head. It wasn't supposed to be like this.

[But since it is a god's vision, I have changed the Gray God's Eyes into a skill that you can activate and deactivate.]

[Now you see that the world is full of death.]

[They will meet death in the near future.]

[Do you want to save them?]

[What choice will you make?]

She asked Crockta.

Crockta opened his eyes.

The Heaven and Earth Clan operated on the logic of economic returns. The members of Heaven and Earth were full-time users making a living in Elder Lord. Therefore, they rushed to generate revenue. And they were successful in making money.

They launched a program called Heaven and Earth TV. There was an exclusive person filming the various wars and events of the Heaven and Earth Clan in the world of Elder Lord in real time. As

Heaven and Earth TV became increasingly popular, it cooperated with broadcasters and became a national program.

The broadcast chat window was the battlefield. Those who liked the Heaven and Earth Clan praised their actions, anticipating more wars and massacres. They didn't blame them for violating the agreement between users.

–They have to maintain their influence. Betrayal is nothing. Become strong or self-destruct. That is Elder Lord.

There were others who questioned the Heaven and Earth Clan's excessive warfare, the gameplay that didn't care about other users and the arrogant attitude that mocked weak users.

–Thanks to them, people are quitting Elder Lord. How many villages are lost because of them? The contents and fun are disappearing, what are the publishers doing?

Despite such controversies, the Heaven and Earth Clan was proud of their greatness. People liked watching the best. The ratings were the best for the Heaven and Earth battles. In particular, Rommel's orchestrated tactical commands enthralled people.

Today, in the middle of a small Heaven and Earth battle. All of a sudden, system messages popped up.

[This is an entire server system message.]

[Thank you to all the users who love Elder Lord. Elder Lord has become more abundant thanks to your participation.]

–Eh, what?

BJ Heaven and Earth, the person dedicated to shooting the Heaven and Earth TV broadcast, murmured in confusion.

–It's been awhile since there was a server wide system message. How strange. Wait while I check this out. Is Elsaco finally acting?

Elsaco stood for Elder Saga Corporation. Elsaco was mocked as a company that didn't work due to its unique way of handling the game.

The viewers also focused on the message. BJ Heaven and Earth muttered,

–Achievement points event?

[Your hard work in Elder Lord is measured using achievement points. Thanks to all the users, the total sum of achievement points has exceeded the target value.]

–The target?

[Thus, there will be an achievement points event. Special rewards will be given whenever you earn achievement points. Each user will receive different rewards, so don't be disappointed if you get an unwanted reward and continue to build your achievements. There are some wonderful rewards.]

The battle scene was still visible on the screen. As BJ Heaven and Earth continued to dwell on the system messages, the members fighting turned them off and focused on the battle. Then the battle ended. BJ Heaven and Earth regained his spirit.

–Ah, the battle finished. Then...

[You have earned achievement points. Due to the achievement points event, you have learned a new skill!]

–Eh?

BJ Heaven and Earth was in charge of shooting, but as a member of the Heaven and Earth party, he also gained a share of the

experience and achievement points. As soon as the battle ended, he received the achievement points, followed by the reward.

He confirmed the reward.

[Rare grade skill, Flying Heaven Sword Style (Rare) has been acquired.]

-...Uh?

BJ Heaven and Earth groaned. The Flying Heaven Sword Style was a well known sword skill.

[If you learn the Flying Heaven Sword Style and satisfy certain conditions, you can change to the hidden class ‘Sword Emperor.’]

The Flying Heaven Sword Style was the representative skill of the ranker with the hidden class ‘Sword Emperor.’ He revealed that he could become a Sword Emperor by acquiring the Flying Heaven Sword Style, but he didn’t tell how he acquired the skill.

So it was a famous skill that no one else managed to obtain. Sword Emperor was a fraudulent class that everyone wanted. Along with Rommel’s ‘War Maestro’, it was recognized as a hidden class that represented Elder Lord.

That Flying Heaven Sword Style had fallen into the hands of BJ Heaven and Earth.

-Uh...Uhh...

BJ Heaven and Earth’s confused voice trailed away. He was dazed. In contrast to his silence, the chat window had become noisy. This was the start of Elder Lord’s cataclysm.

Chapter 154 – Cataclysm (3)

Not everyone received a skill like the Flying Heaven Sword Style, but it was obvious that users were starting to become stronger than before. After hearing this news, users who left Elder Lord came back.

People speculated that this was Elder Saga Corporation's attempt at marketing to increase the dominance of Elder Lord. The event seemed to be an extraordinary success.

Elder Lord became boisterous as people played more aggressively in order to gain achievement points.

“Should I play again?” Yiyu muttered. However, her friends all shook their heads.

“It is too late to start now, and the result would be the same. You are already doing what you want to do, so there is no need to play the game again.”

“I see...”

“Now you need to prepare for the certification. Graduation is soon.”

“Hell..”

She was chatting with her friends in a café in front of the school. They wanted to get off the hot streets and into the air conditioned café, hanging out while eating bingsoo. (TL: shaved ice)

“Is your brother well? It seemed like the matter was urgent.”

“Yes, it wasn't a big deal. He said to apologize to you.”

“There is no need to be sorry, as I got to eat thanks to him. It is the first time I ate such food. Jung Yiyu, isn't your brother a gold spoon?”

“Hey, that was also the first time I had a meal like that.”

Ban Taehoon was with them, but he was dozing off in the corner. Apparently, the boys had gathered together and played until extremely early in the morning. Yoon Bora clicked her tongue at his appearance.

“Pathetic guy.”

“...I can hear you.” Ban Taehoon replied.

“Your sisters are working so hard while you drink all night.”

“I’m graduating so let it go this once.”

“You shouldn’t live like this.”

“I don’t like your tone. You sound like a real mother. It is creepy.” Ban Taehoon got up. His eyes were hollow. He had washed up so he didn’t smell like alcohol, but his movements were uncomfortable. “What is Crockta doing these days?”

“How should I know?”

“You’re a member of He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy.”

“I was so busy that I couldn’t...let’s see.”

Yiyu held out the bowl of bingsoo to Ban Taehoon and said, “Eat some.”

“That’s okay...I will die...”

“Tsk tsk. It is better than drinking alcohol.”

“Is it up to you?”

They smiled, enjoying the first leisure time they had in awhile.

Yoon Bora was manipulating her phone and mounted it on an LCD holder. Both Yiyu and Ban Taehoon looked at it.

“What is it?”

“Bora?”

It was a live channel. As soon as she hit the button, the video was

played. In Elder Lord, there were a lot of users in a region, so big battles and issues were usually broadcasted in real time. This was one such relay channel. However, this time there was the name, 'Crockta' in the title.

On the screen, Crockta was fighting against knights. Recently, an emperor had emerged in the south and was conducting a war. At the forefront was the Heaven and Earth Clan. The video didn't contain the Heaven and Earth Clan, but it might be an extension of that battle.

It was a fierce fight. Crockta alone wielded his greatsword against dozens of knights. He defeated the knights, but he couldn't protect all the residents.

–Killing innocent people, how shameful!

–Shut up! It is in the emperor's name!

Crockta and the knights wielded their weapons against each other. Unlike the users who had ambiguous positions in Elder Lord, the NPCs sincerely wielded their weapons at their enemies.

“Is this real?”

“Yes.”

In a corner of the screen, the chat history of the viewers was continuously updating. The people who supported Crockta and those who wanted him to die were fighting.

“Crockta won't die, right?”

“He is a monster. He can't die. It is the other people that are the problem,” Ban Taehoon said. His words were correct. While Crockta was stronger than the knights, he couldn't protect the entire area alone.

The knights continued to capture and kill the rebellious residents. Crockta tried to save the residents, but he was surrounded by knights.

–You aren't worthy to be called knights!

–We are the emperor's knights.

The knights didn't care. Crockta's sincerity in wanting to save people was passed through the screen towards the viewers. He broke through the encirclement, regardless of any injuries to himself. However, the other knights came back together, forming a thicker encirclement. The angry Crockta fought against them.

“It is strange. These people are fighting seriously.”

“I guess it is because they're artificial intelligence.”

The users filming the situation suddenly hid themselves. The screen darkened. He seemed to be running from a knight who found his traces. His rough breathing was heard. Then he spoke from the black screen.

–Heok, heok. Since a few days ago, Crockta has been helping residents all over the south. He also hit the Heaven and Earth Clan once. Instead of wasting troops trying to catch Crockta, the emperor is spreading the knights in various directions to stop residents from leaving the empire...

He suddenly became quiet as he hid his body somewhere. He whispered to the viewers watching his broadcast.

–Knights are nearby. What should I do?

His voice paused before continuing.

–This is a junction. If you donate to me now, I will do as you please. Brothers! Sisters! If you go a donation, I will react however you want! Please support me!

It was common for BJs to receive donations that would decide their actions.

As the user declared this, the chat window became noisy as something appeared on the screen. It was an amount. Someone watching the broadcast had spent money. His command was

simple.

–Run out to the knights and chant ‘I am hard’ five times.

The chat was filled with laughter. The BJ groaned as he received the command, but his determination was firm. In the end, the BJ was forced to do it. The entire chat window was filled with laughter and emoticons.

In the end, the video started showing again. The user had turned on the relay. The point of view was changed to third person, showing the user. As the donor instructed, he ran through the bushes towards the knight.

The knights raised their swords at his sudden emergence.

He shouted.

–I am hard! I am hard! I...!

However, before his words could continue, a knight’s sword quickly cut off his head. The video ended. The chat window was a sea of laughter.

“This is funny?”

“It isn’t funny? Kukuku.”

Yiyu couldn’t help laughing. Ban Taehoon chuckled.

“People earn a living in their own way.”

Yoon Bora turned off the video and grabbed her phone. Then she started eating the bingsoo again. A lot of the ice had already melted.

“Crockta is living a hard life.”

“Isn’t it dangerous?”

“Perhaps. A named NPC won’t die easily. The knights will be killed.”

Crockta was acknowledged as the strongest warrior right now in Elder Lord. It was why BJs chased after him. He was so important

they would risk danger to film him.

“There are Crockta’s videos and the Heaven and Earth Clan videos, so I don’t need to connect to play the game.”

“What about the Heaven and Earth Clan?”

“They are just burning everything.”

The Heaven and Earth Clan also wasn’t idle. The ‘cursed army’ received the emperor’s favor and carried out his orders. The biggest advantage was that soldiers didn’t die permanently and Rommel’s amazing commanding ability. Rommel’s tactical ability meant that the emperor even gave him troops.

A user leading an army of NPCs was a tremendous achievement in Elder Lord. He used it to carry out the emperor’s commands. The achievement points were huge and the rewards would be bigger.

The Heaven and Earth Clan were gradually rushing towards a monopoly.

“Are you going?”

“I am busy. I’ll call you later.”

No matter what happened in Elder Lord, the group was having a leisurely afternoon.

Crockta was having a busy time without any breaks. He started helping the residents leave the south.

Thanks to the skill ‘Gray God’s Eyes’, he could see people’s death. The south was a land where death prevailed. When he rescued a group of villagers, the alarm was shifted to a village in another area. After saving them, another village was given a day or two. There were passing travelers also destined to die.

He just wanted to close his eyes, but the fate of death caught his tail and led him to another fight.

“Thank you!”

“Go to a safe place.”

Crockta once again listened to the gratitude of the farmers that he saved. It wasn't a large group so Crockta could save all of them alone.

“Yes! We will act as if we are dead for the time being. Thank you Crockta!”

If they followed the emperor's coercion, Crockta might've passed them by. However, none of the humans outside the kingdom were willing to follow the emperor. They were already familiar with the fact that they would be war consumables when dragged into the empire

The inhabitants of Elder Lord held a deep-rooted reluctance towards emperors. Their judgment wasn't wrong. There were rumors that those conscripted by the emperor were dying from harsh training.

“Then I will...”

At that moment, Crockta flinched. The Gray God's Eyes's opened and a new fate caught up with the residents. It was pointing to the foreseeable future. He saved the residents who were destined to die tomorrow. But despite Crockta's actions, death would find them again a week later. He didn't know if the emperor's knights would come back or if it was some other reason, but Crockta only added a few days to their lifespan.

“Be careful.”

It was the only thing Crockta could say. He couldn't become attached to them. He barely stepped away from the farmers who continued to express gratitude. His heart was heavy. The ability that the gray god gave him was pushing him to the edge. Those who were destined to die were everywhere. The emperor was turning the south into a land of death.

But even this agony was a luxury. As long as he fought, he would struggle to do his best. No matter what the results were.

“This way.”

The people of the south, who decided not to follow the emperor, was forming a coalition. They were weak compared to the empire, but they were determined to fight. The coalition reached out to other species.

Tiyo and Anor headed to Espada, the center of the coalition, while Crockta moved quickly on his own. Crockta once again found signs of death in a young man who was searching for help for his village. Crockta heard that the situation was urgent and was told the location.

“Let’s go see.”

Crockta kicked his horse. The horse started galloping. It had accompanied him on this hard journey. As if it felt Crockta’s nervousness, the horse ran at the fastest speed.

He soon encountered a group of users. Crockta stopped. The Heaven and Earth Clan. He moved his hand to the handle of his greatsword. The number was enough to take on his own. But their reaction was unexpected.

“Ah, Crockta!”

“He really is here!”

“Amazing, amazing!”

Crockta noticed quickly. It was an astute insight that grasped the situation in an instant. This was how he became the best agent on the battlefield when he used to be a soldier. They were obviously members of his fanclub, ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’.

“What do we do?”

“Get a signature?”

“An NPC doesn’t even know what that is!”

Crockta got down from his horse. They panicked as Crockta suddenly approached them. The legendary Crockta was staring at them with deep eyes.

“Who are you?”

It was the voice that they always listened to in videos. None of them could open their mouths. They only saw him in videos, but the Crockta in front of them seemed bigger and fiercer.

Then one person replied, “F-Fan! I really admire Crockta! I came here because I wanted to see you once!”

“Admire...”

Crockta shook his head.

“I don’t believe in that admiration.”

“It is true...”

“If you really admire me...” Crockta pointed behind them. “Go with me.”

Chapter 155 – Mountain Smasher (1)

“.....!”

They were baffled by Crockta’s suggestion to accompany him.

“Go with you, what...?”

They didn’t know whether they liked it or not. Crockta was waging war in the south against the Heaven and Earth Clan. He was busy running off to save another place.

Crockta looked at them before climbing back on his horse. Then he started to move past them.

“Uhh...”

The back view of the increasingly distant Crockta seemed somewhat desolate. Suddenly, the words he spoke seemed meaningful.

‘I don’t believe in that admiration.’

He was a hero to both users and NPCs. But whether it was the north or south, he was fighting alone. There were countless people who said they admired him, but Crockta was always alone when fighting against enemies.

“Shit...” A silent person grinned. “Looking at that back view...I have no choice but to go?”

“Shaq?”

“I am going.”

“But it is dangerous. What if the Heaven and Earth Clan are there? You will die!”

“Hey, didn’t you fill out the application form when you joined?” To those who were trying to dissuade him, the man called Shaq asked. “What was your answer to the last question?”

“.....!”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ fanclub operated on a membership system, but not everyone was qualified to join. When filling out the application form, there was a minimum of personal information as well as one question at the end.

[Do you respect the actions of Righteous Orc Crockta?]

Of course, the answer was ‘yes.’ Those who didn’t answer correctly wouldn’t be admitted. That’s right. They all respected Crockta.

“Crockta says that he can’t believe us, so I have no choice but to show him directly.”

“Shaq...”

“I am going.”

Shaq started walking after Crockta. The members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ had come because they had an intense desire to meet Crockta. They never expected a battle.

“Yare yare...” Gilgamesh, who was in love with Japanese anime culture, shook his head. “Looking at that back...doesn’t it make you tired...? Kukuk.”

He wasn’t playing a role now. It was his usual self. He never broke his distinctive tone even when other members criticized him. In other words, he was a man of perseverance.

“Well, those who follow will follow. Today, the ‘military power’... will we be able to see it? Kuhuhu...”

He started walking after Shaq. The remaining members looked at each other and sighed.

“It can’t be helped.”

“Really?”

“We are going...”

Then Gilgamesh suddenly turned around. “Hey. Think well.” He

laughed and continued. “Right now, this is ‘hell.’ You rookies.”

“.....”

The other users, listening quietly, started to walk forward.

“Today I will kill that otaku bastard.”

“Put up with it!”

“Aaaah! I’ll kill him!”

“Hey, you!”

In no time, they had caught up with Gilgamesh. Thus, the members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ plunged into the southern battlefield to help Crockta.

Camelot was once a knight, but he had retired and settled in a small town to become a farmer. He was satisfied with his current peaceful life. He had a wise wife and beautiful daughter. Despite not being rich, they had good neighbors. In addition, the rich southern land repaid his sincerity with a lot of crops.

He imagined living here for the rest of his life and thought there would be no happier life if he closed his eyes with his grandchildren around him. But he had to abandon the farm equipment and pick up a weapon.

It was because the emperor appeared.

“I think it would be good to join Espada.”

“It is too far. Knights are everywhere.”

“It is the same here.”

The village was holding a meeting to discuss the future. They had been discussing for a few days about whether they should incorporate into the empire or not.

“Why don’t we just join the empire?”

“If we are going to die on the battlefield anyway, let’s not die as slaves and resist the emperor!”

“Aye!”

Camelot looked at the meeting that had come to a standstill and recalled the long sword he had left at home. Perhaps the villagers would fail to reach a conclusion until the end and this discussion would continue. Eventually, the imperial forces would come here.

Fortunately, the imperial army couldn’t move in an orderly fashion due to the orc called Crockta. They might be able to stop it if a reasonable number of troops came.

“Camelot, you don’t have an opinion? You were once a knight.”

“I don’t know.”

He was serious. He didn’t know what the right thing to do was. It didn’t seem like any path would resolve it well. The emperor and empire were enemies that were too big. The moment that the discussion was going to start again...

An alarm started ringing.

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

The urgent ringing lifted people to their feet. The village chief instructed a young man to find out what happened. But it was obvious what was happening before he even came out.

“Armed forces!”

“Knights are coming! Get ready everyone!”

The knights of the empire. There were many rumors about knights on horses appearing to occupy villages and drag villagers to become serfs of the empire. But when it came to reality, no one could react properly.

Camelot shouted. “Steady yourself!”

At his words, the residents started to move. They talked about

what they should do next.

“Grab your weapons at him then bring the women, children, and seniors back to this place!”

They had to gather. If they were separate, they would be killed by the knights.

“Quickly!”

Camelot shouted before moving first. His house was on the outskirts of the village. It would be one of the knights’ first goal. He was worried about his wife and daughter waiting at home, and couldn’t stay any longer.

“Dammit!”

The closer he came to his home, the more his uneasy feelings became true. Not far from his house was the flag of the empire. As he crazily ran past them, the horrible scenery was revealed. The knights were carelessly dragging his wife and daughter. They resisted but the knights didn’t care, throwing them on the ground.

Flames surged in Camelot’s eyes.

“Son of a bitch!”

He rushed with all his power and kicked the knight, who fell from the weighted blow. He was wearing heavy armor so he couldn’t get up. Camelot grabbed the knight’s sword on the ground and pointed it at the enemy.

“Who?”

“This fellow!”

The knights also threatened Camelot with their swords. Camelot hid his wife behind him and warily looked at the enemies. His daughter was still in the hands of a knight, staring at him with a terrified expression.

“Knights who have no shame.”

“We hear that a lot.”

The knights laughed. Camelot was desperate. The knights he knew weren't like this, but the south had gone crazy after the emperor's inauguration. There were no knights left who honoured the weak and helped those in crises. Rather, they had become dogs of the emperor, with only the savage, ignorant orc left helping.

Camelot gritted his teeth. “Return my daughter and I will join the empire. I was a knight of the Dietrich family, so I will be more helpful than ordinary farmers.”

“You!”

Camelot looked at his family and shook his head. Camelot was desperate. However, the knights mocked him, “Don't make me laugh. One man is more helpful than two women? I don't think so.”

“.....!”

Their attitude made them seem more like bandits than knights. One knight asked another knight, “Hey, is he to your taste?”

“No.”

“He said that he would be more helpful.”

“Maybe that is his taste. Kuhuhu.”

“Puhahat.”

Camelot gripped the sword tightly. After hearing the knights' words, he was determined to die. He would die today. However, he would take out at least one of them with him. He cursed the emperor and prepared to run.

However, his strong mind didn't last long.

“Hey, drop the sword.”

“.....!”

A knight was holding a sword to his daughter. “I can tell what

you're intending from the look in your eyes, but don't even think about it. Otherwise, I can't guarantee the lives of your daughter and wife behind you."

"....."

"I won't kill them if you surrender. Do you understand? Even if it is miserable, isn't it better than your wife and child being killed here?"

Camelot thought about it and the tip of his sword slowly dropped. He dropped the sword. At the same time, a fist hit him.

"Cough!"

"Honey!"

It was a punch from a knight wearing thick steel gauntlets. A few teeth flew in an instant. Camelot fell to the ground and spat out blood.

"This bastard dared to kick me?" It was the knight that he had first attacked. He kept kicking Camelot. "Hold this bastard tightly."

He commanded another knight to grab Camelot. Then he grabbed his sword and walked towards Camelot's daughter.

"Your daughter will suffer because of your kick."

"What are you doing?"

"Look at what you have done."

"I'll apologize so stop! Stop!"

The sword was pointed towards his daughter's face. Camelot shook like crazy. However, he was held by the knight and couldn't stop it. The knight kicked Camelot and forced him on his knees. The nauseous Camelot lay on the ground.

His blurry vision could see the sword heading towards his daughter's ear. The knight was going to cut off her ear. Camelot

used all his strength to try and get up and attack the knight. However, another knight knocked him down again.

The moment that he felt total despair...

There was a huge roar.

Kuaaaaaaang!

A black object jumped from the bushes and struck the knight's face. The knight's neck was torn and his head flew through the air.

“.....!”

It happened so abruptly that no one could respond. The body of the headless knight collapsed as blood splattered everywhere. Camelot's daughter closed her eyes and screamed as blood covered her.

“Kyaaaak!”

However, no one else in this place opened their mouths. The 'huge' thing was standing in the middle of them. This...

“Grrrrr...”

It was a great tiger the size of a house. The teeth were big and sharp, as if they could chew through an ogre's skin, and the eyes were fierce. There was a package tied to its neck, but no one thought it looked ridiculous.

“W-What?”

“This...”

The tiger's pressure pushed at them. Every time the tiger growled, the low frequency would overwhelm their bodies. But it didn't end with just the tiger.

“What, tiger! Why are you so fast?” The tiger was accompanied by someone. “What is this? Grrung!”

There was an orc that was just as big as the tiger. He scratched his head and nodded as he found the girl trapped by the knights.

“Tsk tsk. Humans can’t help themselves! Grrung!”

A knight recoiled at his appearance and stammered out.

“C-Crockta?”

“Crockta? Don’t compare me to such a baby! Bah!”

Crockta was the only fearsome orc in the south. Then who was this orc? The orc struck his chest and declared, “My name is Kumarak! Grrung!”

He was ‘Mountain Smasher’ Kumarak.

Chapter 156 – Mountain Smasher (2)

‘Mountain Smasher’ Kumarak was a legendary orc with many stories about him. The most famous story was that he smashed a whole mountain into a flat land in order to hunt a greatworm. The greatworm was a creature who emerged from the ground when it vibrated and freely swallowed its prey.

It had an earthworm-like appearance, but scholars considered it powerful enough to be treated as a dragon. On the western side of the continent, there was an old and infamous greatworm that had long been mentioned in the history books.

Kumarak, who had been exploring the west, was very angry when the infamous greatworm swallowed his companions and he figured out that its home was a vast mountain nearby. He smashed at the mountain frantically, trying to destroy it.

Then the greatworm appeared from within.

The two engaged in a bloody battle. The greatworm fled in front of Kumarak’s immense strength and endurance, and Kumarak kept digging at the mountain. Then the greatworm appeared again and again, with the two of them struggling in this manner for several months.

Mountain Smasher was certainly an exaggeration, but Kumarak eventually turned a big mountain into a hill in the period of a year and killed the great worm. He pulled the remains of his companions out of the greatworm’s stomach and buried them.

Thus, he killed the hundreds of years old greatworm, which had been written down in history, and turned the mountain into a flat land where it was buried. Since then, Kumarak became someone who should never be touched.

That Kumarak was here. Indeed, it was a fearsome appearance. He seemed much bigger than Crockta, whose name was widely

spread. They were suspicious if he was even an orc.

Kumarak stared at the knights and said, “Grung, go!”

“.....!”

“I said it clearly. I will count to five. One, grung, two...!”

Kumarak grabbed the axe he carried on his back. The axe was much bigger than usual. They could feel how much of a monster Kumarak was just seeing him hold that weapon. In the end, all the knights retreated before Kumarak counted to five.

Camelot bowed his head and said, “Thank you.”

He couldn't pronounce the words properly after being hit by the knight. His weeping wife approached Camelot and examined his wounds. His daughter also ran towards her mother and father.

“Grrr....”

Kumarak's expression was awkward as he looked at the scene. The tiger came up to Kumarak and stood next to him. Both of them were huge, so they looked like an ordinary orc and tiger when standing side by side.

“Tiger! Good job suddenly running here. Grrung...”

“Kuang!”

“I don't understand what you are saying.”

“Kuaang!”

“Well, it is also the same for you. Grrung!”

Kumarak touched the sack tied to the tiger's neck.

“By the way, where is he?”

“Kuang?”

“He isn't here?”

The tiger shrugged. Kumarak smiled at the human gesture and patted the tiger.

“Let’s handle these bastards first, Tiger! Grrung!”

“Kuaang!”

Kumarak turned around. There were still knights in the village. He could hear the screams of people in the distance. It was a strange sight for Kumarak. Human knights were attacking the same humans that they were made to protect. There were also humans attacking the knights. The humans were fighting among themselves. While there was the occasional dispute between the orcs, this was the first time Kumarak had ever seen the strong tormenting the weak.

“Let’s go, Tiger!”

Kumarak instantly ran out. As they moved away from Camelot into the village, humans who gave up resistance were being dragged. They were like slaves as they were tied together with ropes.

Slaves!

Flames surged in Kumarak’s eyes. A scene without honor!

He lifted his axe.

“Bul’tarrrrrrrrr—————!”

The roar shook the village. The knights covered their ears and looked around. They soon discovered the fierce face of a giant orc looking at them. He was holding an axe that was as big as an adult body.

“What are you doing, grrung!”

“.....!”

“I asked, what are you doing in front of me?”

As Kumarak glared at his opponents with bloodthirsty eyes, the knights couldn’t help stepping back. The knights couldn’t move. Even the residents trembled under his pressure. The leader of the knights stepped forward and asked, “Who are you? We are acting

in the name of the emperor.”

This orc wasn't Crockta. Crockta used a greatsword and wore a red headband. This orc wielded an axe that was bigger than his head.

Kumarak cocked his head. “Emperor?”

“Yes.”

The knight gained confidence.

This was the south, the land of the kingdom, and now the land of the empire. Even though there were some people like Crockta, people generally listened to the name of the emperor. The other species weren't united like the present empire. Compared to their loosely connected systems, the empire trained its army in a systematic manner. In other words, the empire was now the single strongest force on the continent and the emperor was at the height of this power. And they were knights of the emperor.

The knight raised his chin and said, “Don't meddle in our task. Once again, it is per the emperor's orders.”

Kumarak asked, “The emperor?”

“That's right. The emperor!” The knight answered firmly.

Kumarak's axe lowered.

The knight grinned. This orc still had common sense. No matter how strong he was, he couldn't fight against the empire. Maybe he would become their ally. The emperor was gathering talent for a future plan. The orc was ugly but his combat power was excellent, so if the knight could persuade him and take him to the emperor...

Before he could finish the thought, Kumarak stomped his feet. The earth shook.

“I am———!” Kumarak moved forward, his big shadow covering the knight. Kumarak's eyes were burning. “Kumarak———!”

Kumarak reached out and grabbed the knight's neck. The knight struggled and grabbed his wrist, but Kumarak's strength was overwhelming. He raised the body of the knight. The other knights drew their swords and pointed them at Kumarak, but he didn't care.

"Say it again. Whose name?"

"E-E...cough...emperor..."

"I am Kumarak!" Kumarak threw the knight. He hit a group of knights. "I don't have an emperor. Grrung!"

Kumarak strode forward. His overwhelming atmosphere crushed the knights. His shoulders shook.

Kaaaang!

With the sound of steel colliding, one knight flew into the air. He had been hit by the axe.

"Emperor?"

Every time his arms shook, the knights fell one by one. The huge axe was moving at an unbelievable speed that they couldn't see. The terrified knights stepped back as Kumarak approached.

"You might call him the emperor but..." Kumarak pushed his face right up against a knight. The knight was terrified and kept shaking. "For me, he is just a human."

Kumarak kicked him. The knights didn't dare go against Kumarak. He looked at those who had fallen and said, "If you don't disappear right now, I will kill you. Grrung."

The scared knights hurriedly grabbed their weapons and withdrew. No hesitation was seen. They knew that if they stayed here further, they would die in Kumarak's hands. There was the sound of horseshoes as the knights ran away.

Kumarak and the tiger released the bound residents. They expressed their thanks to Kumarak. Kumarak looked terrifying,

but he coughed awkwardly at the thanks from the residents.

“Grrung! I was just passing by! Grrung! There is no need for thanks!”

“Thank you very much. Kumarak!”

“Hooray Kumarak!”

“Grrung!”

As they were celebrating the defeat of the knights, a new group was seen in the distance.

“.....!”

The boisterous sounds subsided. The residents became tense again. Dust was rising in the distance. Maybe the knights had called for more troops as reinforcements. Kumarak placed his axe on his shoulder. They came back despite being scared, maybe they brought a decent opponent this time.

“Kiyoooooooo!” The one who appeared was a small gnome on horseback. “I am Tiyo dot! Where are those guys from the empire dot?”

A group of humans were riding towards the village, with Tiyo in the lead. They were the resistance formed in Espada. Tiyo and Anor had separated from Crockta, joining the resistance and fighting against the empire.

Tiyo’s ability to freely change General to an array of weapons was overwhelming, causing him to quickly rise from a soldier to a leader.

“Hmm?” Dismay appeared in Tiyo’s eyes as he saw an orc and tiger instead of knights. “What? I thought only Crockta was this ugly dot!”

Kumarak became furious. “What did you say? Grrung!”

“Ohh, you heard it very clearly dot!”

“This little kid gnome! Grrrung!”

“Ugly bastard dot!”

The two of them growled at each other as soon as they met. Tiyo shouted.

“Why do you keep going grrung dot? Are you imitating the tiger?”

“T-This!”

“So you can speak without sounding like a beast dot! Then stop grrrung!”

Kumarak glanced away, while the tip of his nose turned red. It was unexpectedly a complex.

“I have sinusitis...grrung! It isn’t on purpose...! Grrung...!”

“Oh, I see... tsk tsk, you should maintain your health. Eat a lot of fruits and vegetables dot. Have you eaten today?”

“Not yet...”

“That’s great dot. Residents! We have a lot of food! The fight seems to have been taken care of by this orc, so come eat! Kahat!”

Tiyo already grasped the situation. The residents had just been released from their ropes and this orc was like Crockta. Furthermore, there was a huge tiger. This orc must’ve defeated the knights and saved the village.

“I understand. We will prepare it.” The residents decided to serve the orc Kumarak, who saved them. While they prepared the food, the tiger went and hunted two big bison.

“Phew, now I can rest dot.”

“I can finally sit for a bit. Phew. It is hard.”

The resistance members rested in their seats. They had rushed here after saving another village.

“Hey Orc!”

“My name is Kumarak! Grrung!”

“Yes, Kumarak.” Tiyo approached and patted the tiger sitting beside him. The tiger was quiet. “Do you know Crockta dot?”

“Crockta? We came to meet him! Grrung!”

“Ah! I am the man who ventured north with Crockta dot! We fought together against the crazy chieftain dot!”

“Where is he?”

“Right now we have separated dot. Why are you looking for Crockta?”

“Not me, this guy!”

Kumarak pointed to the tiger. The tiger had been dozing due to Tiyo’s nice touch, and opened his eyes as he was abruptly mentioned.

“Kuang?” The tiger looked around in amazement. He looked somewhat dazed.

“The tiger seems a little lacking dot.”

“...That’s right. Grrung.”

The tiger didn’t see anything and started to doze off again. Tiyo climbed on top of it and rolled on the fluffy fur. Then he bumped into the bundle tied to the tiger’s neck.

“Ouch! What is this dot?”

“It needs to be given to Crockta. Where is Crockta?”

“Crockta right now...”

Crockta was currently excited. He wielded his greatsword towards the knights. The body was split apart.

“Bul’tar!”

“Yare yare... my body is an infinite sword...? Kukuk...”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members joined him. Among them was a moderately cool person.

“My ‘power’ for attacking... stop it? Kukuk... come, eat ‘despair’!”

“.....!”

This person was passionate. He ignored Crockta and said to the enemies, “I am the the ‘punishment’ of the black death god...I will make you mortal men pay for these deaths...kukuk...!”

“.....!”

The knights and Crockta were stunned. Crockta met Gilgamesh’s eyes. They raised their thumbs towards each other.

“.....”

“.....”

The members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ were horrified.

Chapter 157 – Evil Solidarity (1)

“Let’s just fight.”

“Yes.”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members decided to stop listening. The battle continued. Those who headed to the south to meet Crockta, their battle power was above the average users. All of them were high-level users.

“Be careful!”

“I understand!”

In the past, it was almost impossible for users to fight against NPCs, but now they had surpassed them. Furthermore, their skills and abilities were growing quickly due to the achievement points event.

The knights outnumbered them, but the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members didn’t step back. In particular, the actions of Gilgamesh were dazzling. He both mentally and physically attacked the enemies.

“Open your hearts! Death is only an uninvited guest for those who don’t understand it. Since we were born, we have already received notice of its visit! Kukuk!”

“.....!”

“You there! What is your name?”

The confused knight replied, “T-Taiger.”

Gilgamesh used magic power, as he was a magic swordsman who gave up efficiency for power. He used his magic to produce dozens of magic swords in the air behind the enemy. The combination of ‘Paired Sword Technique and ‘Psychokinesis!’

As his accomplishments reached an essence beyond the limit, he gained a hidden class that no one had obtained before.

The 'Blade Shadowmage'!

"Taiger! Tomorrow, your friends will be having a conversation!"

"What conversation?"

He moved his hand and dozens of swords shot towards the enemy. Gilgamesh exclaimed, "Taiger?"

"Kkack!"

"He is dead!"

His swords pierced the body of Knight Taiger. Taiger looked like a hedgehog as he was penetrated by numerous swords.

Gilgamesh closed his eyes. "Freedom doesn't come back, but revenge does. Blame it on your reckless sword and your misplaced loyalty, Taiger."

It was a class that couldn't fight for a long time due to the consumption of strength, but his brilliant technique was effective in lowering enemy morale.

One knight spoke fearfully, "There isn't just one monster...!"

The man who was always persecuted because of his excessive speech, Gilgamesh! He was now called a monster by the NPC knights. The members of 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' felt unknown emotions as they watched Gilgamesh knock down the knights.

One member of 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' who hated Gilgamesh in particular, Shaq closed his eyes as he recalled the past. He was a user who condemned Gilgamesh more than anyone else. He spoke harshly about Gilgamesh being an otaku, but Gilgamesh wasn't shaken at all as he said confidently.

'Otaku!'

'Otaku? It simply means a mania that focuses on one thing. Shaq!'

‘It is dirty!’

‘...Kukuk, okay. Coming to see me at twilight while shedding tears. If you want a fight then I’ll willingly oblige.’

Then what about now? Shaq suddenly looked at the sky.

It was just before the curtain of night covered the sky, as it shone red from the sun setting. As the glow from the western clouds grew, the clouds in the east were dark, as if night had already arrived. It was a beautiful twilight.

“...Gilgamesh, you were right.”

Shaq muttered as he aimed a spear towards a knight behind him. The knight bounced back from the blow. He barely managed to get up while raising his sword. Shaq kicked him. The knight’s helmet flew away and his face was revealed. Shaq’s spear aimed for his head.

“Knight. Tell this to the king.”

“H-His Majesty? Tell him what?”

Shaq laughed and replied, “To the ‘great king’, the grim reaper will perform his job brilliantly. Kukuk...!”

Then the spear struck. It was the end of the knight. Thanks to Crockta’s overwhelming dance and the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members, the battle was now completely one-sided.

“My greatsword is a guillotine that separates the godless ones! Stick out your necks, prisoners!”

“Come on, sword dance! Swallow the blood of the wicked!”

“Do you like this spear? It is a gift!”

Due to the attacks and damage to their spirits, the knights lost their fighting spirit and started to flee. Crockta and his fan club members finished as the sun went down.

Shaq looked at the backs of the retreating knights and asked

Crockta,

“Crockta. How is it?”

Crockta looked at them. The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members were laughing while covered in blood. They had won but they weren’t in a perfect state. It was an appearance where the wounds kept increasing. Only the eyes gazing at Crockta were shining.

“Do you still not believe in our respect? Kukuk...!”

Shaq said with a smile. Gilgamesh scoffed from beside him and looked up at the distant sky.

Crockta replied, “Of course.”

“Even though we fought so hard together? I am disappointed.”

“I believe!” Crockta extended his fist and said, “I believe in my companions.”

“.....!”

Companions! They were recognized as Crockta’s companions.

Crockta had first appeared in the video against the user hunters. He showed great skill in breaking through many enemies with his bold attacks. His words about honor caused many viewers to be thrilled. Then he was active in Arnin and Chesswood.

He always fought for the weak, and eventually became a hero who handled the northern invasion alone. But this man didn’t get tired and was fighting again for peace in the south. At first, he was a weak orc struggling against three users.

When the video with the user hunters first appeared, the members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ would’ve been more powerful. However, now Crockta had become a man who could face an army alone.

The same amount of time had passed, but he had become completely different to them. It was an indomitable will. An act of

faithfulness! Crockta was truly deserving of respect.

Now they were recognized as companions of such a man.

“C-Companion.”

Gilgamesh was startled. His expression was touched. It was rare for him to let go of his concept. He soon restored his expression and looked at the distant sky.

“I have found a fellow reaper of death... you are truly a brave man, kukuk! I’ll accept it for today.”

Then he reached out and bumped fists with Crockta.

“Huhut.”

“This is true.”

Shaq and the other members of the fan club bumped fists with Crockta in turn.

Shaq, a member of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’, ended his connection.

Shin Jahu was lost in the afterglow for a while after exiting the capsule. He closed his eyes on the couch and recalled the adventure he had last night.

He had gone to the south to meet Crockta and actually met him. He was much bigger and fiercer than he seemed in videos. He was riding a horse that looked pitiful. Just like Crockta’s appearance, his actions were more than imagined.

He was more than someone from a video. Despite the users in the south refusing to get involved, he was fighting against the emperor with an indomitable will.

“If it wasn’t for work...”

Anyway, he asked for understanding and ended the connection. It was because day was breaking. Koreans or people living in a

similar country stopped their adventures for a while.

“There are many guests today~ but the salary is the same~ but it can’t be ruined~.” Shin Jahu sang a strange song while putting on his clothes. He felt unusually good because he had a wonderful experience. “Jajangmyeon~ sweet bean paste~ bruises~ tiger balm ointment~.”

Shin Jahu was the chef at a Chinese restaurant.

He left home. His clothing revealed his burly body. Due to his hard work, his biceps and triceps were like a muscular bodybuilder.

“I wonder what that brat Gilgamesh is doing?”

Shin Jahu presumed Gilgamesh was Japanese or Korean because he was so influenced by Japanese culture. They weren’t friends in reality, but he was suddenly concerned about Gilgamesh’s social life.

It was the first time he worried about Gilgamesh.

“Is this the influence of Crockta?”

While Crockta was an NPC, he felt more like a person. Through Elder Lord, Shin Jahu started to change. He didn’t think about Gilgamesh with his usual disdain.

“I should make him a bowl of jajangmyeon if we ever meet.”

Shin Jahu headed for the bus stop. There was a stack of windows on the sidewalk, with more piled up on the street truck. He used it to check his face. Ah, he forgot to shave. His beard was growing. However, he didn’t care.

“I am a real man~.”

He sang while passing by the truck. This was no time to worry about it. There was a group booked today so he needed to hurry to work.

At that moment.

A passenger car slightly twisted and hit the side of the truck.

Kung!

It was a mild hit. The uncle in the car opened the door and ran out. His expression was troubled.

“Da~mn. Why is this parked here?”

The uncle scratched his head and examined the truck. There wasn't a big scratch. Rather, his car bumper was more damaged. The truck's driver was absent, so the uncle tried to see if there was a phone number.

“Geez, I can see you.”

Shin Jahu chuckled at the sight. Then he suddenly discovered something strange. Due to the aftermath of the conflict, the straps securing the window weren't tied properly and they came loose.

“Oh my...”

He blocked his ears and prepared for it. The windows would soon break.

“Uncle, be careful...”

Sometimes when coincidences overlapped, they ran towards an inevitable tragedy.

“Uh...”

A little boy was walking past the truck. At that moment, the stacked windows were tilting.

The kid moved without knowing anything. The yellow hat indicated that he was from a kindergarten near Shin Jahu's apartment. The yellow bag across his shoulder was also from there. The name was Green Pine Kindergarten. If the boy's eyes were any larger, then he could be mistaken for a girl.

Many thoughts crossed Shin Jahu's mind as he saw the child. Was this a kaleidoscope? He could clearly see that the child had

brown eyes and brown hair, while his legs were plump and at the awkward boundary between a toddler and a child.

The kid was staring at Shin Jahu with an innocent face mixed with laughter, not knowing the fate awaiting him. The kid's body gradually got closer.

Shit.

Shin Jahu realized that he was running.

Shit, shit.

Why was he doing this? He saw the child's surprised face. It was a face frightened by the adult rushing towards him, without being aware of the windows pouring towards him from above.

There should at least be someone who praised his action. At that moment, someone's face popped up. Shin Jahu smiled while covering the boy's body. People normally recalled their past, their family or their loved ones during a moment of crisis. So why did he think about the orc raising his thumb in the game at this moment?

Chapter 158 – Evil Solidarity (2)

There was the sound of shattering glass. People shouted with surprise as they gazed at the source of the sound. Very quickly, a crowd began to gather around. It was bloody.

“T-That...”

“Idiot.” Kim Hyunchul looked down at it from the coffee shop on the second floor and clicked his tongue.

“Why is he an idiot?” The face of Park Hansik, who was sitting across from Kim Hyunchul, hardened as he asked.

Despite the gruesome scene which had occurred before his eyes, Kim Hyunchul seemed to be emotionless. “What has been achieved? The child is hurt, and he isn’t the only one. There’s also another person who is hurt.”

“Hey.”

“Why? It’s true.”

The Hyunchul that Hansik knew wasn’t such a person. Hyunchul was very timid but warm-hearted to his friends. However, he had started to change since playing the game.

“What are you saying? He was trying to save the child.”

“Can’t I be honest? After all, if that person dies, he would be the only one losing something.”

“This jerk... Your sins will be returned to you.”

“Is this a mental victory? Encouraging good and punishing evil. It is just a concept that people use to comfort themselves.”

“Don’t say that.”

“Okay, is your job going well?”

“It is hard.”

Park Hansik took a sip of his americano and looked out the

window again.

People were surrounding the scene of the accident. A woman was hugging a child in her arms, regardless of the dirt on her clothes. Meanwhile, the other people tried to do first aid on the man who protected the child, but his body was bloody and pierced with glass.

Fortunately, the man was moving, so he wasn't dead. He could hear the sound of ambulance sirens in the distance.

Suddenly, Kim Hyunchul asked, "Work is hard?"

Park Hansik looked at him. "What? Can you help me?"

"Of course. Friends should help each other."

"Okay. I understand."

"If you are having a really hard time, tell me, and don't hide it. I'll let you rake in money."

"Rake in money?"

"Yes, rake in money." Kim Hyunchul grinned slyly. "You can make a few year's worth of money at once."

It was the same face, but he now gave off a different impression.

Park Hansik looked at Kim Hyunchul and drank his americano silently. Then he asked, "You said you played the game?"

"Yes. If you are interested..."

"Are you role playing?"

"Role play? I don't do such things."

"I see..."

Hyunchul instantly stopped laughing. Park Hansik smiled at his expression.

Then Kim Hyunchul adjusted his posture. "Why are you smiling?"

“What?”

“Why are you smiling? I feel bad, like you are laughing at me. I’m not just playing a game. It’s business.”

At the end of Kim Hyunchul’s words, Park Hansik stopped smiling and narrowed his eyes, causing Kim Hyunchul to tense up slightly.

“.....” Park Hansik shook his head with a smile. “I’m not saying anything, you brat. Calm down.”

Hansik just wanted to tease Hyunchul, but Hyunchul’s pride was hurt for a trivial reason and he stiffened. Hyunchul had been like this since their school days. However, they were now adults and couldn’t maintain the same relationship as before.

They were no longer boys, and as adults, they had facial expressions that never existed before. Park Hansik’s head shake meant he was resigned about something. Every time he did that, he erased someone he thought of as a friend.

An old song played on the radio.

–Even though seasons come again

Where has my love gone

I didn’t send you away

I didn’t leave you either

“The song is killing my mood.” Park Hansik rose from his seat. “I’m busy, so I should be going. It was good to see you.”

“Already?”

“I told you, work is hard. I have to work without any breaks.”

“Yes, I understand. Don’t overdo it. If it is difficult, contact me.” Kim Hyunchul handed Park Hansik a card. “It is the same as going on a deep-sea fishing boat. Of course, it is much more comfortable, and there is more income. You just need to lay down for a few

months or a year, as if you are sleeping. I'm telling you specifically..."

Park Hansik received the business card. It had 'Luin, Elder Lord Clan' written on it.

Park Hansik looked at Kim Hyunchul. Kim Hyunchul was wearing expensive clothes and an expensive watch, and he carried himself in an arrogant manner. Unpleasant emotions could be read in Hyunchuk's eyes.

Park Hansik smiled again. "Yes. Stay well."

Park Hansik said goodbye before turning around. Maybe he wouldn't meet Kim Hyunchul in the future.

"You too."

Kim Hyunchul looked at the leaving Park Hansik and leaned back. He smiled at Park Hansik. Then his nose twitched as he muttered to himself, "That child still acts as if he is in high school... Too bad."

He grumbled and took a sip of coffee.

Then he glanced out the window. The man from earlier was being carried into an ambulance. He was talking to the paramedics while lying down, so he didn't seem to be in any danger of dying. Then the ambulance closed its doors and departed.

There was blood left on the ground where the man had been lying. There was no feeling of exhilaration. Hyunchul had seen this kind of sight many times in Elder Lord. These days, the blood in Elder Lord seemed more familiar than that of this world. Seeing the blood splattered on the ground was like meeting a familiar face in a strange place.

Then he suddenly heard the lyrics.

-It is gradually forgotten

I thought it was a love that would stay

Another day goes by

We live apart every day

“Yes, this song is depressing.”

Kim Hyunchul closed his eyes. As he listened to Kim Kwangseok’s song, memories of his ‘Hyung-nim’ talking to him popped up.

‘The world is all about trying to survive.’

Those words...

The past Hyunchul had been considerate, but that person had died. Now, he was someone who mocked a man who had jumped to save a child, wore expensive clothes and drove a foreign car. Park Hansik, who sympathized with the man, ran a small bar and struggled to pay the monthly rent.

Anyway, the world was unfair. Those who truly realized it also discovered that they had to be unfair. If he was more unfair to those who were unfair, that unfairness would work for him.

‘A good life? Don’t make me laugh. Look at me. I am successful. Look at you. Because I live like this, I drive a foreign car. Don’t worry about the excuses of a loser and just follow me.’

“Hyung-nim was right.” Kim Hyunchul checked his phone. There was a message. It was from ‘Keynes’ who had made him like this.

It was time to work again. Kim Hyunchul got up from his seat.

Outside the cafe, a woman was sweeping up the blood-stained glass pieces. The broom was dyed red. Based on her apron, she seemed to work in a small restaurant next to the cafe.

Kim Hyunchul looked at the scene quietly and asked, “It isn’t your store, so why are you cleaning it?”

She replied back, “This is important. It is the same neighbourhood that is my home. It is ugly. I don’t want to wait for

someone else to clean it up. Don't you think?"

"Yes..."

Kim Hyunchul lit up a cigarette. There were so many good people in the world. So, he and his 'Hyung-nim' were bound to be successful.

"Good work."

Kim Hyunchul spat on the floor and walked away while blowing cigarette smoke.

The emperor, Akantor, looked down at them from the throne.

Luin was always nervous meeting him, but Keynes and Rommel seemed to be fine. Keynes always said it was a game, while Rommel wasn't the type of person to be shaken by this. Rommel had to learn all types of courtesies when Akantor had still been the king. Now that Akantor was the emperor, Rommel had to be more formal.

He was accustomed to it now, but it still wasn't easy kneeling down. Luin was a modern man and unfamiliar with the class system. Of course, while playing Elder Lord, he learned about the class system which wasn't visible in modern times.

"Can I trust you?"

When Akantor had been a king instead of an emperor, he had been a quiet man. He had always smiled, and he had looked more like a nobleman than a king. However, he now looked down with an arrogant face and didn't hide his feelings. It was the right of the strong.

"If it fails, it is the end. I will prevent you from escaping to the abyss for eternity."

Luin's nose twitched nervously at the words. It meant Akantor would use the Concrete method. The fact that NPCs understood

the weakness of those cursed by the stars gave Luin a strangely fearful feeling.

It was no different to what he felt when watching movies about robots conquering mankind. However, by walking this tightrope, they earned wealth and honour.

“We will make certain of it.” Keynes said. He excelled in gaining favour with NPCs. “Please remember the role we have played to allow Your Majesty to sit on this precious throne. We will always devote our loyalty to Your Majesty.”

“Of course. I’m well aware. However, this is the empire. We can never fail.”

“How can Your Majesty talk about failure?” Keynes bowed his head. “The trend in the world is heading towards the empire, Your Majesty. A pebble can’t stop a river. Espada will be decimated.”

“That isn’t the failure I’m talking about.” The emperor leaned against his armrest. “You have to kill that orc.”

Keynes spoke with a serious face.

“Crockta.”

“Yes. That ugly orc needs to be killed and hung at the gates. No, it would be nice to capture him alive and pour maggots and worms over him to gnaw on his body.”

The emperor’s anger had reached its peak. Everything flowed according to his will. No, it followed the blueprints presented to the emperor by Keynes and Rommel. Crockta was the exception.

The emperor wasn’t the only one who wanted to kill him. It was the same for Keynes. Crockta was an unpredictable variable for him. He wanted to get rid of Crockta and eliminate all possibilities of failure.

However...

“Your Majesty. Don’t waste our forces on him. He is an

individual. An individual can never beat an army. We should look at the bigger context, and he will eventually be trampled on by the army.”

To Keynes, Crockta was a stumbling block. However, he knew how stupid it was to consume energy to catch a bug.

Luin nodded as he listened to the conversation. Keynes used to say this to Luin.

“He is a strong person, but he will lost the moment he goes against an army. He is alone. He is strong and difficult to catch, but not fatal. He is tricky like a mosquito. It is better for us to ignore him than worry about him. When winter comes, the mosquito will freeze and die.”

Looking back at how much Crockta had interfered with them, Luin came to admire Keynes’ sober judgment. Luin thought about using the full force of the army to kill Crockta. However, Keynes was right. Crockta was a monster who beat Adandator. He would somehow manage to run away.

They just needed to do their jobs. Then one day, Crockta would be found as a corpse on the battlefield.

The emperor said, “I want his head.”

Keynes bowed his head.

“If Your Majesty...”

“But you always speak the right words. If it were someone else, I would set up a trap to kill Crockta.”

It was a gentle tone toward a faithful servant.

Luin laughed inwardly. Keynes would also be smiling. Everything went as Keynes said.

The young emperor was merely a child who wanted to play a game. Sometimes he wanted to be dignified, while other times he wanted to be impulsive. There were also times when he wanted to

be praised as a king.

He had flimsy ambitions.

Then at that moment...

“Your Majesty, an imperial guard is waiting to see you.”

The guard shouted from outside the throne room. Then the emperor replied, “Send him in.”

The door opened. A servant entered and knelt down before the emperor.

“Your Majesty, I am an officer on the west side, Gospel.

“Yes. What is going on?”

“I saw this and thought Your Majesty should know...”

He held out a piece of paper. It was a letter.

“This is being sent out randomly all over the empire.”

“What is this...?”

The emperor accepted it. The guard closed his eyes and fell facedown. His choice was right.

Kwaang!

The emperor threw an ornament decorating his throne.

“Rommel! Keynes!”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

“I want that garbage orc called Crockta on his knees before me! I will give you Adandator and the White Lion Knights! Go right now!” The emperor’s face distorted into a scowl. “Catch Crockta!”

Chapter 159 – Evil Solidarity (3)

“He is either stupid or clever,” Keynes muttered. He was currently talking about Crockta. “He isn’t stupid, so why would he do such a stupid act?”

“In my opinion...”

“I’m not asking you.”

Keynes glared at Luin, who fell silent. It was rare for Keynes to show such a temper tantrum. Instead, the silent Rommel opened his mouth, “He is a beast.”

Keynes nodded and said, “A beast, a plausible yet strange analogy.”

“He is smart, but only in comparison to other stupid beasts.”

“And humans are people?” Keynes said with a laugh.

He appreciated Rommel. He respected the parts of Rommel that couldn’t be controlled, and that he had high abilities.

“Don’t you know that humans sacrifice themselves for others? But in the end, their instincts are to survive and reproduce.”

“I saw it in a book.”

“Sacrifice is an emotional thing. Follow the calculations of reasoning, not emotions. That is what a human is. Monkeys are those who follow emotions. Of course, it is funny when speaking about NPCs who have an artificial intelligence.”

“It is interesting.”

Keynes nodded. The answer was interesting. He learned a bit more about the person called Rommel. Keynes was a person who controlled others, but sometimes he needed people like Rommel. A partner who could think along the same lines as him.

“Luin.”

“Yes, Brother.”

“Are the clan kids arriving soon?”

“Huh? Yes.”

“I am speaking of the ‘fortunate’ kids...” Keynes touched his chin. “If you think about it, you should do it properly. Then you can achieve your lifelong dream here.”

“Huh?”

“You don’t understand?”

“One person...are you saying you sent it?”

Keynes laughed, “Hey, it is a joke. Threaten them. Intimidate them. Do it well. Be a bad person. A bad person who properly manages those fortunate kids.”

“Ahh...” Luin nodded. “Yes. That is my specialty. I will manage the kids.”

Luin grinned and left the room. He was in such a hurry that he didn’t even close the door.

Keynes looked at his back and clicked his tongue. “Tsk tsk...”

Rommel suddenly asked. “What are you playing at in regards to Luin?”

“Playing?”

“Don’t you consider controlling people a game? You play with Emperor Akantor. Duke Christian was just a game.”

Keynes laughed. That’s right. He steered people. It was possible because he gave them what they wanted. He made them think it was what they intended to do. People were engrossed in Keynes’ sweet words and played like he wanted.

“Luin wants to play a bad guy.”

“Play a bad guy...”

“As a child, he was ignored while growing up. What could he do, when he didn’t have any power? So he just pretended to live a good life. Then once he got money and a nice car, he did bad things and spit in God’s face. A truly clumsy bastard.”

“But I thought you regarded him as a brother.”

“Slightly. But this is this and that is that. I like him. His thoughts are transparent.”

Keynes chuckled. Rommel also smiled and examined the map of the southern continent on the wall. The class ‘War Maestro’ wasn’t just a name. He was always working.

“How about me?” Rommel asked.

“You?”

“What type of play are you doing with me?”

Rommel looked at Keynes.

Keynes laughed and opened the bottle placed on the table, “You are playing next to me. It is interesting.”

Keynes acknowledged Rommel in his own way. Rommel received a cup.

“What about you?”

“Me? I...”

Keynes and Rommel made a toast. Soon they would lead the emperor’s army. It was the best accomplishment they could enjoy as a user. The message window to celebrate their achievements kept flashing.

“I’m not playing. This is just me.”

Keynes drank the alcohol and laughed.

Crockta lifted a pen. The world of Elder Lord was really mysterious. He wrote a letter while thinking in Korean, but the

words that appeared were in the continent's language instead of Korean. Nevertheless, he could understand the meaning.

“We, what are we doing now?”

A member of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ asked miserably while moving his pen. Unlike his facial expression, his hand was dazzling.

“I don’t know, we...”

Gilgamesh listened to their conversation and said, “Perhaps it is ‘fear’...? Kukuk, I’m envious...I lost such emotional nuances a long time ago... Kukukuk...!

“.....”

“Whew...Shaq should’ve been...”

Every time Gilgamesh said such things, Shaq would promptly attack him. Now there was no one restraining him. One person sighed.

“What is going on with Shaq?”

“He posted on the forum. It seemed like something happened.”

Shaq wrote on the forum that he wouldn’t be able to connect to Elder Lord for a while. Everybody accepted it because they had their own lives. But due to his writing, the five members with Crockta became known. Shaq was lost so there were now only four, but they started to be called Crockta’s five apostles in the community.

“There is no one else coming?”

“They can’t come to the south.”

There were people who wanted to join. But when Crockta had been fighting the empire, they withdrew from the south. The type of users who could fight against the knights of the south wasn’t common.

“It looks like we really will die...” one of Crockta’s five apostles muttered.

They were currently writing letters of propaganda that provoked the emperor. Each of them would show their talent at mocking the emperor, drawing cartoons that would be sent to him. The letters would target everywhere, from the nobles to commoners, scholars, mages and even the Imperial Palace.

A person with the stealth skill would infiltrate the empire and sneak it into the post office. The goal was to provoke the emperor.

“Just send this amount and then stop. They will begin to start tracking it.”

“Yes.”

Unlike her worries, she started to show off her artistic talents.

Everyone did their best. Gilgamesh even drew a picture of the naked emperor being whipped.

Crockta scratched his head. “It is a bit...”

“Kukuk...Crockta, perhaps...” Gilgamesh lowered his voice. “Are you afraid of the emperor...?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Then it doesn’t matter what the level of this letter is.”

“That is true.”

“So Crockta, take this pen and add things. More irritating! Make the emperor so angry that he loses his hair!”

“Yes!”

Crockta lifted the pen. Then he began to add his own style to Gilgamesh’s work. An arrow was placed above the head of the stripped and whipped emperor, then words added.

[This is a wig. The emperor is bald.]

It was propaganda stating that the emperor was bald.

“Hah...!” Gilgamesh covered his mouth with his hands. It was hard to believe his eyes. “No blood, no tears, no slander...! Any adults looking at this will shake in anger, not just the emperor. This is truly...! Kukuk...!”

“This is the scale of Crockta.”

“Indeed, your sense of justice is unlike anyone else...kukukuk...!”

Everyone finished their work. A member of the thief class grabbed the packet of letters. He would go into the empire and send letters. There would even be a letter sent directly to the emperor.

“Will the emperor truly move?”

“Those with power are surprisingly simple.”

Crockta intended to bring the enemy’s attack to himself. Using a common word, it was to attract aggro. The imperial troops were spread out over the entire south. Villagers who surrendered were already provided labor for the empire’s convenience. If this happened, it would be hard to save the people. It was better to anger the emperor and gather the army.

“However, once the emperor has gathered his troops...”

But the others were worried.

“Are you sure about this?”

Crockta’s point was true, but for this strategy to be successful, they needed to be able to deal with the enemy. There was no point gathering the enemy only to die. And they believed that Crockta had a clear way. Maybe an army of orcs would appear. Or maybe the cities of the continent will help...

But Crockta just shrugged his shoulders.

“I don’t know.”

“Huh?”

“I have no thoughts.” Crockta told them. “I will think about it after the enemies gather.”

“.....!”

It was a shocking answer. He had no thoughts. However, they strangely weren't worried. As long as they were with Crockta, it felt like they could succeed in anything.

“Let's think about it later. Kulkulkul, bul'tar!”

“Huhu.”

“Kukuk!”

They nodded. If they worried about the future, they wouldn't have succeeded in the many fights they experienced.

In the video of the fight at Chesswood, Crockta had said,

‘That is the calculations of a human.’

He had different calculations than humans. His formula didn't consider things like the size and strength of the enemy. Even though it changed from a village to the empire, this person's calculations hadn't changed at all.

How far could this man go?

The users exchanged glances.

“Everyone, are you going to do it all the way?”

“Of course.”

“Kukuk...”

They would die. From the viewpoint of the users, this was a reckless quest. It was an impossible mission with a hell difficulty, where the odds was close to zero. But it didn't matter. They were now with Crockta. This was the most fun they had in Elder Lord.

Crockta told them. “If the emperor's eyes turn away from other villages and come to catch us, that is enough.”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ decided to just follow Crockta and see what would happen. Anyway, he was a man impervious to calculations.

Their plan was successful. There was news that the imperial army was converging.

“Guys! Everybody listen,” Keynes said.

Those in front of him were the elites of the Heaven and Earth Clan.

“At this time, Rommel and I have become nobles.”

The members of the Heaven and Earth Clan applauded. It hadn’t been possible for a user to become a noble since the launch of Elder Lord, so this was an unimaginable accomplishment.

“Guys. Is Elder Lord fun?” Keynes smiled. “Where else could you kill people and pillage villages? This is why Elder Lord is fun. We can do things we’ve always wanted to do, but never could.”

The Heaven and Earth members laughed. In the past, they had won wars, trampled the rebels under the emperor’s name, and enjoyed all sorts of looting. They carried out the actions without any hesitation because it was a game.

They finally understood why there were endless wars in human history. The winners who were given rights coveted it again, just like drugs.

“Dialph, no, Park Kwangchul.”

He called a clan member. The clan members focused their attention. Keynes only called their real name when something important happened.

“Weren’t you praised because you worked well before?”

“Yes!”

“I sent money to your account.”

“Huh?”

“You’ll die if you use it for something else.” Keynes approached him and touched his shoulder. “Use it for a car, a foreign car. Understood?”

“.....!”

The clan members all understood his will. Prior to any important work, Keynes would raise morale by giving out rewards. It was a message that all of them could get a reward like Dialph. In addition, the prize was enormous.

“After buying it, send me a picture to prove it.”

Keynes laughed and Dialph bowed with a thrilled face.

“Brother, thank you!”

“You should thank your parents, for giving birth to such a wonderful son. I just showed my appreciation.”

“Thank you, Brother!”

“This brat. Come on everyone. I don’t want him to be the only hard worker.” Keynes tapped his shoulder before going to stand next to Luin. Luin grinned as he raised his shoulders.

“When the war begins, listen to Rommel. Rommel is the best.”

Of course, there was no need to ask. Rommel’s ‘War Maestro’ was a fraudulent class that forced soldiers on the battlefield to obey him.

“Let’s play a fun game today. Heaven and Earth!”

“War!”

Chapter 160 – Empire’s Public Enemy (1)

The territory of the kingdom, which had occupied a corner of the south, was now greatly expanded. The separated lands of humans were merged together by the emperor. The size of it was equal to the land of the remaining species combined.

“Everything has gone as I envisioned.”

“That is the plan.”

“Yes. I can’t say that everything obtained was just through luck.”

Keynes recalled the past as he looked at the map of the continent. He borrowed the power of a human earl and succeeded in killing the legendary orc Lenox. Thanks to that, he was able to establish a relationship with the nobles.

The plan sped up because he joined forces with Rommel, who had already been recognized by the nobles. And thus, he met the king. The young king had merely been a symbol. At the time, he was just a link that weaved the humans together under the name of the kingdom.

But Keynes was able to see the ambition in the king’s eyes. Eureka! It was a strange feeling. It felt like he developed a meaning.

He manipulated the people around him. However, he wasn’t an instructor who raised those who had stopped running; he was quite the opposite. He whispered at the side of those who were already running and lured them down the path he wanted.

“Then how did you think about making the king an emperor?”

“Akantor was originally someone with the ambition, and I had the strength to bring it out. I was lucky. My plan worked.”

“You are too modest.” Rommel whistled.

Keynes grinned. Rommel was one of the few people he could

truly converse with. Rommel's class was a War Maestro, and he was talented in many ways. Even his mind was good. Before the launch of Elder Lord, when PC games were still popular, Rommel was a professional gamer.

"Then, what type of idea do you have?"

"Here." Keynes pointed to something on the map.

"Ha..." Rommel saw it and smiled. There weren't many cases where Rommel smiled like this. "This is a big idea."

"Hahahahat. You recognize it."

Keynes was a thorough realist. He enjoyed Elder Lord in order to build wealth in reality. He and Rommel had already made huge sums of money as the leaders of Heaven and Earth. Now he wasn't satisfied with just that.

"A species war."

Keynes would use the genius of war, Rommel, to make the empire trample on the other species.

When considering how achievement points were gained by affecting the world of Elder Lord, the achievement points and wealth that would pour down on them would be several times higher than what they currently accumulated.

It was at the scale of Elder Lord's devastation. Maybe it would be devastated to a point where it was impossible to play the game. At that time, the publishers would either break their rules of non-intervention or reset the server. Anyway, by the time he would've quit Elder Lord.

"Let's burn down the world."

"Good."

The two looked at each other and grinned.

"You intend to create a cataclysm to gain marvelous achievement points?"

“That’s right.”

Keynes confirmed his status window and saw that his achievement points were constantly being updated. Even though he was still, his achievement points were accumulating due to the activities of his clan members.

But he didn’t receive any compensation that was of great use to him right now.

“I think so as well.”

People thought Keynes had an ordinary magician class. He made them believe that. He professed himself as the magician class. However, he had a hidden class that no one except for Rommel could reach.

‘Evil Whisperer’. It was a class that specialized not just in magic, but also skills that affected the other person’s mind. His words and deeds exercised control over people. People trusted him and followed his commands. With just a few words, he could turn an opponent into a loyal subordinate.

It was the ability that best suited him. He would now whisper evil words into the ears of the emperor and the nobles, and the continent would fall into the flames of war.

“We’ve already obtained many good things.”

“Oh, Brother is also a hidden.”

“Yes.”

Only Rommel knew that he had a hidden class. However, he didn’t tell Rommel the information about it.

Keynes, he was able to get the hidden class because maybe someone wanted him to.

The system messages. In the early days, the system messages were a mechanical system that transmitted elements of the game. As he fought bigger battles and earned more achievements, the

messages came closer to his personal feelings.

When he first started a war and slaughtered people, he gained achievement points and the system said,

[Great slaughter! While it is a malicious act, at the same time, it is a tremendous achievement. I look forward to the bigger wars that you will cause!]

Then Keynes felt something. He had a vague feeling. The world of Elder Lord was helping him.

At that time, he heard something outside the door.

“Keynes! Rommel! Can I come in?”

“Uh, come in.”

The door opened and a clan member entered. “There is a letter.”

“A letter? From who?”

He tilted my head to the side.

“Isn’t it ‘that’ thing?”

“Ah, that.”

They were talking about the random letters sent out by Crockta. It was the latest topic in the empire. Crockta wanted all the attention to be focused on him and he was successful. He was a moderately clever guy.

Right now, the empire was seething with anger towards Crockta. The empire’s public enemy, Crockta.

“He is creative so I wonder what is written here.”

Keynes chuckled and opened the letter. He checked the contents. Then his face stiffened.

“.....”

Keynes’s stiff expression melted away. He laughed and stated.

“Clever.”

Keynes handed the letter to Rommel. Rommel read it.

“He is smart. This guy is for real. If this was what he intended, it is successful.” Rommel nodded. Keynes banged the table.

“Above everything else, we have to kill this guy. That would be better. It doesn’t matter since this guy intends to draw the aggro. So I feel relieved. I can kill him.”

The NPCs of Elder Lord were realistic. They were amazingly realistic and had their own logic and philosophies. Keynes and Rommel had grown through their cooperation with NPCs, so they knew this better than anyone else.

NPCs were clever. Enough to catch up with users.

“I know this, you jerk. We are tied together.”

In the letter Crockta sent, he had only written a single line.

[Remember Lenox.]

Lenox was killed a long time ago and became a foothold for him to reach this position. But due to that, the Thawing Balhae Clan died. He thought that was the end. But the old revenge he believed was over had come back for them.

Crockta hadn’t just accidentally tangled with the empire. His two eyes were always staring straight at them. Until one of the two of them were gone, it would be a fight to the end.

‘You will never be able to bear what you have done today.’

Lenox’s voice that he heard on that day washed over him again.

Adandator raised his sword.

He was defeated by Crockta. Since then, every time he lifted his sword, Crockta’s illusion was staring at him. His spirit became chaotic. He couldn’t hold the sword anymore and dropped it.

“Shit.”

He threw the sword towards the fireplace. The sword rolled across the floor a few times before becoming quiet. The blade would be damaged.

‘A swordsman should think of the blade as his lover.’

His father always said so. His father saw the blade as his lover, yet he was a third-rate knight who never reached the Pinnacle. It was a time when the Paklinche’s family’s sword had disappeared. The family declined and no one remembered them.

“Look.”

They were the family that produced the most famous traitor in history. Leyteno Paklinche, the worst knight who sided with orcs and killed humans. People supported the Paklinche family when they were strong, but once they lost strength and fell, the people hit them in the face. Those were the hard days.

Adandator never forgot those insults. So he crazily swung his sword. From the moment he closed his eyes to the time he opened them, he only thought about the sword. It was a near crazy obsession. He was able to become the best knight in the kingdom.

“He’ll beat me again.”

He knew how convenient the word ‘talent’ was. People said that Adandator was a genius. He was called the best talent of the empire. However, he lived every moment with the blade. His head was calculating the sword’s trajectory, even when he was eating or sleeping. He looked at the full bloom of a rose and saw a sword in the structure of the stamen and pistil.

He didn’t believe that was talent. Humans had no limitations. It was obvious whenever he was knocked down to the ground. He would come back stronger and beat the faces of those laughing at him.

But now he couldn’t swing his sword. This was the first time.

“Why?”

He muttered as he closed his eyes. He imagined an invisible sword in his hand and thought about the formula. An image formed in the darkness. The countless enemies and knights he faced in his life passed by. Now they were easy opponents.

He recalled the sword of Earl Bendeker, a powerhouse.

His sword was flexible and couldn't be caught. The earl seemed to be pushed back, but then he used a soft sword that reversed the attack and slashed at the opponent's neck. It wasn't easy when he thought about it again. Adandator concentrated.

In his imagination, he gradually got used to Earl Bendeker's technique. Adandator received a lot of damage from the tricky skill, but Adandator's sword eventually stabbed his heart. At least his sword could be wielded if a certain strong person was in front of him.

But Crockta was different. At the time of the duel, Adandator clearly had the advantage until he faced an unknown light. But now he couldn't remember how he pushed Crockta.

A dead wall. He couldn't defeat Crockta, no matter how many times he repeated it in his head. He couldn't even imagine it. This was the first time.

"Don't make me laugh..." He raised a new sword. Then he swung it in the air. A wave of energy ripped through the air. "The orc who follows Leyteno..."

He learned all the swordsmanship techniques of the Paklinche family. Therefore, he was able to recognize Crockta's swordsmanship. The orc's greatsword style was clearly taken from Leyteno. Now it had developed into his own technique, but the base was definitely from Leyteno.

And the root of Leyteno's swordsmanship was the Paklinche family. In the end, it was a swordsmanship associated with Adandator's family.

“Shit! Shit!”

He shouted and the sword hit the ground again.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

He relentlessly threw the sword against the ground. There was no sword capable of enduring the abuse of the empire’s strongest knight. The blade was broken. He kicked the fragments and threw the handle.

Complete despair. It sank down on him. It was a terrible feeling he had never felt before. He couldn’t understand Crockta and the light that was produced. Trying to understand the unknown concept caused an obsession that was close to madness.

“Shit...”

He flopped down. He took deep breaths and tried to calm down. He barely managed to calm himself.

Then he asked, “What’s going on?”

“.....”

His butler was approaching. He stood where the sword had been broken. “There is a letter.”

“That thing.”

Crockta’s letters were a hot topic in the empire. Each letter insulted the emperor in a novel way. Some nobles of the empire were secretly collecting them.

The butler approached and handed it over. Adandator opened the letter. Then he started laughing. The emperor’s features were surprisingly alive. The emperor was in wet bedclothes and speaking insulting remarks. There was no context so he couldn’t help laughing.

“This is like a child’s game.” Adandator burst out laughing. “I lost to a child like this?”

He got up from his seat.

The butler said, “The imperial empire has got in contact.”

“What is it?”

“There is an army forming to deal with Crockta. The commander is Rommel. The White Lion Knights have also been called.”

“The knights...” He was the leader of the White Lions and they were the best power in the empire. “This letter has angered His Majesty.”

Adandator laughed. Emperor Akantor was still young. He didn’t have the qualities of an emperor yet.

“Crockta?”

“According to reports, he was recently sighted near Nataliya Forest.

“Not Espada?”

“That’s right.”

“I see.”

Adandator closed his eyes. The feeling simmering in his chest constantly tormented him. It was making one demand. If he followed it, this crazy feeling would disappear. He couldn’t lift his sword on his own. He couldn’t see the answer. An unreachable enemy. All of these things were making him breathless. An answer was needed.

“Listen carefully.”

“Yes.”

“I’m going somewhere now.”

“...Huh?” The butler’s eyes widened. “I told you that the White Lion Knights are convening.”

“I am sick.”

“His Majesty...”

“If he comes to find me, tell him that I am sick and I can’t move.”

It was the truth. He couldn’t concentrate on anything. At this rate, he might go crazy with frustration. He had already ruined two swords. There was no other way. He needed to resolve this.

“For the time being, Adandator Paklinche is ill. I went to see a famous healer in the land of the elves.”

“.....”

“Do you understand? I won’t change my decision.”

“Hoo, I understand.” His faithful butler nodded. He absolutely followed Adandator Paklinche. Adandator was the one who brought the family back from the brink of ruin.

“Then prepare my baggage.”

“Where are you heading?”

“Nataliya Forest.”

“Surely you aren’t going to Crockta! That place is dangerous!”

“I’m not going to fight.” Adandator grabbed his head. “I need an answer.”

He was going to ask Crockta. The shape of Crockta that blocked Adandator every time he lifted a sword. The despair that made him unable to swing the sword. He had to ask that person for the answer.

“Crockta is the empire’s public enemy. If you get in touch with him without fighting...”

“That is why I need to meet him even more. Of course, that isn’t the only reason.” It wasn’t just to help Adandator. “The emperor is currently mistaken.”

Crockta had shown that ‘light.’ Adandator experienced it directly so he could tell. If Crockta could use it freely, the empire might

collapse. The White Lion Knights, the Blue Dragon Lancers and any other elites, they couldn't endure that light.

“It is also for the empire.”

The butler bowed.

Chapter 161 – Empire’s Public Enemy (2)

Crockta was waiting for the emperor’s army in the vicinity of Nataliya Forest. He couldn’t deal with a large army alone, so he chose the forest.

He would do guerrilla warfare. If the field of view was limited and wild beasts were present, he was confident that he could face the enemies. Of course, it was on the premise that there weren’t any people like Adandator present.

Crockta held his greatsword as he recalled the duel with Adandator. It was a good test. Crockta was able to see that Adandator’s swordsmanship was the result of patience and hard work. All the movements were repeated and his swords worn out. It was an extreme obsession.

Crockta was reminded of Hoyt when he saw Adandator. He had some resemblance to Hoyt, who repeated the movements hundreds of thousands of times. If there were more knights like Adandator, this fight would be dangerous.

“Bul’tar!”

A blow to the air. There was a shallow scratch on the tree. Crockta wielded his sword like crazy. Every time he wielded it, the blade tore at the tree. But despite his violent movements, the trees only received a few minor injuries.

It was extreme control. He only touched the tree with the tip of his sword before releasing it.

He dropped the sword.

Crockta took a deep breath. He looked up at the sky. In the thick forest that covered the sky, a few crows looked down at him and cried out.

“A crow is auspicious, but it is also a disaster.”

In South Korea, the crying of a crow was a bad omen, but it was auspicious in the west. If so, what about the guest who had just come?

Crockta turned around. It was a guest he hadn't expected. Crockta raised his hand towards the person riding towards him.

"It has been a while."

A man holding a sword. Adandator. He wasn't dressed as a knight.

"Have you been well? Orc."

"I am Crockta. Human."

Crockta laughed. Although he won, Adandator was certainly powerful. They knew each other's level, so there was an unknown bond between them. There was respect, despite the fact that they might kill each other.

"Why did you come? I thought you just followed the Emperor."

"The emperor doesn't have anything to do with me." Adandator dragged the baggage he was carrying on his back. "I came because I have a request."

"A request?"

"Yes. A request." He approached Crockta. "Tell me about your sword."

Crockta looked at Adandator. It was an intense gaze. Adandator came here because of the light that appeared when he was defeated.

Crockta formed a fist.

"Keok!"

Adandator flew a short distance before hitting a tree and falling to the ground. He was stunned by the impact.

Crockta approached.

“Kuk...”

“I don’t believe those who break their oaths.”

Crockta placed his foot on Adandator’s body. Then he used his strength.

“Cough...!”

“Get lost.”

Crockta spat out.

Their duel was definitely a fight for Alaste’s freedom. Crockta won. However, Alaste was devastated. Then Crockta decided to destroy the empire. Crockta gradually increased his weight. Adandator was unable to withstand it and started trembling.

However, he looked up at Crockta and smiled. “I guess, cough, you are angry.”

“Of course.”

“I will let you know. All the nobles opposed the invasion of Alaste.”

Crockta’s eyes narrowed. “So?”

“I did as well.”

“Then why didn’t you stop it?”

“The emperor arbitrarily sent his troops. Those who were cursed by the stars.”

“.....”

“Then I came to realize. The empire is galloping. It is a horse that can no longer be stopped. I can’t stop the emperor’s decisions.” Crockta removed his foot from Adandator. He barely managed to get up. “Cough, the empire and the emperor have nothing to do with why I’m here. I want to know about your sword.”

Crockta turned around. “I don’t believe you.”

“I will give you information.” Adandator shouted. “I’ll tell you about the empire. It is necessary if you want to fight the emperor.”

Crockta turned to him.

“.....”

“Are you interested now?”

“Why are you going so far?”

“Didn’t I already say it? I want to know about your sword.”

“That’s it?”

“That’s it.” Adandator took out a sword. “That is all. Since you and I fought, I can barely hold my sword. When I raise the sword, you appear and block me. I’m going crazy. Give me the answer.”

“That is your reason.”

“What other reason is needed? I am sincere right now.”

Crockta laughed.

He was a stupid guy. Crockta was sometimes curious about the person called the empire’s best talent. He wanted to know how Adandator became so strong. Crockta realized something. Adandator wasn’t that mysterious or great.

He was just obsessed. If he didn’t get what he wanted, he wouldn’t be able to breathe until he got it. And this guy only wanted the sword.

“Are there any knights in the empire as strong as you?”

“No. Earl Bendeker is retired. The rest aren’t at my standard. Some knight leaders have reached the Pinnacle but not beyond that.”

Crockta raised his greatsword.

“What does the emperor want? A species war?”

“I don’t know. There isn’t enough interview.”

The bushes would constrain his movements. It was an unfavorable battlefield for Crockta since he used a greatsword. However, he didn't care. Those who failed to kill the opponent were dead warriors. They wouldn't always fight in an open environment that was favorable to them.

Crockta swung his greatsword first. Adandator promptly responded. The two blades hit each other.

“What is the Heaven and Earth Clan's position in the empire?”

“Those who were cursed by the stars.”

Their swords collided. Gradually, their attacks reached the area of the Pinnacle. In the tranquil forest, the two of them moved quickly. Crockta's sword smashed the forest while aiming at Adandator's body. Adandator desperately defended.

“Are you going to just defend?”

“.....”

Adandator was unable to attack. It was the same as when he was handling a sword alone. Crockta kept blocking him. He couldn't attack.

“...They came up under the sponsorship of Duke Christian and now they are by the emperor's side. Rommel is excellent at commanding in battle. I have to admit it.”

“How so?”

“He turns fools into trained soldiers.”

“.....”

“I have never seen such a commander. While he did go through a few wars in the past, his abilities are still amazing nonetheless.”

Crockta nodded. It was thanks to the War Maestro class. As far as he knew from the broadcasts and media, Choi Hansung had the skills to strengthen the soldiers, control them and eliminate any fear of war.

“This time, the emperor even gave him a troop of knights. Be careful.”

“I see.”

Well-trained knights would bring tremendous synergy to Rommel.

Crockta once again pushed Adandator back. Adandator was perplexed. He thought he would be okay if he met Crockta in person and swung the sword. However, it wasn't the case. He could only act passively. He didn't dare swing his sword at Crockta, as it felt like he was facing a dead end wall.

Adandator laughed. “...Have you become stronger?”

“A little.”

After beating Adandator, Crockta had more experience with the Hero realm. His overall abilities had increased since then, so he was able to deal with Adandator much easier.

“.....”

Adandator grit his teeth. It would be the same in the future.

“Show me.” Adandator raised his sword and declared, “Crockta, I can wield my sword after facing you. Even now I can't swing my sword. That light, what on earth is it?”

“That...” Crockta puffed up his chest and shamelessly stated, “I don't know.”

“.....!”

“It just happened. I can't do it again.”

That's right. Since then, Crockta couldn't use that power again. It was a realm that he only glimpsed for a moment.

“What?” Adandator was dumbfounded. “Really?”

“Really.”

“.....”

Adandator's face distorted.

"Only...I was defeated by a technique you accidentally used?"

"That's right. Defeated."

"That..."

His first official defeat in front of everyone. He had lost when it was a significant battle for the empire. However, it was just a coincidence. It wasn't Crockta's real ability.

"Huhuhu..." Adandator laughed and raised his sword before suddenly rushing forward. "This fucking orc bastard!"

"Opportunist bastard, you reveal your true nature." Crockta raised his sword and declared, "I tested you once in order to understand you."

".....!"

"I can actually use it."

Adandator stopped his sword. "R-Really?"

"That's right."

"....."

Adandator coughed, "I reacted too early. I will apologize. It was only once..."

At that moment, Crockta's fist hit his abdomen.

"Cough!"

"Trying to cheat again? You are naive."

"Y-You jerk...!"

"I was lying. But even without it, you are below me, Adandator."

"Bastard!"

Adandator threw down his sword and ran at Crockta, who also abandoned his weapon. Adandator threw his body at Crockta. The two opponents dumped their swords and continued to struggle for

awhile. Their fists hit each other's faces.

It was an unsightly dog fight between the empire's strongest knight and the orc warrior who defeated him.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" Crockta was on top of him and Adandator shook his head. "Wait a minute!"

"What?"

Crockta paused his fist and looked down. Adandator was holding both hands together.

"I lost."

"....."

"Don't hit my face. I surrender."

Crockta grinned. "It is good that you can admit it."

He got up. At that moment, Adandator grabbed some dirt on the ground and threw it into Crockta's face.

".....!"

"You were tricked!"

Crockta rubbed his eyes as Adandator threw his battered body forward. It was a big size difference, but Adandator was able to build up a lot of strength over the past few years. His fists relentlessly hit Crockta.

"Cough! C-Coward...!"

"It isn't like that!"

These types of techniques were also required in knight training. Adandator was good in boxing techniques. He threw out a jab and once Crockta protected his face, he hit Crockta's forehead with a wind hook fist.

Papak!

Crockta's body shook.

“It is the end...!”

The moment he was going to kick Crockta’s chin...

Crockta disappeared.

“What...?”

His body had bent down. Then Crockta picked up Adandator’s body.

“Wait a minute, wait a minute, that is cheating...”

“Were there any rules in this fight?”

“It is supposed to be bare fists. I will die. That is a rock.”

Crockta’s body shook. He was laughing.

“Huhuhuhu...” Crockta told him. “Then die.”

He leaned forward. Adandator screamed as he headed towards the ground.

“Kyaaaack!”

His head was about to hit the ground. Just before his skull collapsed, his body stopped moving.

“.....”

Crockta had stopped just before Adandator would be killed. Crockta lifted him again and placed him safely on the floor.

“.....”

Adandator was speechless.

“Hey, is it that scary? Did you pee?”

“.....”

“Hey?”

Crockta called out to him.

Adandator. He was teary-eyed.

“.....!”

“You...bastard orc...!” Adandator swung his fist. Of course, the target was Crockta. “That isn’t true, you bastard...!”

“Are you a crybaby? Haha.”

“I will kill you!”

“Yes yes, a crybaby.”

“You son of a bitch!” Adandator grabbed his sword on the ground and swung it at Crockta. “Ahhhhhhh!”

He reached the realm of Hero in an instant and attacked Crockta. Crockta also used the Hero realm to deal with the attack. The tentacles of causality tangled together. But in the end, Adandator was pushed back. Crockta was more experienced with the Hero realm and Adandator, who had fallen into a slump, was unable to narrow that gap.

Crockta looked down at him and said, “Hey.”

“This bastard...”

“How is it? Can you now wield the sword against me?”

“.....!”

Adandator’s eyes widened.

Crockta grinned. “That light, you will know what it is if you keep training. You were just afraid.”

“Nonsense...”

“We are creatures who like using our fists and stumble when the temple is hit. Don’t choke.”

“Talking nonsense...” Adandator covered his eyes and laughed. “Orc bastard who is good at lying, talking nonsense...”

“This is the end.”

Crockta sprinkled dirt from the floor on Adandator’s face. Adandator spat out the dirt and cursed. Crockta burst out laughing.

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members returned to the forest. They found a laughing Crockta and a man lying on the floor.

Chapter 162 – Empire Strikes Back (1)

“By the way, it is incredible,” said one of the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members as he moved a ladle through a big pot of stew. His name was Alex.

“Leaving your country for the sake of the sword...”

Adandator’s eyes flashed as he opened them. “It is because I am willing to leave the country that I’m so good at the sword. Haha.”

Adandator was a named NPC. He was called the strongest knight in the south, a land with the largest number of human users. Another named NPC, Northern Conqueror Crockta had beaten Adandator in a duel.

Crockta and Adandator were now sitting in front of them. This was the best place as a user of Elder Lord.

“I guess you grew up with a spoon in your mouth,” Crockta suddenly said.

“Huh?”

“Look at you abandoning your country because your sword is blocked. You are a noble, yet you grew up into such a selfish person.”

The members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ looked at Adandator after Crockta’s words. Adandator sat there pretending to be unconcerned, but his hands were shaking.

“Besides, aren’t I stronger because I work hard and have talent? Then this prideful guy appeared.”

“You bastard!” Adandator couldn’t bear it anymore and jumped up.

“Do you want to play again?” Crockta laughed while tapping his greatsword.

Adandator took deep breaths and closed his eyes, before slowing

sinking back into his seat.

“.....”

“Well done.” Crockta explained to the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members. “This is what I call re-socialization. The process of regaining anger control and sociability...”

“Not true!” Adandator pulled out his sword and pointed it at Crockta. “Let’s do it again!”

Crockta shrugged and said, “You still need some lessons in socialization.”

Crockta got up from his spot. It didn’t take long this time. Crockta dragged Adandator, who was now limp, and placed him next to the pot.

“Kulkulkul.”

Adandator raised his head as he slowly regained his spirit.

“Kuoong...”

He held his head and groaned as if it were in pain.

“It smells good.”

Crockta didn’t care and examined the contents of the pot. The stew meat that Crockta had hunted and the forest’s spices and herbs. The meat wasn’t spared and rose to the surface, revealing all of the fat.

“It might be hard later so enjoy this meal.”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members grew nervous at Crockta’s words. Crockta’s letters had brought the emperor’s wrath upon them, and now the empire’s great army would come. Crockta made his enemies come to him, meaning that while the other areas would be safe, they were in a more deadly crisis.

“You can escape at any time.”

“No,” they replied.

Crockta nodded. The Heaven and Earth Clan was among the enemies. There were only a few ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ users here, but they would try their best. They followed Crockta despite knowing this risk.

The silent Adandator suddenly asked, “Do you really believe you can win?”

He knew the empire well. Then he told Crockta what he knew. The empire was too big to break down with this power. Apart from the well-trained troops, the abundant crops were endlessly harvested. Furthermore, the knights and magicians were trained with an organized system. Crockta might be strong but he couldn’t deal with all those people. It might be possible with that flash of light, but it wasn’t enough because Crockta couldn’t fully use it yet.

“Winning or losing isn’t important.”

Crockta grinned. He hit the shoulder of Adandator, a knight who still hadn’t learned anything.

“I’m a warrior. A warrior pays back any favor or vengeance.”

The troops gathered.

Rommel looked at them and smiled. It was the greatest number of soldiers he had ever commanded. The well-trained soldiers, knights and the Heaven and Earth members who always moved like his limbs, they were all in his grasp.

He rode his horse to the forefront of the formation. The rider flying the flag of the empire was close behind him.

Keynes spoke up from next to him, “Rommel.”

“Yes.”

“Did you receive the quest?”

Rommel nodded. “Now is the real start.”

Keynes' face was excited. As soon as the emperor gave them a command, a quest had been received. It was a large-scale linked quest that had never appeared in Elder Lord.

[This is a large-scale linked quest on the continent.]

[Raise the fires of the species war!]

[Deal with the rebels in the south and remove all impure molecules.]

[The completion conditions are as follows.]

[Get rid of the empire's public enemy, Crockta.]

[Occupy Espada, which has rejected the empire.]

[Unite the south under the name of the empire.]

[There are three conditions.]

[Adequate compensation will be given upon completion. Good luck.]

All members of the Heaven and Earth Clan received the quest. It was the largest scale ever, so all the clan members were excited. Looking at the momentum of the empire, it was enough to complete the quest.

“We will resolve it in order,” said Rommel. He was staring at the quest window in the air. “Get rid of Crockta and then go to Espada. After that, the south will be one.”

“Hrmm...” Keynes smiled and asked, “Should we really do that?”

“Huh?”

“He is trying to bring us into his domain, so we should show him how silly that idea is.”

Rommel thought about it and nodded. “I understand.”

“We will let that cocky orc bastard know the gap between us.”

“Will the NPCs follow?”

“We have this.” It was an edict delegating full authority to them. “If he wants to draw aggro, we should draw the aggro back.”

After listening to Keynes, Rommel raised his hand and the rider raised the flag. A horn sound was transmitted towards all the troops. Rommel and Keynes starting moving. The army was one step behind them. The troops began to move forward. The knights escorted the formation in the wings, while the soldiers walked towards the battlefield with their spears. The scouts moved ahead of the procession. The army was spread out in rows and columns.

Rommel asked as he looked at the backs of the scouts, “Will he come?”

“He will come.” Keynes smiled. “It is obvious when looking at his track record. We don’t need to go looking for him.”

“I understand.”

Rommel and Keynes turned. The army followed them. They headed towards the other side of Nataliya Forest.

One of the knights from the White Lion Knights approached them. He was the deputy leader who led the knights, as Adandator was currently ill. He was an experienced knight.

“Nataliya Forest isn’t in this direction.”

Keynes replied with a smile, “We aren’t going to Nataliya.”

“Crockta is at Nataliya.”

“Sir Betring doesn’t know him well: Crockta isn’t a normal person. He is a shameless guy, so we can’t allow things to go as he wants.”

“Then?”

“It is a lesson I taught before. Don’t go into the enemy’s trap; lure the enemy into your own.”

“I remember.”

“This is the same thing. Crockta tried to lure us, but we won’t fall for it. Instead, we will bring him to us.”

Betring nodded at the words. His face was convinced. “I understand what you want to do. But are you sure he will come?”

The direction they were heading wasn’t towards Nataliya. It was Espada.

“Of course. He is a righteous person.”

“Hah...” Betring looked up at the sky. “If he was born a human, he would’ve been a knight. It is a pity.”

“Instead, we have you and Sir Adandator.”

“I still can’t be compared to Sir Adandator.” He laughed. “I do like those words. Anyway, I understand.”

Betring returned to the White Lion Knights. Keynes looked at his back and chuckled.

“Disgusting.”

“.....”

“We know that we are bad guys, but they are just deluding themselves. They aren’t knights, just iron-clad contractors.”

“Your words are correct.” Rommel thought about Crockta and declared, “Crockta is the best knight.”

“Yes, that’s right.” Keynes shrugged. “An orc is the one who acts more like a knight than anyone else. How funny. That is how he became the empire’s public enemy and our stumbling block. This is why life is funny.”

A public enemy was closer to a knight than the actual knights. Those knights were now under Keynes and Rommel’s leadership, who were villains.

“It means there is no god.”

Rommel turned and waved his hand. It was towards a member of

the Heaven and Earth Clan. Other than Rommel, he was the most well-known member of Heaven and Earth.

The one responsible for Heaven and Earth's public relations. BJ Heaven and Earth.

“Hey, BJ.”

“Yes!”

“Start the broadcast.”

“Huh?”

“A large-scale quest is in progress and the goal is to unite the south. We should show people why we are the Heaven and Earth Clan.”

“Ah, yes!”

“You take good care of the ratings. Well done.”

“Thank you.” BJ Heaven and Earth laughed. “Then I'll do it properly.”

“I'm bored.”

He was lying on the sofa in the manager's office and watching his tablet.

“There is no one funny...”

He had a taste for Internet broadcasting these days. When he was bored, he would watch broadcasters play games or communicate with people in real time. It was the best way of killing time. He searched for the famous female BJ, Elizabeth. Due to her beautiful appearance, she was a popular Elder Lord player.

“Not here.” Baek Hanho rolled his body. “Umm?”

It was the recent No.1 ranked BJ. The BJ from Heaven and Earth TV. His broadcast was marked as online. In an instant, viewers gathered.

Baek Hanho frowned. “These bastards...”

He clicked on Heaven and Earth TV.

“The degree of these guys when they start broadcasting...I should give it a try...ughh...”

As he watched the Internet broadcasts, Baek Hanho started to develop a dream of becoming a BJ. Women cheered whenever Andre appeared.

“Hoh.”

Baek Hanho whistled as the screen was displayed. The scale was truly enough to be ranked first. A large number of troops filled the field of view. They were marching on the plains. The appearance of the knights and the army was enough to heat up the hearts of men.

Baek Hanho opened a chat window. His nickname was ‘White Tiger.’

[White Tiger: You guys...this...what is it..~?

Chatter ~

Jiri Mountain: Uncle...

I’m Hungry Sob Sob: The Heaven and Earth Clan received a large-scale quest and is going to war.

Orc is the Best: Heaven and Earth will fall to Crockta Heaven and Earth will fall to Crockta Heaven and Earth will fall to Crockta Heaven and Earth will fall to Crockta <Orc is the Best has been blocked.>

I’m Hungry Sob Sob: But one person can’t go against an army~

Jiri Mountain: It seems the legend of Crockta will end.

*White Tiger: Crockta... are they fighting...~?

Passing Swallow: ○ ○ They will hit Crockta and then start a

species war.

*White Tiger: Wow~~!

Passing Swallow: No one can fight them... I wonder if Crockta will be in the war?

Dreaming of a New Spring: I saw him in a village.]

Baek Hanho's hands trembled. A massive army. There were also NPC knights. Even Crockta would be in a crisis. A great crisis.

He jumped up.

“Heaven and Earth? These bastards...!”

He threw the tablet and opened the door of the manager's office. The members of the gym looked at Baek Hanho. However, he left the gym without caring.

Crockta. He was White Knight Andre's prey.

Chapter 163 – Empire Strikes Back (2)

‘Undergames’, a broadcasting channel specialized for games, acquired a tip first. It was news that Elder Lord’s best-selling ‘War Maestro’ Rommel and the Heaven and Earth Clan were beginning their large-scale quest.

The quest wasn’t an ordinary raid. War-content that couldn’t be seen on a peaceful continent. This time, it wasn’t a small, contained skirmish, but rather a vast, extensive war that made use of a great army.

Recently, the Heaven and Earth Clan had formed a closer relationship with the kingdom and it was reported that they were leading the empire’s army. It was a real war.

Channel Undergames, which had grown quickly through Elder Lord, didn’t want to miss this event. So they decided to postpone the PvP contest and organized a special program that relayed the quest progress in real time.

They negotiated with the Heaven and Earth Clan and paid a large amount of royalties. Then they launched a new online channel filled with commentators aside from BJ Heaven and Earth.

The name:

<I am my own Lord through Heaven and Earth – Empire Strikes Back Chapter 0>

They just used words that looked great, but this childish name attracted people’s attention. Then the broadcast started. It was a hardcore program that tracked the Heaven and Earth Clan 24 hours a day in real time.

The storytelling was already overflowing. They were the knights of the emperor who fought for the empire’s revival, and those who opposed it were rebels. Towards the unrighteous, the empire

knights and the Heaven and Earth Clan would raise their swords.

The Heaven and Earth Clan became the hottest topic.

“Aren’t they just slaughtering weak people?” There were some people who said it, but their opinions were ignored.

Those were just human rights people. The ones being killed were NPCs.

It was enough to create a Heaven and Earth mania.

“The goal is the occupation of Espada.”

Rommel explained.

“If necessary, wipe them out.”

–Rommel truly is incredible. Look at that charisma. The NPCs can’t even move their heads and are being conducted. That is the dignity of a general

–The one who makes that formation is Rommel. He was such a person from the beginning. Choi Hansung was a professional gamer in the past. He was always an imposing friend. I always knew he would become big.

The other leaders were riding beside Choi Hansung. Keynes chewed on his apple and laughed.

“Disgraceful bastards are trying to use tricks to ruin the empire. Cut off the bud here. So reconciliation is no longer a choice.”

“What about those who resist?”

“Don’t be naïve. We have already given them enough opportunities. This price is their own fault.”

“Kuoong. I understand.”

–That is the vice master of the Heaven and Earth Clan, Keynes. He was the leader of the now disappeared Thawing Balhae Clan. If Rommel is the field commander of Heaven and Earth, Keynes is

the brain. The Zhuge Liang of Elder Lord! Then isn't it General Rom and Keynes Liang? Kelkelkel!

-General Rom and Keynes Liang! Those nicknames are good. Hahahat.

“And Crockta.” Keynes said while chewing on the apple. “Let's show it well before he gets here. How many people will die because of him.”

-Crockta! He is now rebelling against the empire. He is an NPC who entertained people's eyes and ears, but isn't his opponent the Heaven and Earth Clan?

-It is regrettable. While it is difficult to make conclusions, an individual and an army are two different things. It is a fact that there is an objective difference in power. A fact. Perhaps Crockta's biography will end here... I feel like that. It is too bad. What would it be like if Crockta was a human and joined Heaven and Earth? I have such regrets.

The knights and infantry commanders nodded. They retreated. Now only Keynes and Rommel remained in the tent. They looked at each other.

“In the end, we've arrived here.”

“Indeed.”

“Let's make it cool. Now it is starting.”

“Huhu.”

Rommel and Keynes fist bumped each other.

“Heaven and Earth.”

“War!”

-Kya! It is wonderful. Heaven and Earth, war!

-The symbol of the Heaven and Earth Clan. Heaven and Earth is war, war is Heaven and Earth. I have confidence.

It was a directed scene, but the viewers had already fallen into the characters and couldn't recognize it. After the slogan, the screen slowly faded out. It was a broadcast break.

–This is Elder Lord, the realism! It is a game that maximizes the realism. Kuhahahat, anyway, there are difficulties.

–Why are you talking here, aren't you the narrator? Kuhuhuhu.

–Kuhahat, I'm sorry. I have a very fixed opinion. Huhut. So, friends, there are many things for you to see. I have to go to the bathroom. Then we will be having a short break. We will play highlights of the Heaven and Earth Clan so that viewers won't become bored until the broadcast starts again.

–See you in a while.

The screen switched to a recorded broadcast.

Rommel appeared. The Heaven and Earth members were moving in unison under his command. It was a quest where the Heaven and Earth Clan was proceeding with mass destruction. The well-trained soldiers systematically subdued the enemies.

This type of warfare was why people loved Heaven and Earth.

“The commentary is too biased.” Yoon Bora complained as she watched the broadcast. “Just watch. Crockta will break the Heaven and Earth Clan.”

“Aren't there too many soldiers?” Ban Taehoon replied.

“Hey. Didn't he conquer the north alone? Who is Crockta?”

“We didn't see what happened in the north so we don't know. If Crockta can win against that army alone, he is a god, not an orc.”

“Isn't Crockta a god?”

“Are you a fool?”

“Are you saying that to me?”

Yoon Bora and Ban Taehoon started fighting. Yiyu drank her americano with a disinterested face before complaining, “You talk about Elder Lord every time we meet.”

“You can do it too. Ah, didn’t you die because of a rabbit?”

“Death.”

They were waiting for Park Jungtae. During the school holidays, he went abroad to volunteer and recently came back, so they were having a gathering. He was the only member who had spent the holiday elsewhere.

“That’s right. Didn’t both of you eat delicious food without me?” Ban Taehoon asked.

“Uh. It was really good. I never knew kimchi and soybean paste could taste so good.”

“Isn’t it petty to go without me?”

“Heh. You should protest to Yiyu’s oppa?”

“What is with the Oppa?”

“Now he is an Oppa.” Then Yoon Bora asked Yiyu. “By the way, is he okay?”

“Yes. It was nothing.”

“I’m glad.”

At this moment, Ban Taehoon interrupted. “Hey, Jung Yiyu. You should be careful of Yoon Bora. This girl is now aiming for your brother. Look at her eyes.”

“Why? Are you jealous?”

“Uwek.”

“Don’t make that sound. I will restrain you.”

Then Park Jungtae appeared in the distance. He had gone to Africa so his face was tanned. He looked around and smiled after finding them, “It has been a while.”

“Ohh Jungtae.”

“Did you come?”

He sat down next to Ban Taehoon. The two of them bumped fists, waved their fingers and bumped shoulders.

“Yo man.”

“Wassup man.”

“Long time no see.”

“Guten tag!” (German for good day)

Yoon Bora shook her head as she watched them babbling. They hugged lightly and ended the greeting.

“Did your service go well?”

“Yes. It was fun.”

He had gone to Africa to build houses for the poor. In other words, he was doing hard labour. His body was tanned and muscular, as if he was an athlete. Park Jungtae talked about the things that happened, while the rest nodded with admiration.

“You really suffered.”

“Good work.”

Park Jungtae smiled brightly at Yiyu’s compliment.

“Should we have a drink today?”

“Hey, did you drink there? Or did you eat anything like African snake?”

“I couldn’t drink there.”

They got up and left the cafe.

“Heaven and Earth!”

“War!”

The mounted knights moved first and broke through enemy lines. The enemy's formations were destroyed. The Heaven and Earth members followed behind. Two infantry battalions collided. The clan members shouted their slogan as they wielded their weapons.

The rebels had fallen into chaos from the cavalry penetration and couldn't block their attacks. Like a dam breaking, the clan members moved through the formation. Their vision became blurry but they moved forward tenaciously, staring at the empire's flag that was flapping far away.

–This is it. This is the power of the cavalry. The rebels tried to stop them with spears and barricades, but the imperial knights weren't easy.

–The Heaven and Earth members are also great. They sweep through the enemies like fallen leaves.

–Wasn't it not long ago that users didn't dare fight NPCs? That has changed. It isn't an exaggeration to say that it changed after the emergence of the Heaven and Earth Clan.

The scene filled up the broadcast screen. The rebels' formation was destroyed by the cavalry running around. Every time the knights charged, the rebels were trampled on. Then the infantry and Heaven and Earth members cleaned up the rest of the enemies.

The cavalry overran the enemies and trampled on those still on the ground. There was the occasional bombardment from magicians. The rebels screamed as they were burned. The flames spread and bodies piled up.

–Amazing.

–The whole world is watching the battle of the Heaven and Earth Clan. The number of viewers in the Undergames overseas channel is enormous.

All of this was being conducted by Rommel. Rommel waved his

hand. He took control of the battlefield, and everything was under his vision.

-War Maestro Rommel! He can see the entire battlefield.

The commentators were proud.

Yoon Bora drank her beer and asked, “Is this a war?”

Yiyu watched the broadcast from next to Yoon Bora and replied, “Yes. Aren’t the opponents just residents, not soldiers?”

“Really? I guess their clothing is really shabby.”

The rebels were pushed by the empire in terms of numbers and equipment. Their appearance looked like men who had been farming for all their lives. They were killed in turn by the well-trained imperial army.

“It is too cruel.”

“What’s wrong with that? They are NPCs.”

“Still...”

Yoon Bora opened a chat window. There was also wonder and praise there.

[Dial Fresh: What is this war? It really defies my expectations.

Simabukuro: Honey jam? What are your expectations? Do you expect anyone to go against the Heaven and Earth Clan? How absurd.

Paper Cup Duo: ㄅㄅ This is the level of the Heaven and Earth Clan.

Toothbrush and Perfume: Shout General Rom!! General Rom!!

I’m Hungry Sob: The duo of General Rom and Keynes Liang ㄅㄅ
ㄅㄅㄅㄅ

Dune Multiplex: ㄣㄣㄣㄣㄣ Isn’t the empire just massacring

people? Is this cool? ㄹㄹㄹㄹㄹㄹ Don't admire murderers.

White keyboard: Dune Multiplex// I am a person who kills in the game and I can verify how fun it is.

Lukas Graham: The commentators are exaggerating ㄹㄹ The opponents are too weak.

Seven Eggs: I haven't watched it but I have a lot of complaints ㄹㄹ ㄹㄹ if the game is like reality, won't PTSD occur? ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ

Storage Mistake: I agree with the one above me.]

“Ah, I can't look.”

Yoon Bora turned away from the screen. Park Jungtae and Ban Taehoon's seats were empty.

“That boy doesn't smoke yet he still follows.”

This was a chicken and beer pub. Ban Taehoon went out for a quick smoke and the non-smoker, Park Jungtae followed. They stood side by side at the entrance of the store.

“Cheers.” Yiyu and Yoon Bora made a toast.

“Yiyu, isn't your Oppa playing Elder Lord as well?”

“Yes. He had been working harder lately.”

“Will he be watching this broadcast?”

“Oppa...”

Yiyu started thinking. It was a broadcast of a battlefield where many people died. Furthermore, it was just a one-sided massacre.

Yiyu shook her head. “Won't he really hate this?”

Crockta stood in the devastated Demeterun. There was nothing left. The imperial troops poured the corpses into a pit and set them on fire. Now only the seared bones remained as small traces.

“.....”

Adandator was silent behind Crockta. He knew that the emperor had ordered Crockta's death. That's why he hurried to find Crockta. If Crockta died, he would never know the identity of that light.

But Rommel had attacked Espada. He knew Crockta well.

"A smart guy." Crockta had come running as soon as he heard. But Demeterun had already been ruined.

"It seems like it hasn't been a long time since they passed." Alex said.

The imperial army was heading for Espada after devastating Demeterun. They would destroy everything in their way. Crockta found a piece of cloth that was torn and burnt on the ground. It was a flag. It was hard to see but the words 'There is no emperor in the south' were written on it. The resistance army would've swung it.

"...Let's go. Crockta opened his mouth.

"You're going?" Adandator asked.

"I need to hurry before they do this again."

The 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' members nodded.

Adandator scratched his head. He didn't know what he should do. He had become closer to Crockta after spending a few days together, but he couldn't go against his kingdom.

"You can go, Adandator," Crockta told him.

"Is it okay?"

"This isn't your job, which is understandable."

Adandator sighed and said, "I'm thankful for those words."

"But I will tell you one thing," Crockta said as he turned to him. Adandator flinched as he saw the blazing anger in Crockta's eyes. "If we meet on the battlefield, I won't hesitate to kill you."

Chapter 164 – Empire Strikes Back (3)

Crockta rode his horse. The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members followed him.

They saw a blazing fire in the distance. The imperial army had taken over a city. The battle had already ended. The only thing left behind was their traces. Espada was an area with a big cluster of cities where people gathered. This place had collapsed. There were numerous troops surrounding the city.

“.....!”

“Crockta!”

He was noticed quickly because he ran aggressively. A scout blew the whistle first. The knights, who had been waiting, reversed their formation. They reacted to the sound of the whistle almost immediately. The information that Crockta appeared was quickly transmitted to the rear.

The troops moved like they were a single creature. At its heart was Rommel. He was able to see Rommel beyond the knights. He was a good looking elf, but wore heavy armor that typically didn’t suit elves.

He waved his hand and the knights started the assault. They were the Blue Dragon Lancers beside him. The White Lion Knights and Blue Dragon Lancers were the pillars of the empire.

The knights raised their lances and started charging towards Crockta and the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members. Crockta pulled out his greatsword.

“Yare yare...is this the so-called ‘lance charging’...?”

Gilgamesh muttered habitually. His voice sounded the same but it was shaking slightly.

Crockta shouted, “Everyone be prepared.”

The Blue Dragon troops were rushing towards them like a locomotive. Crockta raised the pressure around his body. The lances were coming like waves. Even if he blocked the knights, there was an army behind them.

It was absurd when he thought about it. Only five people. Five people were facing an army.

“Stay alive.” Crockta muttered.

He didn't worry about such things. He only thought about defeating the enemies that came towards him. Face an opponent, smash them down and repeat over and over again. It would be a line that allowed him to reach Rommel.

“Bul'tar————!”

His battle cry rang out. At that moment, all of the soldiers here felt a chill at Crockta's presence. He really had come.

“Come!”

The attack from the Blue Dragon Lancers was imminent. Just before the collision, Crockta jumped from his horse. The horse, that lost its master, collided with a spear and fell down. Crockta was on the ground and wielded his greatsword. He faced multiple knights at the same time.

Crockta landed in an empty gap and wielded his greatsword at the lances and horses. He aimed at the horse. As the horse collapsed, the knight rolled over and was crushed by the steel armor. Like water hitting a stone, the knights split apart around Crockta. Blood splattered from the horses caught by Crockta.

“Come on, dance with me! Open the bloody banquet, my blades! Kukuk!”

Gilgamesh's voice was heard. Crockta's angle meant he couldn't see the ‘He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members. The knights focused on Crockta. Except for a group that dealt with the ‘He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members, the rest turned around and

came back to Crockta.

The assault began again. They held up their lances and shouted.

“For His Majesty!”

“For!”

Crockta raised his greatsword. The enemies were nearing. The lance's charge was raised by the horse's acceleration and flew with tremendous power. It would pierce a body in one strike.

“Haat!”

The lances flew towards him. Crockta responded promptly and managed to survive. If he couldn't kill on the battlefield then he would die. Crockta dodged their attacks and broke the horses' legs. The horses with their legs broken fell to the ground and crushed the knights.

“This guy!” A knight appeared in unusual clothing. “Orc! Let me fight with you!”

It was a middle-aged man. It was the leader of the Blue Dragon Lancers. The knights opened the path for him once he appeared. His horse started running. The horse was different from the common ones. The size was much bigger and the skin underneath the armor was red. The ground shook every time the horse moved. Fast and furious.

The leader became one with the horse as he charged towards Crockta.

“Die! Empire's enemy!”

Crockta could feel him falling into the realm of the Pinnacle as he rode. The charge of the horse and the Pinnacle, this was the leader of a troop of knights. He leaned into the space and rushed towards Crockta.

Crockta also entered the world of the Pinnacle. However, the compressed force of the lance flying towards Crockta was so strong

that it seemed hard for him to endure. Crockta gulped. He tried to avoid it but the horse's charging speed exceeded their expectations.

Indeed, this was the empire. Adandator wasn't the only powerhouse. Crockta surpassed the realm of the Pinnacle. The landscape changed again.

The Hero realm. The transcendent power of causality was demonstrated. Crockta's greatsword and the knight's lance crossed. Both bodies fell at the same time.

"Ugh!"

"Cough!"

He fell from the horse while Crockta flew backward. Crockta hurriedly got up. It wasn't one-sided but the lance had hit him.

"That Adandator bastard, there is another person beyond the Pinnacle..."

It was different from his words. This knight had touched the edges of the Hero realm, despite not recognizing it yet.

"Cough! Cough!"

The knight's side was split by the greatsword and he coughed blood onto the ground. Behind Crockta, the horse that lost its master was running amok. The knights gathered around their leader. He glared at Crockta as he was carried away.

Crockta grinned.

"Hoo, hoo." He restored his breathing. But this wasn't the end. It was starting now. The infantry troops were advancing towards Crockta. The knights continued to fill up their numbers.

"These boring guys." The knights set up their formation again and started running towards Crockta. Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder. "Of course, what else can I expect from the name Blue Dragon Lancers?"

The force was still sufficient. The moment they were going to

assault from the front...

The knights moved to the side and passed Crockta.

“.....!”

Crockta looked around. There were members of ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ who followed him. They were fighting the knights and not paying attention to this place.

“Scatter————!”

Crockta shouted. They finally noticed the knights. However, the knights’ assault was too fierce. The members were split into two groups. They avoided the attacks, but one member was eventually pieced by a lance.

“...Keok!”

The lance pierced the user’s abdomen and he hung in the air. It was like the knight who killed the member was boasting of the spoils. The body hung high in the sky. Blood flowed down the lance. The sound of horseshoes subsided.

“Cou...gh...” He coughed up blood and soon turned into white particles.

“Hmm?” The knight muttered as he looked at the body. “What? Someone who is cursed by the stars?”

At that moment, a blade penetrated the knight’s heart.

“.....!”

A sword came out of nowhere and pierced the steel armor. The knight grabbed his chest and looked back. Gilgamesh was staring at him with many swords floating around him.

“The price of touching my companion...it is ruin. Lowlife.”

“Kuk...”

The knight with the lance fell to the ground. Then the knights flew towards Gilgamesh. Some knights fell from their horses and

attacked with swords. Their weapons became tangled together. Once the knights showed their strength, the fan club members were in crisis.

Crockta tried to save them but other knights blocked it. This was the advantage of numbers.

“Coming here without any fear. You will regret it. Orc.”

The knights laughed. Crockta wielded his greatsword instead of answering. The body of the knight who just spoke flew through the air.

“Bul’tar————!”

Crockta wildly attacked the knights. The panicked knights kept gathering. Every time Crockta swung his greatsword, dozens of knights died. Blood and flesh were scattered.

“Shit!”

However, the enemies kept on coming. It was foolish to deal with so many enemies in an open space.

“Kuaack!”

Crockta jumped over a knight. He broke through the encirclement and ran towards the other ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members. The three remaining members had united and were desperately resisting.

“Where are you running to...keok!”

A knight was hit by his greatsword. Then Crockta stole his horse. The horse resisted as a stranger boarded, but Crockta calmed it down by stroking its neck. Crockta rode his horse. He roared again as he headed towards the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members.

“Bul’tar————!”

His roar rattled the eardrums of the knights. As they covered their ears, Crockta ran and called out to a member.

“Keep moving! A flat ground is a disadvantage!”

Gilgamesh nodded. He also stole a horse with Alex. They started running out of the knights’ encirclement. The knights noticed and pursued fiercely.

“The enemy is too fast!” Alex shouted.

They were knights using lances. Their competency when handling a horse was naturally different. The knights clung tightly to them. Then the swords circling Gilgamesh turned and headed towards the knights. The knights were dumbfounded at the sudden interruption.

Crockta raised his thumb. Gilgamesh grinned. However, they were still at the center of the crisis. Crockta changed the direction of his horse. He avoided the imperial forces and moved inside a gap.

It was towards the inside of the city, where the sound of screaming and fighting could still be heard.

“.....!”

He entered to see a gory sight. The ones who occupied the interior were mainly users, the Heaven and Earth Clan members and some knights. They didn’t want to incorporate the residents into the empire like before.

They were slain immediately.

“How horrible.”

There was the sound of knights on horseback. Crockta directed his horse and entered the city completely.

“Crockta!”

“Crockta appeared!”

The Heaven and Earth Clan responded promptly, as if the

information was already transmitted. They didn't rush towards Crockta but maintained their distance on the streets. The clan members gradually gathered. There was a lot of them.

Crockta's eyes quickly glanced around the surroundings. Most of the soldiers and residents had been killed, with only the elderly left. They were the first to lose their lives. There was the sound of fighting in the center, as if people were still resisting, but it didn't seem like it would last long.

"Wouldn't it be better to retreat?" Alex asked.

"....."

Crockta shook his head.

At the same time, his momentum changed. He once again entered the Hero realm. His senses entered a different perspective.

The moment that Crockta confirmed the presence of troops around him, new infantrymen entered any gaps, directed by Rommel. At the same time, he realized the shaking of the members who entered with him.

"You can leave. It is too dangerous." Crockta told them. They shook their heads.

"It isn't dangerous. We received the curse of the stars. We won't die. But Crockta..."

"You can experience the Concrete method."

".....!"

Most of the people around them were the Heaven and Earth members. The clan members already identified that the enemies were users.

"No...that, no, it isn't..."

Alex's voice trailed off. Crockta had fought the Thawing Balhae clan. He already knew about users.

It was as he said. This was a battle involving the Heaven and Earth Clan. If there were any users who opposed them, the Heaven and Earth would thoroughly trample them using the Concrete method to prevent another attack.

The eyes of the Heaven and Earth seemed to be scanning the members' bodies.

“...So be it,” Alex muttered with a grin.

Crockta responded in a grave tone, “I can't protect you anymore.”

“It's okay. I am determined.”

Their companionship would probably end here. No matter how this battle progressed, they would probably die or experience the Concrete method here. That battle was overwhelmingly unfavorable. It would actually be fortunate if they died.

“Fight with honor.”

The ‘He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members laughed. They came here because they admired Crockta. That choice wasn't wrong. Crockta was just like they saw in the videos. No, he was more than that. He wasn't a hero, but had a very human nature, so his past actions seemed even greater.

They couldn't help laughing and crying in Crockta's presence.

“You must absolutely never die.”

It was okay for the users to die. Even if they received the Concrete method, they could still live in reality. But Crockta, this great warrior, wouldn't be able to revive if he died.

He was an NPC. Everything would be over if he died. However, Crockta's eyes were unshaken. This was why they praised and honored Crockta. The era of heroes was over. But they met a true hero in Elder Lord.

Crockta told them, “Don't regret it.”

They laughed.

Chapter 165 – Five Senses Landscape (1)

Inside the city, there were still those who were resisting.

“As long as we buy some time, reinforcements will come,” said Gerd, the militia leader.

However, he wasn't convinced as he spoke. The enemies hadn't used their knights yet. The horsemen were circling the city to prevent any fugitives, with only those cursed by the stars entering the city. They were having fun as they slaughtered the residents of the city.

“Can't we build up a lot of experience here?”

“Yes, that is why we came here.”

“I keep on receiving rewards for the achievements. Wow, this is rare grade.”

“I barely get any rare grade rewards. Why can't I receive the Flying Heaven Sword Style?”

They chattered and laughed together.

Gerd bit his lip. The ones cursed by the stars were hateful. They were all around him.

“Endure. We can endure.”

Of course, nobody believed those words. They were waiting for reinforcements but who would come? The empire had a great army. It was a war to win if they just hid behind walls. Entering the city to save them was nothing more than a waste of troops.

He repeated to himself, “Endure...”

But there was a disturbance in the distance. Gerd became tense. The knights might've entered.

“.....!”

At that moment, he could see something flying over the building

in front of him. It was the appearance of an enemy who had his body split apart. As soon as the red lump fell, it became white particles.

“W-What?”

It continued. Behind the outer walls of the building, a fountain of blood appeared in the air. There was the sound of screams and bones breaking as the bodies continued to burst. The blood, flesh and internal organs were stuck to the ground.

What the hell was going on at the smithy?

“Kyaaak!”

“Stop!”

“Monster!”

Once again, dozens of people flew through the air at the same time and fell down in the dust. Gerd and his companions flinched as they held their weapons. The fallen people twitched and died. Their bodies turned white.

“Who...?”

Step, step.

Footsteps could be heard. Gerd gulped and looked at the corner of the building. There was the shadow of a man of great size. The slaughterer's image was revealed. The first thing that stood out was the gigantic greatsword that reflected the sunlight. It was so big that he couldn't face it properly.

“.....!”

An orc. He was burly and the battle scars were mixed together with the tattoos. Blood and flesh dripped down from his body.

The vicious eyes turned to Gerd. Gerd shook.

He knew who the orc was. The orc warrior widely known throughout the continent. The one who killed the crazy chieftain

in the north. All gods had whispered his name. Northern Conqueror Crockta. He heard rumors that Crockta was going against the empire. But,

“God...”

Showing up on this battlefield was reckless. Gerd never imagined his appearance. He knew the orc species, but he always thought of heroes as people with shining smiles and a dignified appearance. They were knights who wore armor.

But he was mistaken. The orc called Crockta wasn't a knight. He was a monster. Knights were those who wore shining armor and rode on a white horse in fairy tales.

Crockta was a warrior who slaughtered his enemies with his greatsword, scattering the flesh and blood of those who got in his way. If he wasn't killed on the battlefield, he would wipe out all enemies. The eyes were filled with killing intent, making Gerd unable to face them at all.

But,

“Bul'tarr—!”

At Crockta's roar, the enemies didn't dare come closer and fell back.

Gerd formed a fist. Despite the horrible appearance, hope sprouted in his heart.

He had prayed for a long time. He prayed every day that he could continue to live as a free man, for the march of the imperial forces to slow down and to help them win this battle. He prayed for all the beautiful things in this world.

However, no one answered. It wasn't the benevolent goddess or a knight on a white horse who responded. It was a brutal orc warrior covered in the enemy's blood. A killer who beheaded the enemies directly.

Crockta, he came for them.

Gerd shouted, “Crockta has come! Gather your strength!”

The front lines became messy at Crockta’s appearance. The enemies rarely came close to Crockta, giving the residents and militia time to reorganize the line of defense.

“Crockta!”

The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members were also present. They were very tired. In particular, Gilgamesh was barely holding onto his sword and couldn’t exert any further strength.

“Meet over there.”

“Yes.”

“There are still people remaining.”

Crockta approached Gerd’s group. They were busy raising the defenses. They held spears carved out of wood and cautiously watched for enemies from behind the barricade.

“I am Crockta. I came to help.”

Gerd responded to Crockta.

“Thank you. I’ve heard a lot of rumors about you.”

“More troops will be coming soon.”

Rommel was committed to the growth of the clan members. But that changed after Crockta’s appearance. Soon the knights and regular soldiers would appear. Considering the gap between numbers and level, it was close to a hopeless battle.

“Wait for the reinforcements.”

“Reinforcements...” Gerd was skeptical about the reinforcements. He shouted about reinforcements to raise morale, but he didn’t think they would come.

“Believe in them.” Crockta stated. It was an intense gaze. “They will come.”

It was hope that made people hold on, even if it was feeble. As long as there was hope, the possibilities could be doubled. A miracle could happen as long as it wasn't 0%.

“I understand.” Gerd nodded.

Crockta scanned the area.

“It is tense.”

They had just joined but there was no time for proper introductions. It was the last defense line and the children and elderly were behind it. All of them were now visible.

Crockta raised his greatsword. It was obviously the worst situation. He wanted to protect them, but it was a dangerous situation. However, if there was nothing to protect, there was no reason to fight.

It was an irony he always experienced.

Crockta opened his mouth. “I have been through many battles...”

The formation of the enemies was changing. They had now completely retreated. It meant that reinforcements for the enemies were coming soon. The sound of horseshoes neared.

“There have been many more dangerous fights. This is nothing. Kulkulkul.”

It was his own method of cheering them on. Gerd and the militia members laughed slightly at Crockta's words.

“So let's try our best.”

“I understand.”

New enemies appeared. Both the White Lion Knights and Blue Dragon Lancers appeared. The regular army followed behind them. The Heaven and Earth Clan were still here, surrounding the

area in several layers, in order to block any retreat.

The number and quality of the other side were no match.

Crockta cracked his knuckles. As he mentioned, he had experienced more dangerous battlefields. But it was the first time he had to defend people against so many enemies. At the very least, he fought with his friends who had the ability to resist the enemy.

Even in the north, he had the dark elves who were good hunters and swordsmen. This place was different. They were at a disadvantage in terms of equipment and skills. Maybe everyone would die.

“Stay alive.” He muttered.

Gilgamesh spoke from behind him, “Is there a ‘stage’ that finally suits me...? The curtain call will be the screams of the enemies. Kukuk...!”

His voice was dying but his personality was still constant. Crockta grinned. The enemies came to a stop.

“Knights, be prepared!”

The leader of the White Lion Knights in the rear cried out. It was the vice leader Betring, who had taken over for Adandator. It was an expression of intent to engage in close combat. They started walking on both feet.

The militia members readied their arrows. However, none of them hit. They were avoided or blocked using swords and shields. It was truly the empire’s elite.

“For His Majesty!” Betring shouted in an excited voice that didn’t fit his age.

“Assault, White Lions!”

The knights started the assault. Crockta broke through the knights running at the forefront and shouted, “Come at me, knight!”

Crockta's momentum pushed against the knights.

"You're better than expected, Orc!" It was Betring who didn't back down from Crockta's threat. He met Crockta's greatsword as the two swords hit each other.

"Now! Charge!"

As Betring shouted, the knights plunged towards Crockta's left and right. Crockta tried to stop them, but Betring's sword persistently pursued him. Crockta struck him in annoyance. Betring continued to mark Crockta. He wasn't trying to kill Crockta, and didn't even intend for this to be a confrontation. He just stuck to Crockta so that Crockta couldn't go anywhere else.

Crockta grit his teeth.

An expert. This was annoying.

"Aaack!"

The knights didn't hesitate. The residents died as the knights' swords pierced their hearts.

"It is shameful."

"Ho?" Betring asked nervously as he attacked Crockta.

"A knight should be ashamed of this behavior."

The ruined city. The dead or dying residents. The flag of the empire flying in the air.

"Shame..." Betring smiled bitterly. "Old people like me don't worry about things like that."

It was a familiar expression that he had seen in the north on Hammerchwi, a brave man who had been bent from many years of inertia while adrift in a world mixed with right and wrong.

"I understand," said Crockta before his figure disappeared. Then Crockta appeared right in front of Betring's nose with Ogre Slayer at his neck.

“.....!”

An enormous pressure was aiming for his neck. He couldn't avoid or block it. Betring's head became blank.

Kakang!

Just before Ogre Slayer reached Betring, the sword was blocked. It was from the spear of a Blue Dragon member.

“Don't overdo it.”

“Thank you for your help. Bluno.”

The two leaders of the empire's knights stood in front of Crockta. They gulped. Even if they joined together, they couldn't beat Crockta. They could only buy some time. The orc in front of him was a monster.

“Come all at once!”

At the same time, Crockta's greatsword aimed at both of them. Betring bounced back and rolled across the ground. Bluno avoided it then swung his spear. Crockta ducked and kicked Bluno's abdomen. Bluno collapsed.

The greatsword descended towards Betring. He blocked with his sword. The blade couldn't overcome the impact and was broken. Betring's face stiffened. Crockta raised his greatsword again. Betring rolled across the ground. It was ugly behavior for a knight, but it allowed him to barely survive.

“Aaaaaaah!”

Bluno attacked. It was a rapid stinging attack that made him one of the best knights. Crockta grabbed the spear.

“Crazy!”

Crockta started to break the spear. Bluno stumbled at the power placed on his spear. He gritted his teeth and tried to aim the spear again.

Crockta struck his shin with a fist.

“Cough!” Bluno flew back and crashed onto the ground. His shin was broken. He grabbed his leg and moaned. Betring looked at it and muttered. “Truly a monster...”

His face was completely frightened.

Crockta looked around. The knights were already slaughtering the residents. Crockta headed towards the knights, ignoring Betring and Bluno. However, it wasn't enough for him to block them alone.

Countless people were dying. The Heaven and Earth members were pushing to the front like hyenas.

“Come again!”

“Get those bastards!”

“Cheeky bastards!”

Their goal was the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members.

“The garbage who follow the orc!”

“Kukuk...weak dogs are barking?”

“What is he saying?”

In the middle of it, Crockta shook his head. The knights and residents, users and users, everything was mixed up and confusing. The debris of the destroyed buildings was scattered about.

‘Now you see that the world is full of death.’

The system message seemed to be mocking him. Crockta jumped over a knight. Betring was chasing him from behind. Crockta wanted to go after the knights killing the residents. Betring's blade cut his thigh.

Crockta looked angrily at Betring, but he had already withdrawn. Meanwhile, residents were dying. Crockta gritted his teeth. The moment Betring retreated, weapons flew at Crockta from all sides.

Crockta roared and swung his greatsword. The knights flew back.

Puok!

“Ugh!”

An arrow struck Crockta’s shoulder. It was difficult to respond because there were so many people. Crockta used the power of a Hero. It consumed a lot of stamina but it couldn’t be helped. Crockta slaughtered the enemies with the power of causality. A fountain of blood.

Nevertheless, the number of teammates was decreasing.

“Gerd!”

There was no answer. He had died a long time ago.

“Shit!”

The corpses were accumulating. He couldn’t save everyone. The consequences of death were overflowing in the city, and there was a limit to how much he could reverse.

“.....!”

Suddenly, white particles were scattered. He looked back. The ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’ members were dying. Alex’s eyes met his as he turned into white particles. He nodded with a pale face. That was the last action.

Their particles and those of the Heaven and Earth members, along with the dust, blurred his vision.

“Hell, this is a place that suits me! Come you, you dog-like bastards.”

Gilgamesh was the only one remaining and he had lost his concept. He could no longer manipulate the blades and wielded them directly. However, his weapons were quickly suppressed. Crockta tried to rescue him, but the knights kept blocking him. Several layers of infantry surrounded him.

“Dammit.” Crockta raised his greatsword. He was about to use strength to break through the encirclement.

“I’ve caught this bastard! Concrete method!”

“Tie him up! Rope!”

“Kukuk...oof...kuk...!”

Crockta ran in Gilgamesh’s direction. A blade stuck in his back. Blood splattered but he ignored it and attacked those in front of him. He stepped on the enemies. Gilgamesh could be seen in the distance.

“Gilgamesh!”

Crockta broke through the enemies to try and save him, but he was blocked again. There was no end. He was surrounded by the enemy. There was even the bombardment from magicians. Fireballs flew at Crockta.

“Bul’tarr—! ”

Crockta ignored it all and threw his greatsword.

“.....!”

Ogre Slayer split apart Gilgamesh’s body. Gilgamesh was split in half. With only his upper body left, he stared at Crockta. There was surprise in Gilgamesh’s eyes before he laughed. Crockta chuckled slightly.

Soon, Crockta’s body was hit by a fireball.

“Cough!”

Crockta rolled on the ground. The flames burned his body. Crockta gritted his teeth. Blades flew in succession. Crockta raised his body and knocked them down with his fists. The enemies were ripped to pieces.

Crockta straightened his waist and looked around.

“Kulkulkul...”

He laughed. Now Crockta was alone. The militia, the elderly people and the 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' members...

They all died. He was left alone.

He knew.

"Kill!"

"He is alone!"

"Everyone charge!"

From the beginning, he had a feeling it would be like this. Nevertheless, he had no choice but to struggle.

Kaack! Kaack! Kaaack!

He looked up at the sky.

Crows were crying out above his head. Auspicious or a disaster. It was said that crows were birds who lead the souls of the dead to the afterlife. How did the landscape look like in their eyes? He wondered if the souls of the dead were filling this land in white.

Chapter 166 – Five Senses Landscape (2)

“Fire!”

A barrage of arrows rained down from the sky as Crockta moved quickly to evade them. His body was worn out and a sigh emerged from his mouth. However, he couldn't stop. He raised the limits of his power and entered the realm of the Pinnacle.

But in a flash, he moved away from the Pinnacle as the world's speed returned to normal.

“Dammit.”

His stamina was drained, as he had fought for too long. He couldn't reach the Pinnacle anymore. Crockta tried to use the power again. His body gradually accelerated. His mind overwhelmed his body. The world slowed.

Then his body twisted again.

“.....”

He turned around. An arrow was stuck in his calf. He didn't know when he had been hit.

“Shit.”

Betring and the knights were rushing towards Crockta. Crockta looked around. He didn't have a weapon. He used his bare hands to fight the fully armed knights.

A collision between the two occurred. It couldn't be helped, even if it was Crockta. He avoided the weapons, but their bodies slammed into him and he flew back. Crockta fell to the ground. He rolled across angular rocks so his whole body was bloody. He felt lightheaded.

“How many achievement points will I get from killing him?”

Crockta raised his eyes. A Heaven and Earth member was approaching. Crockta spat out blood and tried to raise his body.

“Eh?” The clan member suddenly stared at Crockta. “This guy... his forehead...”

Crockta could feel something hot flowing down from his forehead. Blood. There was a wound on his forehead. He felt his forehead. The red headband around it was half torn.

“Perhaps...”

Crockta stood up and swung his fist. The user’s head exploded and he turned into white particles.

“Keuk!”

He felt back down again from the recoil. Arrows pierced his calf and shoulder, the fire that burned his body and the wounds from the knights’ weapons meant his body didn’t function properly. As Crockta staggered, the knights’ attacks flew towards him.

Crockta collapsed and the kicking continued.

“If we capture this guy alive...”

“His Majesty...”

“Make an example of him...”

Their voices were heard above his head.

“Wait a minute. Sir knights, please wait.”

The Heaven and Earth members were approaching. One of them reached out towards Crockta’s forehead.

“Wait...”

Crockta blocked the hand and the kicks came flying again. Crockta fell down without any strength left. The moment they were about to completely rip off Crockta’s headband...

Peeok.

Blood poured onto Crockta’s face.

“.....!”

Crockta frowned and opened his eyes. The user's head was gone. Blood was flowing down from the neck.

Kuaaaaang!

The roar of a beast. It was somehow familiar.

“What’s going on?”

“What is that?”

The low-frequency cry of a beast was heard. Crockta turned around. He fell to his knees. He gripped his weary head. The blood had blurred his vision. Gradually, his head became clear. He breathed deeply as some strength was restored to his broken body.

He slowly got up. Crockta tore a dead soldier's clothing and used it to cover his ripped headband.

“Pant, pant...”

His hands were empty. A greatsword was needed. Crockta looked around for Ogre Slayer. Suddenly, Ogre Slayer was pushed to his side.

“Thank you...”

Huge teeth were biting the blade of Ogre Slayer. Crockta unconsciously took it and looked at the one who gave it to him. The teeth were sharp enough to chew on an ogre's skin. The eyes of a fierce beast. The body covered in stripes was somehow familiar.

“Simba?”

“Kuang!”

The first mission given by Lenox was the mutant wolf hunt. This was clearly the grown up tiger Simba, who had been unable to fight the mutant wolf and his pack. Simba shook his head like he was pleased to see Crockta.

“Why are you here...?” Crockta raised his head. There was

another familiar face. “You...?”

“You have become stronger, grrung!” The orc he met at Lenox’s funeral, ‘Mountain Smasher’ Kumarak who possessed a tremendous strength. “There is no time. We have to get out! Grrung!”

Kumarak grabbed Crockta and dragged him. The knights tried to stop them, but couldn’t approach due to Simba. They started running.

“What are you doing? Follow!” Betring shouted. The knights got on their horses again.

“Kuaaaaang!”

At that moment, Simba roared. The horses freaked out at Simba’s roar. The knights struggled with the horses.

“You!”

Betring ran directly. The soldiers followed. Simba turned and ran towards Crockta and Kumarak.

“Surround them!”

The city was fully occupied. Soldiers appeared from many directions to block their path. Simba ran towards them, but the enemies resisted. Kumarak raised his axe. Then colorful flashes of light flew at the enemies.

“Run! Quickly dot!”

It was Tiyo. He was riding on a bone wyvern with Anor. A small number of people had come to save Crockta. Due to Tiyo’s shooting, the enemies fell and Crockta and Kumark escaped the encirclement.

The various minor enemies were dealt with by Simba. Every time the huge paws hit an enemy, the body was ripped to pieces.

“There is no time dot! Run away quickly!” Tiyo shouted from above them. “The condition of the bones isn’t good dot! Run!”

The bone wyvern they were controlling now wasn't like Boro in the north. It was small and couldn't carry many people.

“Eeit!”

Tiyo changed General to a more advanced Vulcan mode and furiously fired. The knights used their swords and shields to block it. Some bullets bounced off the armor.

“Persistent dot!”

The soldiers kept on increasing. Rommel showed up in the rear. Under his command, the soldiers forgot their fear and pursued Crockta and Kumarak. After calming their horses, the knights attempted an encirclement.

“At this rate...”

Kumarak tightened his grip on his axe. Maybe they should fight. He glanced at Crockta. Kumarak read the answer in Crockta's eyes and nodded.

Kumarak laughed. The previously immature orc was now a warrior shaking the continent. He fought like a warrior.

They stopped at the same time. Crockta held Ogre Slayer. Kumarak waved his battle axe. Expressions that indicated they would fight. Pressure spread out from Crockta and Kumarak. The troops chasing them flinched. They were chasing but once their targets stopped, they couldn't attack.

“.....”

In addition, the gnome was pointing a strange weapon at them from above. As they were stunned, Rommel came forward. Despite this turmoil, he was able to maintain a sober expression. He scanned Crockta and Kumarak. Then he looked at Tiyo and Anor on the wyvern. It looked as though he was searching all of them. Then he opened his mouth.

“Everybody...”

The soldiers raised their weapons. His order was conveyed, despite him not saying anything else. The atmosphere reversed. Their morale changed whenever Rommel was on the front lines. After Crockta and Kumarak's atmosphere changed, the soldiers lowered their posture and stared with resolute eyes.

The air felt like it was about to explode. The fight was about to start again. All of a sudden, screams were heard from the soldiers in the rear.

Rommel looked around.

“What...”

He shook his reins from confusion. The militia members were approaching them. They were all dead. Just corpses.

“Necromancer?”

They walked with their broken bodies. The bizarre sight terrified the soldiers. It was an instinctive fear towards death. It wasn't just the north that had a taboo against dealing with death.

A kiik noise was heard. Rommel looked back at Crockta. The flying wyvern landed on the ground. It couldn't maintain its body anymore. The gnome and dark elf jumped down while concentrating.

“A necromancer.”

Crockta, Kumarak. Two monsters. There was the gnome with the good artifact and the necromancer.

“Grrrung...”

A huge tiger that was staring at them.

Rommel laughed.

Crockta. Rommel had wondered about the orc who had an unfortunate relationship with Keynes. This battle was already beyond his expectations. It was the first time the battle hadn't flowed according to his will since he received the War Maestro

class. His predictions and plans had fallen through.

Thus, he declared. “Withdraw.”

There was no need to fight anymore. Anyway, they would meet again. The empire’s army followed him in an orderly manner. It was a systematic movement that seemed impossible for the soldiers who were tired from the battle.

Rommel once again glanced at Crockta. Crockta’s eyes were clearly visible. Then Rommel turned his horse around. He left in a leisurely manner.

Crockta sighed at the sight.

“Crockta, you would be dead if it wasn’t for us dot. Kahahat.” Tiyo laughed cheerfully as he spoke to Crockta. Crockta grinned.

This was after the battle.

“Thanks to you.”

Tiyo hit Crockta’s ass. Then he panicked as blood emerged. “Crockta! You aren’t okay dot! There is a wound on your rear!”

His recovery was better than a troll’s, but there were many wounds on his large body. Tiyo hit his back. Crockta groaned.

“This place! Many injuries dot! You’re not okay!”

Tak tak!

“It hurts!”

“You won’t die dot!”

Tiyo laughed again.

As he walked beside his party, Crockta looked up at the sky. The crows hadn’t left yet and were circling above him.

They arrived at Katalu, the center of Espada. Espada was originally a place with a strong local color, and it didn’t appreciate

any interference from the kingdom. They paid taxes but rejected being ruled. Their pride was strong and they wouldn't acknowledge the empire.

“This is Katalu dot.”

Crockta frowned at the distant view of Katalu.

“Hrmm...”

Tiyo scratched his head at Crockta's expression. They all felt it. Katalu was too open. Katalu had no outer walls. It might be easy to open, but it made Katalu vulnerable to invasions. Right now, they were setting up barricades and obstacles in preparation for a siege. However, it was a poor place to fight.

This would be an easy defeat for the elite knights of the empire.

“Let's go inside and see dot.”

“Don't look like that. Crockta is a wounded person so you can't get stressed.” Anor supported Crockta. Crockta nodded.

Simba licked his cheek.

“Simba. It has been a while. You have grown bigger.”

He had earned the title 'One who Respects the Honour of Tigers' by building a friendship with Simba. It felt like he could feel Simba's pleasure.

“At that time, you were still young.”

Crockta thought Simba was big at the time, but a great bloodline ran through his veins. Even if Crockta wasn't there, Simba would've been able to destroy the mutant wolves after some time passed.

“This guy came to give something to you. Grrung.”

“Give me what?”

“I will show you soon.”

He tapped the sack around Simba's neck. Crockta was confused.

They arrived at Katalu. The residents of Katalu welcomed Crockta.

“Thank you Crockta! We are acquainted with your reputation. Tiyo and Anor were also very helpful to us.”

Katula’s mayor and the leader of the resistance, Guardi shook hands with Crockta. The residents cheered for Crockta, who fought against the empire.

It was at that moment.

Jiing.

His vision blurred. The world became black and white.

Crockta looked around. His spirit escaped from his body. He was looking at his body. He watched himself shake hands with Guardi, with the cheering residents, Kumarak and his companions around him. His spirit kept rising. It was like he had been released.

Crockta looked down on everything. He continued to rise upwards until everything became smaller. Now he was able to see all of Katalu.

‘.....!’

Then he felt sick with fear.

“Crockta?”

“Hmm?”

Crockta regained his mind. Guardi was looking at him.

“Ahh...”

What did he just see? Crockta touched his head. His mind was a mess of confusion. He didn’t know what it was that he had just seen.

Chapter 167 – Five Senses Landscape (3)

The commentators picked their words carefully. They realized it.

–Hahaha, Crockta is working hard... He is resisting.

–There are also people in his fan club.

Words were useless in the face of reality. This was a program which placed the Heaven and Earth Clan as the heroes. However, the identity of the hero and the villains were becoming clearer to the public.

It wasn't bad when the Heaven and Earth Clan entered the city and massacred the people. In fact, it was an exciting victory. The strong resistance fell under Rommel's splendid commanding. Following Rommel's gestures, the conductors acted, and drums sounded through the battlefield. The troops then changed shape, as if they were one single unit.

This was the greatness of the Heaven and Earth Clan's War Maestro.

When Crockta appeared, the public's reaction was at the peak. It was a fight between a named NPC and users. The related media reported the news, and the ratings topped the record high for Undergames.

Crockta appeared with four allies. They were users whom nobody knew.

In the end, they fought the Heaven and Earth Clan. They persisted in their resistance. Crockta and his four allies broke through the Heaven and Earth Clan and the imperial army, entering the city. Then they joined the rebels and continued fighting fiercely.

Anyone could see that it was an impossible battlefield. There was an overwhelming difference in numbers. However, Crockta was a warrior who didn't know how to give up. Every time he roared and

swung his greatsword, the expressions of the viewers changed.

–Crockta, how terrible.

–Those who are with him are the ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’... Fan club members are rebels?

–They are all enthusiastic users. The members of the Heaven and Earth Clan, and the He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy fan club, they are playing in the game in their own ways...

–Crockta is fighting well.

The Heaven and Earth Clan members retreated, and the knights rushed forward. There was an overwhelming difference in numbers, and Crockta’s giant mass was quickly covered in a wave of knights.

Crockta was at the front, but the army passed him and headed for the rebels. As Crockta struggled to save them, he kept being obstructed. Still, he wielded his greatsword. He fought against those killing the weak.

Seeing those who killed and those who saved...

The hearts of the viewers became heavy at the scene. Even the commentators fell silent. For a while, there were only the sounds of the battlefield and Crockta’s roaring. The camera angle was focused on Crockta. The eyes of the world were also focused on Crockta.

The stage of the Heaven and Earth Clan was now the indomitable struggle of the orc warrior.

The orc and knights confronted each other.

“It is shameful.”

Crockta opened his mouth to say. The camera angle sank down, and the screen was now looking at the confrontation between Crockta and a knight. They looked like giants.

The empire’s flag flew above their heads. The blazing sun which

symbolized the empire. The ruined city...

Crockta's voice was clear, despite the noise of the battlefield. In the background, the blade of a soldier was piercing another resident. The last moments of the victim were caught on screen.

Crockta spoke again, "A knight should be ashamed of this behaviour."

The knight smiled bitterly, "Shame... Old people like me don't worry about things like that."

However, his face did seem to carry an expression of shame.

At that moment, everyone watching realized it. The reality of this fight...

It wasn't a story made up by the game channel, the Heaven and Earth Clan, and the commentators. This was the scene of NPCs who actually lived in the world of Elder Lord. Crockta explained why he entered the impossible battlefield.

Then the struggle continued. Crockta overwhelmed the two knight leaders. However, this wasn't a fight to kill but to protect. Then he turned to save the resistance. He desperately wielded his greatsword at those killing the residents. The battle leaned to one side as Crockta got an arrow stuck in his shoulder. The 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' members became white particles.

"Gerd!"

Crockta shouted the name of the dead.

"Shit!"

He was besieged again. The arrows, spears, swords, and fireballs were aimed at Crockta. He gritted his teeth and looked around. It was a crisis. Suddenly, someone was captured.

"I've caught this bastard! Concrete method!"

"Tie him up! Rope!"

The Heaven and Earth members tried to use the Concrete method on a 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' member. It was an act which would never be considered honourable when revealed to the world.

The silent commentators quickly opened their mouths.

–Haha, that... The Heaven and Earth Clan are decisive... They are such a clan, yes.

–It is like this during a war. Maybe he will be released when the quest ends...

Crockta reacted immediately. He ran towards the fanclub member. A blade was stuck in his back, attacks flew from every direction, and fireballs were rushing towards him. However, nothing stopped him.

“Bul’tarr—!”

Crockta ignored it all and threw his greatsword.

–No...!

–T-This!

The remaining member was mutilated by the greatsword. Crockta killed his companion before the Concrete method could be used. The last member of 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' turned into white particles.

–Ah...

Crockta was hit by the fireballs. However, he got up and knocked down the enemies with his bare hands while gasping for air. The imperial army and Crockta stared at each other. The battlefield suddenly became quiet.

Everyone watching the screen realized it. All of the others had died. Now, Crockta was alone.

“Kulkulkul...”

Crockta chuckled in a low voice.

He raised his head. He straightened his back. He stared at the sky.

In a world which was real to him, the warrior remained alone. What type of sky was he seeing? In a state where time seemed to have stopped, the viewers also stared at the sky in the screen.

Crockta eventually returned alive. Another group had appeared to save him, and the Heaven and Earth Clan stopped. It was fortunate for everyone. The viewers were relieved that Crockta's adventure wasn't over, while the broadcasters were delighted by the ratings.

The Heaven and Earth Clan had a chance to reform their image. In the meantime, a user raised suspicion in the Elder Lord community.

[Author: Evening Games]

[Title: (Must Read) Crockta might be a user.txt]

[I am an Elder Lord pro who has been watching Crockta.

I think that Crockta is a user. This is based on three reasons.

Not long ago, something strange occurred during the battle where Crockta was in danger.

Elder Lord's time zone is different from reality, making it hard when broadcasting. In other words, the videos shown are on fast forward. Undergames cut out any unnecessary parts in order to make it in real-time as much as possible.

The reason why Undergames' broadcast is much faster than the private broadcast of BJ Heaven and Earth is due to editing.

I don't know about the people who only watched Undergames' broadcast, but in the BJ Heaven and Earth's video, a member of the clan reached out towards Crockta's forehead in the middle of

the danger zone.

I asked the clan executives whom I personally know about what that member was doing.

At the time, the clan member saw something white between the torn parts of the headband. He didn't see it properly and failed to confirm it before dying.

In retrospect, have we ever seen Crockta's forehead? He first appeared in Laney's video wearing a black bandana, and later on he wore the headband.

NPCs can wear headbands, but it is a little suspicious.

Additionally, everyone saw Crockta killing the 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' member before the Concrete method could be used. NPCs know about this method, but it is strange that he would throw his body to save the person.

It is understandable if Crockta is a user. If people think Crockta is a NPC, he doesn't have to worry about the Concrete method, and if he dies, he can survive. So, his actions are natural if he has multiple lives.

Even when Crockta was fighting the Thawing Balhae Clan, he used the Concrete method against them. At that time, I thought of him as just a scary NPC, but it is natural behaviour if Crockta is a user.

First, let's assume that Crockta really is a user. His level must be very high. His achievements score wouldn't be a joke. He must be a ranker. When looking at the rankings, Choi Hansung is No.1 in Elder Lord.

The who is No.2?

'Mystery,' a private ranker who doesn't disclose any information. I think that Crockta is 'Mystery.' It is common sense that being a ranker can turn you into a star, so why would the second ranked person remain private?

Mystery is now level 142. It is much higher than Choi Hansung's level. Nobody knows who the level 142 monster is, but this is explained if Crockta is Mystery. In other words...

1. Crockta's forehead.
2. Concrete method.
3. The mystery of the identity of the second ranked user in Elder Lord.

I think that Crockta is a user for these three reasons. Of course, this evidence isn't sufficient. In fact, Crockta's actions don't make sense if he is a user. I never would've believed it if his headband hadn't been torn this time.

He will soon go against the Heaven and Earth Clan, and I hope it is properly revealed then.]

This post attracted people's attention.

The comments became a war between those who thought it made sense and those who didn't.

[Conspiracies Out: Now, there are even conspiracy theories for a game.

└ Nod Nod Bang: There is no physical evidence, and everything is circumstantial.

└ Post-it: The pieces moderately fit together ⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨ The lady selling bread in Maillard always wears a bandana, is she a user too? ⇨⇨⇨ A user hiding her forehead ⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨

└ China Road: I am curious about Mystery's identity. Level 142... Doesn't the description fit Crockta? ⇨⇨⇨ Although I don't know why he would pretend to be a NPC... There are no other obvious users who could be Mystery.

└ Food Fighter: Shut up. Whether Crockta is a user or not, he will be punished by the Heaven and Earth Clan.

└ Lime Tree: Mystery can't be an orc... I hate orcs. I wish that

Rommel would take care of him.

└ Orc User: Lime Tree// Shut your mouth.

└ Lime Tree: Heaven and Earth Lover/// The orc lovers will be going for you next ㄸ ㄹ

└ Orc Chanyanghae: I want to have a drink with Crockta if he really is a user.

└ Lukakuno9 : Crockta is a user. He is my Hyung-nim ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ

└ Lime Tree: Lukakuno9/// Tell your next lie.

└ (View more)

It became a flash fire that attracted people's attention.

Meanwhile, the Heaven and Earth Clan and the army prepared to march. Their goal was Katalu in the center of Espada. Crockta would also be there. Now, the Heaven and Earth Clan and the empire were moving towards their ultimate goal.

Crockta held the old helmet. It was a black and solid steel helmet, with cuts and scratches all over due to its long history. Lenox's helmet...

The faint specks on the surface would be the blood of the Lenox enemies killed. Maybe the blood from when Lenox died still remained on it somewhere. Crockta couldn't bear to wear it and placed it on his knee.

Tashaquil's note was concise.

[You will need this, Great Warrior.]

He had sent Lenox's helmet to Crockta through Simba. On the way, Simba had met Kumarak, and Kumarak because interested in it due to Tashaquil. However, Crockta didn't know why Tashaquil said this would be necessary.

Crockta closed his eyes.

“Crockta! Eat dot! Come out!”

“I’ll be there soon.” Crockta replied.

However, his body didn’t move from where he was sitting on the bed. He touched Lenox’s helmet and sighed. He walked to the window and looked down at Katalu. They were busy preparing for the future battle. Everyone was collecting and moving wood to build walls and barricades.

Their expressions weren’t dark. There was hope. They saw a chance after Crockta, Kumarak, Tiyo, and Anor joined them. They believed they might be able to win.

However, Crockta felt despair as he looked at their hopeful faces. He saw the tragedy before him. They would die.

...In the near future.

“Dammit...”

There was a strange phenomenon when he shook hands with Guardi, the leader of this place. Since then, his vision had changed. ‘Grey God’s Eyes’ continued to be activated. He couldn’t adjust it to his will, so he had to face the grim reality of their deaths.

This...

It was pointing to everyone’s death. He heard the sound of laughter. It came from a child. The child laughing on the street would soon die. The smiling mother following the child, she would also die. The deaths of the soldiers arming themselves were scheduled as well.

Everybody he saw would die in one day.

Crockta wanted to turn his eyes away, but he couldn’t. He had to face the passing procession of those whose deaths were already determined.

“Crockta! Why aren’t you coming dot?”

Tiyo called out to him from the bottom of the building. By his

side were Anor and Kumarak. Simba yawned.

“Go first. I will come soon.” Crockta replied.

Crockta watched his companions walk away with burning eyes. They were no exception.

All of Katalu was going to die. There were no exceptions. Buildings, livestock, animals, soldiers, youths, children, seniors, women and men, they all had the same death number above their heads.

He couldn't face such a horrible sight. Crockta closed his eyes. He would rather see the darkness behind his eyelids.

“Shit...”

Everyone who resisted had died. The tragedy would repeat in this place. The power of the imperial forces was overwhelming, and there was no mercy. This time, they would devote themselves to destroying Katalu.

Crockta just wanted to turn away from it. If he closed his eyes, he didn't need to see any more deaths. How could he watch the cold deaths of those he valued through the numbers on top of their heads? He would rather turn away.

Then Crockta suddenly felt the rough texture of the helmet under his fingertips.

“Lenox.”

This was what it meant. Lenox had taught him the laws of a warrior. As Crockta was about to fall into despair, Lenox's helmet returned him to reality.

Tashaquil might have seen all of this.

Crockta couldn't sit down like this. Somehow, he had to stand up. He wasn't just an orc. He was a fighter, a warrior...

And a warrior didn't give in.

“Indomitable will.”

That was always the answer. Crockta opened his eyes.

Suddenly, something white scattered. White ash fell all around him.

“.....!”

It wasn't the room he had just been in. This was a white world covered in ash, where the stars were blurred.

It was her.

“I missed you.” The grey god laughed brightly.

Chapter 168 – Crockta (1)

He looked down at his hands, human hands. Crockta had returned to being Ian.

Ian raised his head. The space looked like it did before. The white ash which covered the world, the dark blue sky, and the white dwarfs floating in the sky...

And her.

“What is happening?” Ian asked. It was a weary voice. “Why have you appeared again?”

“That looks like a bad expression.”

“Would you prefer this?”

Ian looked at her. All of these things were due to her. She had created Elder Lord and caused the massacre of countless people without feeling guilty. Now, even his companions would die. The grey god’s power, which he had received, revealed such disturbing deaths that he couldn’t even open his eyes.

She grinned. “You are always eager, Crockta.”

“Hurry up and stop the war.”

“Why should I?”

“This is your world.”

“That’s right.”

She waved her hand. Then the dark night sky and dim stars disappeared, revealing the landscape of the continent. Katalu appeared. The citizens were ready to fight, and everyone was busy. Then the view moved. The imperial army had reached the plains. Troops had been recruited, and the emperor sent additional knights.

It was a huge army. Once they marched over, Katalu would

disappear from this world...

Just like the deaths he saw.

“Do you like the Grey God’s Eyes?”

“It is awful.”

“That’s right.”

The field of view moved to the sky. Once again, it was the sky over Katalu. The Grey God’s Eyes’ view overlapped over the scenery of Katalu, and Ian jumped. The mark of death appeared again on all life in Katalu. There was nothing left. The enemies would advance tomorrow, and they would all die. Without knowing their fate, the citizens were desperately preparing for battle.

“Awful.” She grabbed some ash from the ground and threw it into the air. “I hope that they all die in this war because it is so awful.”

Ian closed his eyes. In the end, she wished for Katalu’s destruction. She, the grey god, was still playing her game. What were her intentions, and what was her final goal? He couldn’t figure it out.

“I don’t know what your intentions are, but I can’t tolerate the killing of those I can save.”

“Huhu, really?” She laughed.

The landscape of the continent was erased... And the black night and ashy world was brought back. There were dimly lit stars, and the wind scattered the white ash. The grey god’s appearance changed slowly.

The little girl transformed into an adult. After becoming an adult, her hair looked brilliant, like the sky at dawn. Then she opened her mouth.

‘Child.’ She spoke to Ian in the voice of a god. ‘A child who is

afraid to see numerous deaths.'

The world changed. Everything was erased. There was no ash or the sky. It was just darkness. The two of them faced each other. She was the only thing which shone dimly in this pitch black darkness.

'Look.'

In front of Ian, the appearance of Katalu rose up again. It was the landscape of Katalu which he'd seen while shaking hands with Guardi. Everyone's deaths were reflected in his eyes. The whole city was covered in death. No one would survive. The countdown of their lives decreased and gradually rushed towards the tragedy.

At that moment, he could see their deaths with a greater force. When he looked at laughing children, he saw their dead bodies. A praying soldier would end up beheaded. Instead of the scent of flowers, the scent of rotten flesh and internal organs flowed through the city. He saw burning ruins instead of a beautiful temple, and a dead look overlay smiling expressions.

The lively city was ruined. He witnessed the end of everything in sight.

Nausea rose up inside him.

'This is what I see.'

Ian wanted to close his eyes, but he couldn't. Katalu's tragedy poured onto him. It was an irreversible inevitability. They would die. Everyone would die. Inevitable death was surrounding them. He couldn't stop it with his strength.

'I always see death. Life is a process of convergence towards death. So, I want to save everyone.'

Ian gritted his teeth. This sounded somewhat plausible. As nobody could be saved, it was better to attach a legitimate reason to their deaths.

‘Run away.’ Crockta looked at her. ‘I care about you. Your job is done. Hurry and escape. If you run away, you will be safe. Your death doesn’t belong to this place.’

It was a soft voice. She came up to Crockta and whispered in his ears. The sweet words teased at his mind.

‘There is no need to always take the hard path. I don’t blame you for sometimes being comfortable.’

Yes. Ian closed his eyes. He had always walked the hard path. For a long time, he had never been comfortable. So the hardships felt more comfortable for him.

‘It isn’t the time for you to die.’

Ian wanted to ask her more. He prepared to open his mouth. However, when he opened his eyes again... Crockta was alone in his room. She had returned him from her grey world.

“I wish it was just a dream.”

He moved his eyes. Crockta looked out the window. The bird’s death was still far away. The bird seemed free and easy. With their wings, a bird could go anywhere they wanted. There were no responsibilities; they just followed the wind.

He leaned against his greatsword. His face was vaguely reflected in it. He was Crockta, the orc warrior with green skin. There was no death above his head. He couldn’t see his own death. However, the grey god said that his death wasn’t in this place.

‘I don’t blame you for sometimes being comfortable.’

Thus far, he had been carrying the burden of others. Crockta didn’t need to suffer through all the deaths here. He had tried hard enough. Nobody would blame him for throwing in the towel in the face of such a hopeless fight.

‘Be comfortable.’

Like others, he could just think of Elder Lord as a game.

He could leave Katula and travel Elder Lord. He was a ranker, so he could live comfortably with his sister in real life. He would laugh with Han Yeori and Yoo Sooyeon while operating the cafe, attend Yiyu's graduation, occasionally drink coffee with Ji Hayeon and exercise with Baek Hanho.

Then he might meet a lover who would be with him for the rest of his life. It was a life of old age that he had never imagined. He imagined scenes he had never allowed himself to before. He was an old man with his children and grandchildren around him.

Kuuong.

Crockta heard a sudden sound and looked at its source.

Degururu.

A black steel helmet was rolling. It had a rough appearance which cleared away all the sweet thoughts. Crockta grabbed it. There were cuts and scratches all over due to its long history. He swept a hand over the helmet's rough surface. The battle scars remained. The memories of a warrior were present in every scar engraved on the helmet.

"Crockta, you didn't come to eat dot!" After finishing his meal, Tiyo opened Crockta's door and cried out. At that moment, the wind blew and messed up his hair.

"Eh?"

There was no one in the room. The window was open, and the wind was blowing. He didn't see a big orc warrior sitting on the bed, wiping his greatsword.

"Hrmm?"

Tiyo stepped into the room and looked around. There was no sign of him. The backpack that Crockta normally carried was still leaning on the side of the bed.

“What dot?”

While eating the meal, he had wondered where the orc was. Surely Crockta wouldn't skip a meal? It couldn't be.

“This bastard, did he find a hidden restaurant dot?” He must've found an incredibly delicious restaurant and hidden it from them. It was obvious that Crockta had gone to eat alone. “I'll have to question him dot.”

Tiyo sat down on the bed. It was fluffy. He bounced up and down before suddenly looking at the window. A crow was sitting on the windowsill and staring at him. Its eyes were irreverent. Tiyo stared at it. The gnome and bird started a staring contest.

Then the crow made a ridiculing sound and flew away from the window.

“What a bad guy dot.”

Tiyo rose from his spot. Anyway, there was no Crockta.

The screen opened and flashed. The screens which decorated the streets and buildings all suddenly changed channels. People on the streets were puzzled because they didn't know what was going on.

The channel name appeared in the upper right corner of the screen. It was the Undergames channel. At that moment, the passersby had a hunch about the contents. The commentators' and host's faces soon appeared, and their expressions were stiff.

It looked like they were in a hurry as they looked at the camera and opened their mouths.

–Breaking news.

Crockta moved away from Katalu. The outline of Katalu was now far away. His chest tightened with every step he took towards the horizon.

His death didn't belong to this place. The grey god's words were correct. There was a path. Every step he took, the deaths he saw changed colour. One step, another step, the fate of the world and its people distorted.

He looked up at the sky. The crows couldn't be seen.

'This is your choice?' Crockta looked in the direction of the voice. The grey god appeared as a translucent figure. He wasn't surprised. Crockta smiled and continued moving.

'Fool.'

Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder. One sword, that was enough. He started humming. His task was beyond this horizon. His mind felt clearer than ever before. Crockta was a warrior, the best technician in battle. It was better for a skilled worker to do the job. Skilled workers were never nervous. With a calm mind, they would deal with the most important moments like it was an everyday routine.

Crockta's mind cleared, causing the landscape to become sharp and crisp. Once in awhile, the vivid view before him would blur. His body spontaneously entered the realm of the Pinnacle. He took one step to reach the Hero realm and then returned to the Pinnacle with the next step. He was in top shape.

The grey god spoke again, 'Go back now.'

Crockta opened his mouth and asked, "Is today still the day I won't die?"

She didn't answer. Crockta walked towards his own death. If someone whose fate of not dying could die, it was possible for those fated to die to survive. The Grey God's Eyes probably showed his scheduled death.

His steps caused a stir in the fate of the world.

'You are stupid.' The grey god said. Her expression was one of anger. 'Yes. You were always like this.'

She waved her hand.

Adults appeared in Crockta's field of view, a scene of the distant past. On a day when rain was pouring down, he had met a man and a woman. They looked down at Ian and grabbed his hand. He had been told to call them Mother and Father from then on.

'You were always looking at other people's feelings and sacrificing yourself for them.'

His adoptive parents seemed to be infertile, but they eventually conceived a child. Ian felt blessed about the attitude of his adoptive parents towards him. So, he gave all the joyful things to the baby and carried everything hard.

'Always sacrificing yourself. For your little sister, for the parents who neglected you. For your little sister whose parents died when she was young, you plunged into the battlefield and shed blood.'

The endless sound of shelling, the voices of the murderers, the sad days when he had to kill or when he had to send away his companions...

'You, despite fighting for your sister, went out to rescue your companions and sought the most dangerous missions. That is who you are, Jung Ian. Your conception was the cause of your mother's despair. Your birth was unwanted, but you persistently survived the drugs that she took while pregnant. In the end, you were abandoned at birth, and now you keep struggling to keep others alive.'

The grey god blocked Crockta's way.

'Where do your instincts come from? They come from the selfish gene. In a world where you can't die, aren't you just a hypocrite who refuses to adapt to nature? How else do you explain your instincts to not stop in the face of death?'

Crockta went past her. His goal was under the hill.

She whispered from behind Crockta, 'Run away now.'

Crockta shook his head. The grey god's face distorted.

‘Okay. Look. You are just a hypocrite.’

At that moment, something flashed. Crockta's eyes narrowed at the glare. The grey god became more blurred, and an unknown power flowed from her. Then the system messages popped up.

[Disabling the assimilation rate limiter.]

[Your assimilation rate has risen.]

[Your assimilation rate has risen.]

[Your assimilation rate has risen.]

[Your assimilation rate...]

Crockta dismissed the string of message windows. Beyond it, the grey god was staring at him.

[Your assimilation rate is 100%.]

[Full synchronization status.]

[Your safety cannot be guaranteed. Danger.]

[I am warning you.]

[Your assimilation rate is 100%.]

[Full synchronization status.]

[Danger.]

Chapter 169 – Crockta (2)

‘Now Crockta.’ The grey god said. ‘You are here. Elder Lord is a different world from Earth, but with my strength, I have torn the boundary and brought you here.’

She pushed her face against his. ‘If you die here, you will die forever. Your little sister and your precious people will never see the person called Jung Ian again. They will cry by your cold body.’

The fallen god, the grey god... The creator of Elder Lord, whose identity was unknown...

She had linked Jung Ian’s soul to this world. It led to his assimilation rate reaching 100%. At this point, Crockta and Ian, their deaths meant the same thing. If he died here, there was no place for his soul to return. He would die forever.

Crockta’s expression became dark. It was unknown if the look in his eyes was anger or sorrow.

The grey god asked, ‘Are you scared? No regrets? You can change your mind right now...’

“Kulkulkul.”

He laughed at her words. The grey god fell silent. Crockta was laughing, and his deep laugh rang out about him.

“Grey God. Even though you said it yourself, you don’t know what it really means.”

Crockta looked up at the sky. The blue expanse of Elder Lord stretched infinitely in front of him. Crockta didn’t need to be told. He could feel it the moment his assimilation reached 100%. His body might be in the capsule, but thanks to the power of the grey god, his soul was here.

The wind against his skin, the smell of dirt coming from the ground. The heart pumping blood in his body, the pulse of the

earth under his feet. The bright sun. The grey god staring at him. He could truly feel it...

Ian was now Crockta. An orc warrior who had been born a warrior, someone who had been taught by Lenox and proved his honour in many fights... He was 'Northern Conqueror' Crockta, no one else.

"As you said, I am Crockta."

He raised his greatsword.

"I am Lenox's student and Hoyt's friend, a warrior recognized by Tashaquil. I inherited the warriors' laws from Orcrox, saved Arnin, defended Chesswood, and saved Quantas. Along with Shakan, I killed the behemoth and opened the north, killed the northern great chieftain, became the northern great chieftain, and now I'm the orc warrior who will destroy the empire."

He stopped moving. The imperial army was camped under the hill. They would burn Katalu before tomorrow ended. Crockta raised his greatsword. The sunlight reflected off it, causing a brilliant light to shine. The imperial army soon discovered him.

The grey god didn't say anything more.

Crockta burst out laughing. It was the perfect feeling. The feeling of unity with the world embraced him. His body entered the realm of the Pinnacle. The world slowed down as he felt the wings of the bird flying in the sky, as well as the winds shaking it. He stood in the midst of the reversing fate of the world.

He now truly belonged to this world. A splendid line penetrating the world entered his eyes. Crockta equipped the helmet held at his side. The red headband around his forehead loosened and blew away in the wind, as Lenox's helmet was placed on his head.

His heart beat wildly. At this moment, the fate of this world changed completely. The convergence of all deaths was reversed. Instead, there was only one scheduled death. Crockta's actions,

which the world had never envisioned, took away the deaths floating on top of all their heads.

Now, he couldn't see death. Death had lost its way.

Look.

Crockta saw the line which had been present in his battle against Adandator, a vivid streak of indescribable colour. It was shaking finely, urging Crockta on. The world was pushing at his back.

Crockta stepped forward. He took two steps.

Now, the troops of the imperial army were fully aware of Crockta's presence. Crockta descended the gently slope of the hill and headed towards them. He could see the face of someone in the distance. It was the BJ, who followed the Heaven and Earth Clan.

Crockta shifted his gaze. He saw Rommel. Rommel's face was stiff with a seemingly stunned expression. By his side was the person called Keynes, who was the leader of Thawing Balhae and the one who killed Lenox. The guy next to him was probably Grom, now called Luin. Then there were the Blue Dragon Lancers and White Lion Knights, as well as Adandator, whom Crockta had split ways with. The sight of the whole army entered Crockta's eyes.

Then Crockta chuckled in a low voice. He faced the entire army. The presence of that overwhelming number crushed his body, but he felt good. All the deaths had been lost and were now circling around Crockta. Maybe today, those deaths would bite at Crockta.

However, it didn't matter. With his head covered by the old steel helmet, he was able to confront the enemies with the eyes of an orc warrior facing death, just like Lenox had done.

Crockta puffed up his chest proudly in the face of his fate.

Bul'tar.

The imperial army arranged their camp. Then Rommel walked out. Rommel's and Crockta's gazes met. They stared into each other's eyes, and that alone allowed them to read each other's will.

Crockta hadn't come to negotiate with Rommel, so they would do everything in their power to kill each other. This was a close to impossible war. Rommel simply couldn't understand Crockta.

Rommel suddenly asked, "Do you think you can stop it alone?"

Crockta smiled instead of answering. Rommel spoke again, "Why are you blocking us?"

He would never be able to understand. It was just like how people who never had faith couldn't understand the gods. Since Rommel had never rebelled against injustice, he took unrighteousness for granted. They were so different that they were looking at each other from different grounds.

However, Crockta wanted to ask him, "Why are you attacking them?"

Rommel's face stiffened. He glanced back at the location of the people filming this. The world was watching them.

"That..."

He hesitated. It was an obvious question, but he couldn't answer. What was the reason for raising an army to multiply the pain and tragedy in this world?

At this moment, Crockta felt that not just Earth but the entire world of Elder Lord was watching them. The vanished grey god, the many gods of Elder Lord, the sky and the earth were watching them.

Rommel opened his mouth. "They are our enemies."

"Why?"

"If you block us any further, then you will also become our enemy."

“Didn’t you come to this place to betray their faith, and slaughter the innocents, just to gain money and equipment?” That excuse was so crude that Crockta laughed. “Human who does not know honour.”

“I am an elf. Are you perhaps a user?”

However, Crockta raised his gaze. He wasn’t looking at Rommel anymore. Instead, he was looking at the flag of the empire and the army beneath it.

Ian was currently Crockta, an orc warrior who understood this world. To him, this was an inevitable battlefield and one that needed to take place. However, the gods of this world wouldn’t understand it.

Not just Rommel but the emperor and those on Earth who were fixed to the screen... none of them would understand.

He was a one-man army. It was a reckless fight. Why was he standing here? Why did he want to fight ahead of the scheduled destruction?

They wondered why he was on this impossible battlefield. Then he would let them know.

So, listen carefully.

“I am an orc, a warrior.”

Crockta was part of the orcs who kept traces of the forgotten god; he was a warrior who vowed to prove that honour was more important than death.

Lenox wasn’t dead. The orc that the troops of the imperial army were looking at right now was Crockta, Lenox, Gulda, Kinjur and all the warriors they thought they had killed. However, none of them were dead.

“A warrior doesn’t forsake faith.”

Hoyt had taught Crockta this. In this finite world where life and death flickered, they hoped that their lives weren't in vain and believed that life was meaningful. The faith that connected people couldn't be dismissed, and a warrior couldn't tolerate the tragedies.

“A warrior doesn't persecute the weak.”

Warriors didn't kill those who surrendered. The logic of power was just an excuse for the unrighteous. Those who persecuted the weak were submissive to those who were stronger, and this wasn't allowed for warriors.

“A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people.”

A person who killed an enemy after they abandoned their weapon didn't have the right to fight. A warrior fought to protect. It was because they understood the weight of death, despite being warriors of death.

“A warrior doesn't yield to injustice.”

Everyone died. Submitting to unrighteousness to avoid dying was like insulting the journey from life to death. The warriors had to prove that death wasn't the end. They believed that they weren't just dust in the universe, so they went forward filled with faith, not the fear of death.

“A warrior doesn't shame the gods.”

He came in as a voice or a pair of eyes.

Someone who always watched over the warriors. He was the only who always touched them so that their will wouldn't be broken and so that the lonely wouldn't be pushed down. They had to be wary so that his hand didn't leave them.

“A warrior pays back any favours or vengeance.”

Even if people forgot, a warrior always had to remember. They didn't forget any grace given to them. There was a price for

everything, and retribution would come back. The net of the heavens was wide and didn't miss a sinner, so a warrior should never turn away from any helpers or enemies.

“A warrior protects the powerless.”

The world was harsh and sometimes unfair. People often called the world a product of chance. However, a warrior didn't agree with that and never gave up. The universe wasn't a coincidence, this world wasn't dust, and time and space were clearly meaningful. In order to prove it, warriors had to raise their weapons and protect those unjustly persecuted.

The world wasn't just about life and death. A warrior believed there was something precious in between. The struggle to prevent injustice made them more than dust. So, the warriors swore...

“I swear to the gods, I will abide by these laws as a warrior.”

Crockta raised Ogre Slayer. This sword had always fought together with him. He didn't need a brilliant sword or a great artifact. He wanted this friend who never changed, whose handle always fit in his grip.

Crockta already had it.

“Prove your honour.”

Now, the defense was over. No one would question why he stood here, why he was bothering to fight, and why he chose to raise the sword instead of running away.

Of course, they didn't really know. He told them everything, but there were those who would never understand. So, it was now time for his sword.

Crockta looked at them. The imperial army couldn't believe the sight before them. They were facing one enemy, but the huge force coming from him caused them to feel frightened. Fear rose as they gripped their weapons.

Crockta smiled. It didn't matter what the enemy was. Strong or weak, it didn't matter now. His concern was the greatsword in his hand and his own body.

The sense of unity with the world heightened his mood. He was now Crockta, and Elder Lord was his reality. The weapons were raised before him, while the lost deaths showed up for their prey. All possibilities pointed again towards his death, but Crockta shook his head.

Lenox's death had changed everything. Now that Crockta stood fully in the world of Elder Lord, he was able to understand why the orcs had laughed in the face of death on that day.

The wind blew past. Crockta could hear the whispers of the old warriors. Their question was always the same.

‘Are you alive?’

He hadn't known back then. There was no way he could have known. However, he had an answer now.

The corners of his mouth rose. Crockta smiled. He let out a chuckle. Then he raised his head, puffed out his chest, and lifted his blade.

Crockta declared towards Rommel... And towards the army surrounding him. He declared to the world.

“Come, human.”

Chapter 170 – Encirclement Battle (1)

There was a pause after Crockta's words. He declared that he would face the imperial army alone. Rommel and the troops were all silent. The plain was silent.

"I see." After a moment, Rommel raised his hand as he turned his horse. It was an attack command. He tried to move back to his position. Crockta had no intention of letting him go. Crockta jumped forward. The two knights escorting Rommel hurriedly raised their swords.

Kaaang!

One knight's blade was broken. The horse jumped with fright as Crockta headed towards it. The knight held the reins tightly. Rommel rushed away. Crockta missed the opportunity. He grinned as he cut down the horse and knight.

The battle was about to begin. The large army stretched out in front of him. They didn't move.

He would go if they didn't come. Crockta started to run. Ogre Slayer cried out. It appeared to be excited about the upcoming feast. It was the same for Crockta. The soldiers were still hesitant about fighting. They would die if they didn't concentrate.

Crockta jumped. His greatsword collided with the formation of the imperial army. The greatsword moved. Crockta crashed into the troops.

Kwaang!

The soldiers fell at once. He stepped on them and struck the next row. As Crockta pushed into the imperial army, it grew. He was gradually surrounded. But he didn't care. This was the excitement of melee combat. He split the enemy apart with his greatsword and caused a fountain of blood.

An individual versus an army. There was an overwhelming

number of adversaries as enemies surrounded him on all sides. But it was the army that was being sliced away. It wasn't enough to surround him on all sides.

Crockta's horizontal slash split apart all the enemies in front of him. It was an explosive advance.

“Only this much————!”

The entire army shook at his roar. Crockta took a step forward. The imperial army moved out of the way. Crockta laughed and raised his greatsword. The enemies burst forward. The blades on every side didn't reach him.

Now that his assimilation rate reached 100%, Crockta's senses were sharper than ever. He fought everything on the battlefield. He could feel the excitement. The feeling of the flesh of his enemies being torn, as well as the terrified swords shaking.

“Those looking to kill me————!”

Crockta smiled as he saw Rommel's confused face. He stabbed a soldier's neck and grabbed his spear. Ogre Slayer spun around once, securing space for Crockta. The enemies collapsed. In that gap, the spear rushed towards Rommel.

It tore through the air. Two soldiers and one knight were pierced. Nevertheless, the spear headed towards Rommel's heart without losing strength.

Kakang!

Crockta turned around without seeing the results. Rommel would live or die. He concentrated on the soldiers rushing towards him. At that moment, he crossed swords with a somehow familiar face. It was a face he had seen previously.

He cut the person's throat, causing blood to splatter all over. His vision was blocked and he struck both soldiers at once. Their upper and lower bodies mixed together. He kicked them away. Then his greatsword aimed at those who had fallen back from the horrible

sight.

Their bodies were split apart and their guts flowed down.

“Rommel————!”

He shouted the names of his enemies.

“Keynes————!”

Their faces were pale.

“Luin————!”

He knocked down the enemies around him. The terrified soldiers retreated. There was a lot of space around Crockta. There were no enemies at all in this area. His greatsword lowered as he lost his opponents. He looked at the dead bodies at his feet. Limbs and flesh were scattered.

Crockta laughed. The soldiers were terrified. The enemy's fear was his friend. The blood and flesh covered Crockta shouted.

“Betring————!”

The people in the distance were surprised. The flag of the White Lion Knights was fluttering. Why didn't they come? The soldiers in front of them were in such a poor state, so why didn't the knights appear yet?

“Bluno————!”

Then he called out the name of the Blue Dragon Lancer's leader. If they wouldn't come then he would directly go to them. Crockta wielded his greatsword as he barged forward. The soldiers around him were crushed. They were cut, split apart and stabbed. These actions were repeated and he steadily opened the way.

The troops filled up. Once again, they were cut, split apart and stabbed.

“Adandator————!”

Adandator's face was visible near Rommel. Rommel's side was

bleeding. It had hit. It was probably Adandator who broke the spear. Crockta saw that Adandator's pupils were enlarged. Adandator's eyelids fluttered as sweat fell down and his lips trembled. Crockta laughed again.

His senses even picked up the wildly beating heartbeat. He had said it. Don't meet him on the battlefield.

Crockta shouted again.

“Come————!”

The earth shook. Rommel gritted his teeth and gave the signal. The command shifted. Arrows poured out towards Crockta. Crockta grabbed a soldier and used him as a shield. His body was pierced. However, all the soldiers around him were sacrificed.

The blood of the dead soldier flowed down towards Crockta. Bodies filled with arrows, riddled with holes like a beehive, were scattered around him. Their allies abandoned them.

“Kulkulkul.”

Only this much, Rommel.

Crockta hurled the body. He smiled at Rommel. The soldiers witnessed the sacrifice of their companions and couldn't approach.

Crockta raised his greatsword and wandered forward. The soldiers moved back. The enemies retreated. The gap between him and the imperial army was getting closer. The crowd soon reached the limitations of this space. The soldiers, who were unable to retreat anymore, crouched and raised their weapons.

After a moment, there was a new call sign from the commander. The flags of the knights started to move from their formation. It was a cavalry assault. The sound of horseshoes started to quicken. It was the soldiers who reacted first. They ran away so they wouldn't be hurt from the assault. The knights' flags were gradually getting closer.

Crockta followed behind the soldiers. The formation became a mess. He entered deeply through the barriers. Once again, he stood in the middle of soldiers. The charging knights didn't stop. The commander didn't order a retreat.

They literally trampled the soldiers to get at Crockta. There were terrible screams.

Crockta lowered his posture and cut a horse's ankles. The horse fell down on the soldiers. The knight's charge was a disaster for their allies.

"I thought you were on the same side."

Crockta laughed at them. They flocked to their own destruction. They were only fighting against one enemy. The troops assumed that the person would be wiped out by the army. The confused imperial troops used every means of attack without knowing how to stop Crockta.

Arrows flew while the cavalry charged. However, it was the soldiers who were consumed, not Crockta.

Rommel shouted. It was uncommon for Rommel to raise his voice. "General soldiers get out of the way! The knights are committed to stopping Crockta! Knights charge!"

Crockta didn't just wait for them. He persistently pursued the fleeing soldiers. The soldiers, who couldn't choose between retreating or their own army, were overwhelmed and killed. It was like jumping into a flock of sheep.

His dignified appearance rose far above them.

The blades of the knights crept towards Crockta through the gap caused by infantry soldiers dying. After a battle of attrition, they finally reached Crockta.

"Die, monster!" A knight boldly yelled.

Crockta admired it and gave him Ogre Slayer as the prize. The greatsword tore his mouth and half his face. The upper jaw was separated from the lower jaw. Then Crockta kicked the body, stopping the knights behind him. He swung the greatsword from left to right. It hit the bodies of the knights who were tangled up together.

A fountain of blood.

Duk.

A head that soared into the sky fell and bounced off Crockta's helmet. The face of the one who called Crockta a monster was stiff. He hadn't wanted this ending.

Crockta stepped on his face. It was the same for Crockta.

The imperial army finally separated the soldiers from Crockta. The knights surrounded him. They were different from regular soldiers. The elites of the empire, led by Bluno, Betring, and Adandator surrounded him.

Tension filled him. Crockta felt his enemies enter the realm of the Pinnacle. Knight after knight after knight, while the soldiers surrounded him. There was no place to escape. He was isolated. He finally stood in a Colosseum. A cruel stage where he would die if he didn't kill.

Crockta's body accelerated. The realm of the Pinnacle. This moment felt like a eternity. At some point, Crockta was the one who moved first. It was a subtle moment that the knights didn't realize. The greatsword flew towards them.

Kakang!

It was Adandator who stopped him. He confronted Crockta. He overcame the pressure of Ogre Slayer and countered Crockta. The other knights recognized their movements only after several blows had been exchanged.

They tried to find a gap, only for Adandator to be punched in the

face. A few teeth flew away.

In the meantime, the knights' blades flooded towards Crockta. They couldn't be avoided. At that moment, he transcended to the realm of a Hero. He was supposed to be cut, but the swords hit their masters instead. The knights' armor was crushed as they were thrown back. But,

A trickle of blood flowed down Crockta's cheek.

“.....”

Crockta turned to the knight at his side. It was the leader of the Blue Dragon Lancers, Bluno. As if he felt it, the knight's spear had reached into the realm of a Hero. He overcame Crockta's control of causality and hit Crockta.

He was better than expected.

Crockta aimed Ogre Slayer at Bluno. He panicked and twisted his body. However, he couldn't escape and his forehead was torn. His life was saved by a whisker. At the same time, Adandator and Betring approached Crockta.

The knights united. The attacks of the knights surrounded him from all four sides. Crockta countered the threat with the power of the Hero, but the strength of the knights, including Adadantor, was also incredible.

Some of the blades that he couldn't stop cut at Crockta.

Crockta tightened his grip on his greatsword. Many knights were torn apart as blood flowed down Crockta's body. The vacancy of the dead knights was filled with other knights.

He kept killing and killing. This was what he wanted.

Crockta grinned and his spirit cleared. His body reaccelerated. At that moment, he struck a knight who lost concentration. The knight couldn't respond to the rapid attack and the helmet belonging to the dead rolled across the ground.

Crockta looked around and laughed, “Kulkulkul...”

The knights retreated, spreading out carefully as they watched him. Crockta licked his lips. The absurd difference in numbers and the limits of an individual started to be revealed. At that moment, Adandator suddenly raised his head. Betring and the other knights looked somewhere else. A long shadow was covering them. Crockta also looked back.

From the hill, someone on a horse was coming down. He whistled at the sight in front of his eyes and said with a grin “I’m not too late.”

Chapter 171 – Encirclement Battle (2)

“Hey Rodríguez, my man-”

“Oh, hey Bob. Wassup, man. It’s been a while. What brings you here?”

Rodríguez welcomed Bob who came after a long time. He opened the barrier protecting the counter and came out. The two of them shook hands and bumped shoulders.

“I need something urgently. Can you get it?”

“Of course. The customer is the king, Bro. Someone who is a friend and customer is an emperor, and you fit both criteria.”

“Reynolds...”

“Reynolds?”

Rodríguez raised his eyebrows. While he was a famous money exchanger, the things he dealt in were a bit special. Rodríguez exchanged currency and items between Elder Lord and the real world. Users who struggled in Elder Lord could use their assets in reality and those in need of items would also come to Rodríguez.

Therefore, he was quite familiar with Elder Lord. Reynolds wasn’t someone’s name, but the name of a city that he had heard often as of late. It was the gateway city to the south in Elder Lord.

Rodríguez pointed to Bob and said, “Hey, Champ. I can guess.”

“Hmm?”

“Are you looking for a scroll?”

“Ohh, shush. Bro. How’d you know? Are you a mind reader? Psychokinesis? CIA?”

Bob’s shoulders trembled. Rodríguez chuckled and replied to Bob, “The correct answer is CIA.”

“What? Really? Shouldn’t this be a secret? That you’re a secret

agent? Have you been tracking me?”

“Noob, not that CIA. I’m talking about Cash Indicates Answer. I see the truth when people spend money and I dig it out. For example, don’t you think about putting on another accent?”

“Of course, I think that every time I go to the clubs.”

“The women must be thinking the opposite.”

“They are impressed by things like that.”

“Don’t be fooled by the push and pull strategy, Bro.”

Rodríguez opened his phone. He was connected with the branches in other regions, sharing quotes and transactions. He touched his phone a few times and the screen changed, displaying an item that had started to experience a recent surge in transactions.

“Look, you’re not the only one. Everybody is looking for a scroll.”

“Ohh...my god.”

“Do you see the price? It is no joke. There isn’t much left in the inventory. So, tell me. What’s going on? Why is everybody suddenly looking for this scroll? Is it a fad like the 300 BPM these days?”

“Um...”

Bob closed his eyes. Rodríguez prompted him.

“Hey, Bro. If you let me know, I’ll give you a Reynolds scroll. It will be at the lowest price. It is the same as the FA releasing Cristiano Ronaldo. He was also in his prime. Okay?”

“I understand. I understand.”

Bob whispered something into Rodríguez’s ears. Rodríguez stroked his chin and looked at Bob’s face seriously before nodding. Then he hit Bob’s back.

“Hey, my man. Find Jackie in Reynolds Square. Let me ask you something. Are you going on your own?”

“I’m going with my friends.”

“Okay. The password is the same, so let me know if you have any problems.”

Bob nodded. He reached out a hand after telling Rodríguez that the connection was urgent. Rodríguez grabbed his hand. The two of them exchanged a macho greeting again.

“Thanks, Rodríguez.”

“This is nothing. I’ll cheer you on, Bob.”

“I’ll see you again.”

Bob waved and left the store. Rodríguez went behind the counter again.

He made his living off Elder Lord but he didn’t pay much attention to the game play. To him, Elder Lord was a business. But after seeing Bob, he suddenly wanted to play Elder Lord again. He turned on the television.

The hot topic was being talked about. The Heaven and Earth Clan was fighting one NPC. It was strange that a confrontation between an NPC and users would be a hot topic, and it was also interesting that people defended the NPC and blamed the users.

“Coming and going...there will be no trade with the south for a while.”

There wouldn’t be a lot of people coming and going from the south due to the devastation. The orc in the hot topic resisted to the end and escaped with the help of his allies. The next battleground was going to be Katalu. AS a merchant, he calculated the impact of the conflict between the two sides and its consequences.

No matter how he thought about it, the imperial army would

win. The relevant communities and industry insights all predicted the imperial army's victory. Some people were already lining up there.

“Umm...”

He remembered Bob's face. It was rare that he had such an enthusiastic friend. In addition, Bob bought the 'Haste' scroll that hadn't been selling much lately. It wasn't just that. Something was moving.

“Is it an adventure?”

As Rodríguez was thinking, the television screen suddenly changed. The screen was reporting breaking news. Rodríguez's eyes widened as he saw the contents.

It was news that the NPC Crockta had appeared alone in front of the imperial army.

The Undergames chat room was in turmoil. As the broadcast resumed after the breaking news, people thought that it was just before the capture of Katalu, and the Heaven and Earth Clan would face Crockta again.

But the video shown on the screen was quite different from what they imagined. The imposing sight of the imperial army was still the same. Rommel was the commander. He was showing the dignity of a commander under the flag of the empire.

However, the opponent was different. They weren't facing an army or a group of people. There was no resistance group prepared for death.

Just one orc. The steel helmet covered his face. However, he had fearsome tattoos on his body, a steel belt resembling a demon's face and a giant greatsword.

It was clearly Crockta.

They were skeptical at first. Why the hell did he come alone? Perhaps he had come for negotiations. Or maybe Crockta came to beg for his life. In the end, even he surrendered to the overpowering might.

However, he came to fight. He recited the warriors' laws and lifted his greatsword.

The moment he said 'come' to the army.

Everyone watching the screen. They all realized. He was real. A real warrior defending his beliefs in life. He couldn't be stopped with fear or threats. He wasn't afraid of even death. He stood in front of the great army with just his greatsword. There was no clearer message than this.

Those supporting the Heaven and Earth Clan and those who suspected Crockta, they could no longer mock him. It was because of what was occurring right before their eyes.

[Dwarf Shoot: It is bul'tar from today on. Bul'tar!

Humans are the Best: He is a really crazy guy. I acknowledge that today is about bul'tar.

Sadder than Yesterday: Hyung-nim ㅏ ㅏ ㅏ Hyung-nim must win. Bul'tar!! Crockta hyung-nim, bul'tar!!

Today's Lunch: Hah... In my 30 years of life...the tears that didn't come even when I was in the army...today I am crying...Bul'tar...

Cheongsong Mountain Lim Chang Jung: Cr,,,azy,,,guy,,,~! When I was young,,, I fought alone against 17 people,,,~! Kyah,,,~! Bul'tar,,,~!

Lantern: Smash the empire, Crockta! Bul'tar!

Fire Eagle: ㅏ ㅏ ㅏ Will Crockta hyung-nim die?? What are other people doing?

Hip Hop Eagle: Hah... I am very ashamed of my actions in the past... This is real swag... Swag is over, I will now say bul'tar!

Rock Star Account: ♫ Please refrain from doing that ♫

Returning Orc User: My chest is hot with excitement. Orcs are too big.

Sunchang Group's Youngest: Crockta... You are not a servant... You are the master of your life...!

Yeoksam Ronaldo: I will dedicate my ceremony to Crockta hyung-nim when I kick a goal tomorrow!]

The battle began. It was hard to believe this was the power of an individual. He barged into the soldiers alone and killed them all. Fountains of blood and corpses filled the screen. He killed several people every time he moved.

This was the power of the 'Northern Conqueror.' He was like a blender grinding down the enemies. Due to his brutal actions, a mosaic flashed over parts of the screen. Rommel was upset. He always commanded battles calmly, so this was the first time seeing his surprised expression.

He raised his hands. Arrows flew. Crockta survived but the soldiers surrounding him were killed by the arrows.

Killing one's own side. Accusations started flooding in.

[Rommel Dog Scum: Killing his own allies ♫ ♫ ♫ How pathetic.

Positive Affirms Positive: When did I start truly seeing this guy ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ My eyes have been broadened.

Analyst: This isn't like Rommel. He seems at a loss. He will soon regain his spirit. In the end, the difference between numbers is too big.

Mint Toothpaste: ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ The poor soldiers ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ Crockta is laughing.

Sound Summoner: Crockta is smart. Keep digging in.

Barbarian Yorick: That guy looks like me huhuhu.

Buddha Walker: There are still so many opponents for Crockta to overcome... Have strength, bul'tar!

Snake Face: I don't know how this battle will turn out.]

The battle continued. Rommel's mistake continued. He tried to crush Crockta with the knights' assault, but the soldiers ended up wounded or killed. Rommel's command, which didn't care for the well-being of the infantry, was in contrast with Crockta, who came to protect people.

The people cheering for Crockta grew. However, the difference in numbers they were worried about started to show. After all these attempts, Rommel separated Crockta from the soldiers and surrounded him with knights.

Knights weren't easy to slaughter like the soldiers. They were elite combatants in full armour, and many were advanced fighters. Furthermore, there was Adandator who Crockta once dueled with. At the time, Crockta had managed to win. However, it was much more difficult on a battlefield where he was surrounded.

Blades flashed inside the encirclement. Crockta killed several knights. His skills were brilliant. But in the end, his wounds gradually increased. The attacks flying from every direction ate away at Crockta's body.

Everyone thought it was over.

At this moment, something happened. A long shadow draped over them. The camera angle slowly moved. On the hill, a knight was descending with the sun behind him. Both Crockta and the knights forgot their battle and looked at him.

The chat window once again became busy as his identity was confirmed.

[Mountaineer Hunter: Why is this crazy guy here?

You are a Legend: ⇌⇌⇌⇌⇌⇌⇌⇌⇌⇌ I can only laugh.

Come Spring: He really came to kill Crockta ⇨ ⇨ He is crazy.

Toothpaste Cap: They're currently in the middle of battle, so why did he show up here?

Post-it: Did this crazy guy come to join them?

Empire Strikes Back: This guy is crazy right? Is he siding with the imperial army?

Crockta's Fan: Ah, this guy is killing me. I will attack if he kills Crockta.

Nightfall: I'd like to go and beat him up.

Sword Mania: I want to rip his clothes.

Sage Bul'tar: Let's watch carefully... We don't know...]

"I'm not too late."

His words discouraged Crockta. The man who appeared here, the one who declared that he would kill Crockta.

White Knight Andre. He rode a white horse and wore shining armor.

"I always keep what I say. Crockta." Andre pointed his sword at Crockta. "The stage is chaotic."

He smiled at Rommel.

"Do you mind?"

Rommel knew his identity so he gave an order to his subordinate. The Heaven and Earth Clan hurriedly wrote a message. The whisper was sent to White Knight Andre. He listened to the Heaven and Earth Clan's proposal.

The white knight nodded as he gazed into the air. Rommel and Andre's gaze met as they nodded towards each other. The unspoken agreement was finished.

“Go, Crockta.”

The white horse started running.

Chapter 172 – Encirclement Battle (3)

Andre and his white horse ran down the hill.

Rommel gave a direct command. The soldiers supporting the knights' encirclement split to the right and left. They split apart to open the way for him. Then the next layer was divided. The layered encirclement divided like Moses' miracle.

Andre's unstoppable charge streaked past the soldiers. Now the final encirclement formed by the knights was at hand. Andre's horse gradually accelerated until it was like a meteor. The knights opened the way.

Now there was only a single circle left. Beyond it was Crockta. There were no brakes on a charging horse. He only headed forward and the knights moved out of his way. He bent his body further. As the horseshoes hit the ground, he entered the world beyond. The world compressed and the space was thrust aside. He penetrated straight towards his goal.

The lance was already aiming straight at the enemy's heart. Crockta's body appeared in front of him. Andre grinned. His mouth curved as he anticipated the collision that would soon occur. Adrenaline reached its peak and his arms tingled as they welcomed the collision. His body was pushing towards a thrilling impact.

Crockta's body became a blur. But Andre didn't stop.

Kwaang!

One.

Kwa kwang!

Two.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

He struck more than three people. The bodies of the knights

caught in his first clash flew to the side. His charge continued without any brakes. He crushed the knights and infantry. The knights' and soldiers' ranks were broken. Andre explosively pushed through towards the rear of the army.

The shattering assault of one person! The imperial army was breached. There were only dead bodies left in his wake. The encirclement around Crockta was cut off.

Andre's final target was Rommel, who was commanding the army in the rear. Andre's white horse accelerated. Their faces were confused. Andre tightened his grip on his lance.

Kwaaaang!

One person turned into white particles. It wasn't Rommel. His charge missed. Keynes and the Heaven and Earth members beside Rommel used magic and their bodies to protect him. Andre looked around. Rommel and his entourage escaped into the army.

He gradually slowed down.

"Too bad."

It wasn't enough to kill Rommel. He turned his horse around and looked at his work. The imperial army was still struggling to recover. Smoke seemed to drift up from the ground in the wake of his charge.

Andre raised his lance and celebrated, "Kuahahat."

He met Crockta's eyes.

"Brat, your face is surprised," muttered Andre as he lowered his lance.

He was already aware that Crockta was his disciple, Jung Ian. It had been a long time since the character, 'Crockta', started to be famous. It was in the first duel video against the user hunters that Baek Hanho was able to find Ian's old habit in Crockta.

The index finger.

Ian didn't even know it himself. After returning to South Korea, Ian would always twitch his index finger whenever he entered the confrontation phase of a spar. Maybe he saw the image of a trigger. Either way, it was a habit gained from the battlefield.

Crockta moved his index finger slightly in the video, twitching it whenever he wielded his greatsword. His body was bigger, and his face was heinous, but his stance and moves were distinctive and the same.

How could he not know? Baek Hanho had taught his student ever since Ian was a child, after all. He knew all of Ian's moves. Baek Hanho was convinced that Crockta was Ian after seeing the orc's attitude. The testimony from Ian's little sister, Yiyu, which stated that he was playing Elder Lord, added to this.

Therefore, he pretended not to know and tried to cause a dispute with his disciple in the game; however, the situation became like this. Unfortunately, he missed. The scale of this battle was suitable for Baek Hanho's disciple.

“Now, let's go back.”

The white horse started running again. This horse wasn't just a horse. This white horse was Andre's greatest treasure. It didn't matter even if the legendary red hare appeared at the end of a quest. This was a horse with dragon's blood.

“Let's go, back.”

Andre started to circle the imperial army's formation, trying to cut them from the sides. The soldiers were terrified. They had already experienced this with Crockta, so fear took over.

Inside was Crockta. Outside was Andre.

The empire's army fell into confusion at the hands of only two enemies. Andre got into the proper position and started to charge again. Crockta also raised his greatsword.

The hammer flew towards the anvil.

Crockta laughed.

He had been conscious that White Knight Andre was Baek Hanho, but his teacher already knew that Crockta was Ian. The mentor and disciple met in the game during a one-sided battle, but the world wouldn't know this.

Crockta raised his greatsword. The imperial forces were recovering from what Andre had done. Still, there were too many enemies. However, the burden had divided by half. This was enough.

Andre started charging again. Crockta wielded the greatsword in response to Andre. The new blood transformed the stagnant battlefield. The imperial troops were dying. Blood fell to the ground. The knights were pushed back by Crockta's fierce attacks. However, Rommel was skilled.

He had lost his composure from Andre's sudden attack, but he immediately resumed command and tightened the circle of knights. Then he created formations on the outside to keep Andre in check. It was solid on the inside and outside.

Andre couldn't repeat his exciting dash across the entire army like he did before. The soldiers were easy but he needed to be careful of the knights on horses.

A struggle of life and death followed.

Crockta had to deal with Adandator, Betring, and Bluno at the same time. The three of them stabbed at Crockta's gaps. Crockta moved back and forth between the Pinnacle and Hero realms to deal with the enemies.

He was expanding his limits by the extreme crossing back and forth of realms. He used the Pinnacle in a necessary moment to defeat the enemies. Then he manipulated causality to reverse a dangerous moment. The enemies continued to suffer damage

because they couldn't resist Crockta's greatsword.

Adandator gritted his teeth. The wounds Crockta dealt caused blood to flow from his mouth. He spat out some of the teeth that hadn't fallen yet. A strong fighting desire filled him.

"I will deal with Crockta. Stop the other one."

His pronunciation was ruined but the knights nodded calmly. Adandator immediately reached the Hero realm. He pulled out all his strength. The tentacles that violated the laws of the world stretched out from him. That energy shot towards Crockta.

Crockta sensed it and his face hardened. Adandator's power burst forward. Crockta smiled while grasping his greatsword.

"Do you like soup? Won't you have to eat it for the rest of your life?"

"You scum!"

Adandator plunged forward. Crockta also entered the Hero realm. Both swords hit each other. At the same time, the strands of causality wove together. Offense and offense, both sides were offset. It was a chaotic fight where it was difficult to tell where things were reversed.

Crockta didn't lose his concentration and persistently pursued Adandator with his greatsword. Adandator's leg was hit. He lost his balance and fell. However, the other knights immediately attacked Crockta from behind.

Crockta ignored them and his greatsword descended. Adandator tried to avoid it but his greatsword was quick. Crockta's shoulders and thighs would be hit, while he would pierce Adandator's heart.

".....!"

However, causality reversed. Their powers tweaked their attacks. Instead of his shoulders and thighs, his back was cut. Ogre Slayer stabbed Adandator's shoulder instead of his heart.

“Ugh.”

“Aaack!”

Adandator struggled. Crockta received some damage, but the wound he inflicted meant that Adandator was out of the battle. He was satisfied at this and stepped back. The knights picked up Adandator. Crockta turned and looked for Betring and Bluno.

They couldn't be seen. He hurriedly turned his head. They were heading away from Crockta towards Andre. Andre's assault was fearsome but it would be tough if he went against both of them. The repeated assaults meant the he and his horse were injured all over. Now he was tired. It was hard to maintain the same explosive assault. In the near future, Andre would be caught up in the imperial army and the situation would worsen again.

Crockta raised his greatsword and tried to break through the knights. However, the encirclement was solid. Using the power of transcendence, four or five knights were beheaded in unison. Their heads flew through the air.

Despite the fearsome sight, the knights remained calm.

Crockta looked up and saw Rommel watching the battlefield from far away. This was the amazing ability of the War Maestro class. His strength bound this army together. Thanks to Rommel's power, the knights forgot their fear and countered Crockta.

“Kulkulkul.”

He knew. It was impossible to deal with these troops alone. But it didn't matter. He held his greatsword. The enemies stepped back.

Crockta grinned. “Did you hear what I said?”

He remembered the face of the gray god, who was watching him. His assimilation rate was now 100%, so dying in Elder Lord would be the same as dying on Earth. Despite the grim, desperate situation, Crockta still felt joy.

Crockta called his name loudly. Andre looked at him. He was on the brink of being pushed back by Betring.

Crockta yelled with a smile.

“Ugly———!”

Andre’s eyes widened at the words then he started laughing. He found some strength and counterattacked. Their swords met. Betring retreated.

“You’re good———!”

Andre responded by kicking Betring.

Crockta started laughing. He killed and killed, as more enemies kept coming. He pushed forward but the situation didn’t change much. There seemed to be no end. His greatsword dragged on the ground as he moved forward.

Now was the time to think. He was in the midst of reminiscing about his sister, the balance of his account and Cafe Reason when...

“.....?”

A strange sound was heard from far away. Crockta and the troops looked around and saw a man. It didn’t matter if that was his true movement speed or if he used a speed enhancement spell—he was still taking to the air like a madman.

Crockta gulped as he saw the man.

The man’s voice gradually grew closer.

“Aigoo! I beg your pardon! I was proud of my body in the old days, although you probably can’t guess or imagine it! Kukakakat! When you go to hell, will you let the beautiful demon take hold of you...? Huhuhu, isn’t this a basic masterpiece for a hero? No! You really are! What a series of surprises. Listen to my shoulders shaking! Shake shake! How long are you going to make my shoulders dance? Kukakakakakak!”

Chapter 173 – Encirclement Battle (4)

He laughed with his eyes closed. Everyone was staring at him.

The man coughed.

“Cough! Kuk. There are people eavesdropping.” Then he straightened and spoke to the army in front of him. “Do you know?”

He spread open his arms. At that moment, a dark aura exuded from his body. His eyes were wicked. The darkness started to cover up his normal appearance.

“The scent of a man becomes deeper and deeper over time...”

The one who controlled the body started to assert himself. The great evil that was invited encroached at the body. His eyes became like a beast. His gait started to flow strangely. He stood in front of the imperial forces.

He smiled, “My contractor says that people are like wine.”

“.....!”

A soldier who met the man’s eyes dropped his weapon. His strength fell. He could feel it instinctively. This was an existence he absolutely couldn’t contend with. A black curtain fell over his eyelids. His vision blurred.

“In that case, I...”

The sense of space inverted. The soldier didn’t notice he was being pulled down. All his senses were locked in the darkness. The man’s voice entered his ears.

“I am the vintage wine, the demon Demogorgon.”

All of a sudden, the dead rose. Cockta knew that it was the work of Iron, the person who once helped him. He had already been

overtaken by the demon and attacked the soldiers with bizarre laughter.

The imperial army became confused as the dead rose again. However, that power didn't help much.

The magicians exerted their efforts to control the situation. 'Dispel Undead' were used to break down the undead. Demogorgon's power was so strong that while the undead weren't completely eliminated, they were noticeably weakened.

Furthermore, there was a bigger problem.

"The products are too finely chopped."

The corpses of those killed by Crockta and Andre weren't intact. They were so broken that they couldn't be raised again.

Demogorgon shouted, "Ignorant orc!"

"Kulkulkulkul, I'm sorry."

The imperial army soon regained their morale and hit Demogorgon. His figure was surrounded by the imperial army. An angry Demogorgon started to kill the soldiers by hand. Demogorgon swung his fists and scattered the darkness, but no matter how strong the demon was, it was hard for him to exert all his abilities.

He also entered an uphill battle.

"Kaaaat! Bring it on, humans! Keok! You bastards!"

Andre also bellowed, "I am the white knight of justice, Andre! Die!"

Crockta resumed the fight. He laughed as his blade struck the enemies. This was originally a body that should've fallen before such a huge number. But now, two assistants appeared. Both of them were equal to 100 warriors, like Crockta.

Rommel's face distorted.

“Rommel————!”

Crockta called out to him.

“Only this much————!”

Crockta stepped forward. A sound similar to an explosion occurred. A terrifying aura rose from him as he swung his greatsword at the knights.

The knights had become accustomed to Crockta's swordsmanship so it wasn't as easy as before. Crockta was also tired and refrained from explosive attacks like before. The wounds on his body caused him pain.

The battlefield was still disadvantageous. Adandator was in the rear. Demogorgon was on the defensive due to the difference in numbers. Crockta could feel how reckless this fight was.

He raised his strength and stared at Rommel.

The best way to win against so many enemies was to kill the leader. Furthermore, Rommel was the key since he controlled the imperial army with the power of a War Maestro. His loss would be greater than any other commander.

Crockta wielded Ogre Slayer as he figured out how to approach Rommel. However, Rommel calmly directed the troops. He built an effective formation to deal with Crockta, Andre, and Iron. Andre was blocked by Betring and Bluno, while Iron was handled by the magicians. Crockta was surrounded by the knights.

As Crockta stepped forward, the vanguard stepped back. The minor attacks consumed his stamina. Crockta's mouth twitched. He wasn't an easy guy. In addition, Andre was about to collapse.

Betring, Bluno and some soldiers continued to press at Andre. Andre didn't have the same combat power as Crockta or Demogorgon. He had more power than ordinary users because of his practical abilities, but he couldn't go beyond the limits of a user.

Crockta looked up at the sky.

Crows were flying.

Betring's attack hit Andre's wrist, causing his opponent's sword to miss. Subsequently, Bluno struck. Andre barely managed to avoid it. Andre breathed heavily as he lost his sword and looked around.

A bloody face.

He glanced at Rommel and then back at the entire battlefield. Maybe all of this would be broadcasted. He had appeared in a wonderful manner, so he needed to fight nicely until the end. He was White Knight Andre.

"Cowardly and stupid guys!" Andre cried out.

Bluno laughed and said, "Are you going to speak nonsense like the orc? Those who will die soon always speak the loudest."

Bluno's voice was rough. He received a shock from Crockta's declaration. He had great pride in being a knight of the kingdom. He believed that he was in the right.

However, he lost all confidence in front of the orc Crockta. He saw Crockta, who confronted the army alone with just faith, and compared him to the imperial army. Rather, Crockta seemed like the real knight.

Moreover, he laughed as he trampled on them. It was as if he was denying all injustices.

Bluno nodded. He rushed towards Andre along with the soldiers. The weary Andre revealed a gap. Bluno's attack didn't miss Andre. Andre tried to avoid it using acrobatic movements, but the stab wound was still deep. He fell to his knees.

"Now, say it again. What were you saying?" Andre tried to speak, but Bluno kicked his stab wound. Andre fell down. "Again..."

“Cowardly and stupid scum.”

Bluno paused.

“The name of a knight is wasted on you, trash.”

Bluno slowly turned around. Andre wasn't in a position to speak right now. It wasn't him. The voice was coming from behind. Bluno and the knights discovered four people behind them.

An unknown group. They stood shoulder to shoulder with their arms posed. Bluno's face distorted as the unidentified people emerged.

It was already the third time.

“Who are you?”

“Who?” The man standing on the far left spoke. “You asked who we are.”

Then the woman standing next to him spoke, “We'll give you an answer.”

The next man answered, “Knights who have lost your chivalry, let our names wash away that dirt on your chest.”

The man on the far right lifted his shining sword, “We are the mighty people of justice! F4!”

They were the best roleplayers who teamed up with Crockta, Iron, and the Orc Users Brotherhood at Chesswood. The F4 had appeared again.

Bob, who had the role of a warrior, raised his shining sword as he watched the soldiers in front of him. He had been waiting for this. They traveled the world of Elder Lord after Chesswood, but couldn't feel the thrill of that time again. This was the real stage they wanted.

He wanted to get a haste scroll and join quickly, but he wasn't sure. So he tried to observe the situation. Crockta didn't disappoint him. He wasn't a roleplayer like them. He was a real

warrior. Bob was thrilled as he saw what Crockta said on the screen. That wasn't all. He could feel that the whole world was thrilled by Crockta's words.

‘A warrior doesn't forsake faith.’

When did he see those fighting for faith?

‘A warrior doesn't persecute the weak.’

Who would risk their life for the weak?

‘A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people.’

It was a world where people would stab each other in the back if they saw a gap.

‘A warrior doesn't yield to injustice.’

Life was a process of being accustomed to injustice.

‘A warrior doesn't shame the gods.’

He looked godly as he spoke.

‘A warrior pays back any favor or disservice.’

Was that really an orc over there?

‘A warrior protects the powerless.’

He really put his life on the line for this.

As a warrior, Bob was ashamed of himself. This orc wasn't a user with an extra life like them; if he died, then it was the end. Nevertheless, he faced the great army alone without any hesitation. Yet they were worried about being hurt, despite being users.

Bob immediately called his friends to come here. They tore the haste scroll and rode horses to this place. In the end, they were able to arrive in time. They discovered Crockta and two men facing countless enemies.

Now it was time for F4 to make their mark here.

“Knights, listen carefully.”

It might not be as strong as Crockta’s, but they had their own beliefs. Bob wielded the shining knife.

“My sword X-Geiger is in pain...!”

Joseph, standing beside him, hit his back.

“Cough!”

He grabbed Bob’s head. Then he whispered.

“Hey, this will be shown all around the world.”

“Don’t do it.”

“This is the main point!”

“Let’s just go to fight.”

Bluno looked at them and shouted, “What are you doing?”

The situation continued to twist and more strange guys appeared, so Bluno became angry.

Bob responded by effortlessly moving the sword.

“Anyway, we are the mighty people who came to help Crockta!”

“We will protect Espada’s freedom from the empire!”

“In the name of justice!”

Bluno was outraged. Crockta, the white knight and the unknown necromancer, these three were obviously powerful. But it was unacceptable for this group to ridicule them.

“I will kill you.”

“Kill him!”

Bluno started running towards the F4. The fireballs, created by the magician Joseph, flew towards them. The blades crossed.

Demogorgon was angry. It was difficult to use his power because

there were no proper corpses, and this physical body was limited. It was like ants were crawling on his body, but his limbs were tied up so he couldn't squash them.

“Trivial humans!”

Demogorgon gathered the darkness and turned it towards the knights. Their bodies were broken. The voice of his contractor rang in his head.

‘Demogorgon! Fighting! You are also manly when punching! The movement of your center of gravity is excellent! Kukakak!’

Well. This was true. He was well versed in war tactics. Demogorgon felt better as his contractor praised it from the objective of a third party.

“Huhuhu, humans...you can't win against me.”

The imperial army calmly circled around Demogorgon, despite his force. They were well-trained soldiers. He determined that the man in the distance was commanding all of this. A great guy for a human. He controlled the soldiers like they were his own limbs.

Demogorgon had gone through many fights in hell so he had a dim foreboding. It would become difficult to fight. If reinforcements came...

At that moment.

“.....?”

A dust cloud could be seen from far away.

Reinforcements.

He stopped fighting and turned his head at the thought of more enemies being added to the imperial army. A crowd was coming. They were a unit of humans. It was lacking compared to the imperial army, but it was still quite a large number.

They stood before the imperial forces. They formed a systematic formation against the imperial army. Then they slowly

approached. Three people stood at the forefront. One of them pointed to Rommel and the army before saying.

“Hey, people from the empire.” The man spread open his arms. “Whatever evil you have done, I know that you aren’t really bad guys.”

“.....!”

The man pulled out a coin. He threw it towards them and said.

“Now is the time of rehabilitation.”

It was the Rehabilitation Brothers.

“Rehabilitation!”

“Rehabilitation!”

“Kaeeeeeng!”

The Rehabilitation Brothers shouted.

Demogorgon burst out laughing. “They are funny humans! Kukakakakat!”

Rommel frowned as he witnessed the battle. The situation continued to be reversed. Crockta, Andre, and Iron weren’t easy to stop, and more strange people kept appearing.

“Rommel. The situation...”

“It is still okay. Crockta is tired. In the end, we...”

There was still room.

“Over there!”

A member of Heaven and Earth shouted. Rommel and Keynes hurriedly turned their heads. On the other side of the Rehabilitation Brothers, a group with red headbands appeared. They were all holding blades and looked like bandits. Yes, that was the crazy Red Headbands group.

The number of variables kept increasing.

Rommel frowned. Yes, it was still okay. It would be hard but they could still win. Apart from Crockta alone, there was Andre, Iron, F4, the Rehabilitation Brothers and the Red Headbands. The power had increased tremendously but the empire still had the advantage.

Except for Crockta, Andre, and Iron, the rest weren't that strong and there were still many imperial troops. Regular users couldn't match up against well-trained ones. But the bad news kept flying.

A member of the Heaven and Earth clan came running up to him.

"Rommel! The 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy' members are coming!"

"Those dog like scum..." Rommel cursed. They weren't a proper clan or social club, they were just a fanclub. It was like disregarding the entire Heaven and Earth Clan.

The formations broke. The strange guys surrounded the knights around Crockta. He watched the battlefield with the power of the War Maestro. It was still okay.

Keynes opened his mouth, "Rommel. If we..."

"No. We still have the advantage. The knights are still going strong. It is good that we can take care of them all at once..."

At that moment.

Dudududududu.

The ground started to shake.

Dudududududu.

The eyes of both the imperial forces and Crockta's forces focused on one side. Who was going to appear next? A black group was running like crazy towards them.

The distance narrowed.

Dudududududududu!

Chapter 174 – Encirclement Battle (5)

Their appearance became clear.

Fierce eyes. Burly shoulders. Enormous pressure coming from them. A crazy speed.

“What is that?”

“This...”

The eyes of the former Thawing Balhae members shook as they remembered Chesswood. They saw lunatics called Iron and the F4 there, but they weren’t the most fearful ones. The cult of Elder Lord, the ones who were proud of walking on a path no one else took. Those who weren’t human, who enjoyed suffering and adversity!

“The Orc Users Brotherhood.”

“What?”

Dudududududu!

The Orc Users Brotherhood made a wedge formation and rushed towards the imperial forces. There were the Rehabilitation Brothers, He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy and Mountain of Sabres, Forest of Swords but they gradually established their own formations.

However, the Orc Users Brotherhood was different. They plunged into the imperial army without hesitation, with their speed doubled by haste magic.

They roared, “Kuwaaaaaah! Bul’tarrrr!”

“Bul’tarrrr!”

“We are the orc users!”

“Orc users—————!”

The first collision.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

As the leading orcs and imperial troops hit each other, soldiers flew back from the collision. It was due to the fearsome power of the orcs' assault. They broke the outskirts of the imperial army and poured forward like a wave.

The entire imperial army was pushed back.

The orc in the lead shook his staff.

“We are!”

“Orc!”

“Users————!”

“Users!”

Breathing as one! They stampeded into the imperial troops. The outer layer was hard while the inner layer was soft, so once they broke down the outer perimeter, they could knock down the insides.

“Charge!”

Some of the orcs in the lead were so talented that they even overwhelmed the knights. A new wave started to emerge on the stagnant battlefield.

Maguchwi furiously wielded his frost staff. A knight attacked but his sword was thrown back. Maguchwi didn't miss this gap, kicking the knight's abdomen before waving his staff. Lightning emerged from the staff and struck the knight's body, turning it into black ash.

A fearsome magician who was just as reliable as a warrior.

“Kuwakta!”

“Yes!”

“Mukat!”

“Bul'tar!”

The two orcs he called approached him. There were only three of them, but their shoulders were so wide it was like several adult men were placed side by side.

“Charge!”

“Kuwaaaaaah!”

They once again assaulted the enemy. The orc warriors who lined up with him trampled over the empire like a bulldozer. Along the way, they picked up more orcs.

“Die humans!”

“Keuak!”

Careless knights were destroyed by lightning strikes. One person was observing the battlefield. He had been determined to die; however, he wasn't the only one. Unexpected allies had arrived. Crockta was thrilled to see the Orc Users Brotherhood. He was hyped up.

Maguchwi raised his staff.

“Buuuuuuul————!”

The orc users simultaneously lifted their weapons.

“Tarr————!”

The orc users roared simultaneously. Blood burst from the imperial troops in close proximity to them. Once the orc users joined, the whole atmosphere of the battlefield reversed. The imperial army shrank back from their excited fighting and their morale fell.

The orc users cried out along with Maguchwi, “Come along! Go to the end!”

“Ma Brother! You're going too deep!” (Short form for Maguchwi)

“It doesn't matter! We have to go there!”

Maguchwi pointed to the center of the battlefield. The orc user

who warned him of the danger nodded and said, “Then we have to go.”

“Ma Brother’s words are true, so it can’t be helped.”

“Let’s give it a try.”

“Kuhahahaha! Let’s go!”

Maguchwi was pointing towards where Crockta was surrounded by knights. Every time Crockta’s greatsword flashed, the knights would fall. The appearance of a true orc warrior..

“Let’s fight shoulder to shoulder with Crock Brother!”

The symbol of the orcs who mass-produced many orc users, the hero Crockta! They were given a chance to fight with him.

Maguchwi lifted his staff again.

“Brothers!”

The orc users responded at once.

“Uh!”

“Are you ready to die———!”

“Uh!”

“Ready to kill———!”

“Uh!”

“Let’s go! Bul’tarrrrrrrrrr———!”

“Bul’tar———!”

The orcs ran at the enemies again. They got caught up in the imperial army. The brute force orc users pushed at the imperial army with their momentum. It was the moment when the unique tastes of the orc users were known all over the world.

“Bul’tar!”

Every time ‘bul’tar’ was called out, a soldier would die. Lightning flashed from Maguchwi’s staff. Now the situation was reversed.

Brotherhood and Maguchwi. They rushed through the enemies and met each other. It was the first time meeting since Chesswood, but they felt familiar to each other, like well-known friends.

There was no need to say thank you or ask for anything in return.

“Brothers.”

“Brothers!”

They exchanged glances and their fists met. It was enough. This was the middle of the battlefield and there were still a lot of people to kill.

Crockta turned his eyes towards Rommel. His goal was three people. Rommel, Keynes and the ‘traitor’ Grom, no Luin. They were together. They were devastated by how the fight had gone beyond predictions and lost their concentration in battle.

“Brother.”

Crockta said to Maguchwi. He grinned and nodded.

Crockta and Maguchwi. The strongest warrior and shaman among the orc users. They headed for the Heaven and Earth Clan together. An aura emerged from Maguchwi’s staff and their appearances became blurred. They approached the boundary around Rommel carefully.

Now it was time to end this unfortunate relationship. A sufficient distance was secured. The Heaven and Earth members were escorting Rommel and Keynes, but they were just like sheep in Crockta’s eyes.

“I’m going.”

“Be careful.”

Maguchwi’s magic flowed towards Crockta. It was the first time in ages that he felt the magic of an orc shaman. His whole body was filled with vitality as energy boiled up. It felt like he could kill

anyone in front of him. His tattoos burned as Crockta pushed towards the enemy.

Lenox's revenge.

This fighting spirit was carried on in Ogre Slayer. He plunged towards them and yelled.

"Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!"

They were shocked at Crockta's sudden appearance. However, his sword was faster than them. Crockta's greatsword tore at them. White particles scattered like snow.

Kwajijik!

Lightning rippled on Ogre Slayer's blade. It was Maguchwi's magic. The enemy resisted, but those who blocked his sword were shocked by lightning and weren't able to last long. They turned into white particles.

Rommel and Keynes turned to try and flee. Crockta didn't miss them.

“Where are you going?” He ran like crazy and reached out his hand. He managed to grab a horse.

“Ugh!”

His shoulders felt like they would pop from the force of the horse running. But he used all his strength and pulled the horse to a stop. The horse jumped because it was terrified of Crockta.

“Romeeeeeeeel————!”

Crockta shouted and stabbed his sword into the horse's side.

“Hihihing!”

The horse fell down. Rommel, who was riding the horse, rolled around on the ground. Crockta crossed the horse and approached Rommel.

“Stop!”

“Protect Rommel!”

The Heaven and Earth members rushed towards Crockta. Crockta grabbed Rommel's neck while wielded his greatsword at the same time. The clan members were blown away in a burst of blood. The rest of them didn't dare attack.

“I finally caught you.”

‘War Maestro’ Rommel was in his hands. Rommel was looking at him with calm eyes, despite being caught.

“How do you feel?”

Rommel chuckled slightly, “You’re ugly.”

“This bastard.”

Crockta laughed. Then he punched Rommel's face. Rommel's face was destroyed. His teeth fell out and his nose was broken. He fell forward and couldn't breathe properly.

Then Crockta threw him towards Maguchwi. Maguchwi wielded his staff. Magic power emerged and began to capture Rommel's body.

“!”

It was a temporary Concrete method using magic. Crockta nodded and started to chase Keynes and Luin. They abandoned Rommel and were leaving the battlefield with the Heaven and Earth members.

Crockta ran like crazy. His thighs swelled as he accelerated.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The ground shook and dust rose up as he ran.

“Keynessssssssssss———!”

Crockta's mad rush caused the terrified horses to run faster.

“Don’t forget the orcs———!”

Crockta kicked off the ground and jumped forward. He entered the Pinnacle and accelerated his body to the extreme. He could see the shocked Keynes looking at him. He gradually grew closer. Crockta stretched out and grabbed his body.

“Crazy!”

Crockta fell from the sky and captured Keynes. Crockta tilted his body and they tangled together. Then they rolled across the ground. The horse’s hooves trampled on both of them.

“Cough...”

Keynes coughed up blood. His body wasn’t in a normal state due to being trampled on by the horse.

“Ku...heok?”

The moment he opened his eyes, he saw the grim face of an orc staring at him. His whole body was bloody but he was watching Keynes with burning eyes.

He smiled, “Do you remember Lenox?”

Crockta grabbed Keynes’ neck and lifted him. As soon as Keynes was caught, the Heaven and Earth Clan stopped from confusion. Both of their leaders had been captured.

“You guys...oof!”

Keynes tried to speak but Crockta blocked his mouth. Then he hit Keynes’ stomach with his fist. Keynes was stunned and became silent.

Now it was Luin’s turn. Luin was shaking among the Heaven and Earth members. The appearance of Grom was superimposed over him. He tried to become a warrior under Lenox and the orc warriors. He was terrified and timid, but believed he could become a great warrior. But he betrayed them. The great warriors died.

He had to pay the price. Luin knew it the moment Crockta called out his name.

At that moment.

Kuaaaaaaang!

A huge impact hit Crockta's body.

The sky and the ground were reversed. Crockta tried to calculate the situation but his head was in shock as he struck the ground. The earth and sky rotated a few times. His body rolled across the ground.

“Cough...”

He tried to get up but his body wouldn't move. Maguchwi was running. Crockta raised his eyes. Through his blurred vision, he could see the Heaven and Earth members carrying Keynes away.

“Those bastards...”

“Relax, Brother. It is dangerous!”

Maguchwi used healing magic. But it wasn't enough to recover from the shock. It was a huge shock. Crockta gritted his teeth. However, he couldn't move his body. It felt like his whole body was broken.

“Reinforcements came. There seems to be a great magician.”

As Maguchwi said, the flag of the imperial army was visible on the horizon. They had already rescued Keynes' group, and turned away like they had no intention of intervening in the remaining battle.

The empire's reinforcements went away.

Crockta barely managed to raise his body. The battle was their victory. The imperial troops surrendered their weapons. His allies were giving victory cheers.

Crockta was happy but he wasn't satisfied.

“Shit...”

He formed fists. He couldn't miss them. He had barely caught them. But the magic shock was still shooting through his body. It made fighting any further difficult.

“Rommel?”

“There.”

Rommel was looking at him silently while still bound by Maguchwi's magic. His handsome face was a mess. He pointed his fingers towards his mouth. It was a sign to release the magic around his mouth.

Maguchwi looked at Crockta. He shrugged.

“He can escape if he bites his tongue. Do you still want to listen?” Maguchwi asked.

“Please.”

Anyway, those guys had escaped. Rommel wasn't his true enemy. Crockta looked at Rommel. His treatment would vary depending on his words. No, Crockta would ensure that Rommel never returned to Elder Lord forever.

But Rommel's first words were unexpected, “I'll help you with your revenge.”

“What?”

“I will help you end those people.”

He immediately made a tempting offer to Crockta. Truly a smart guy.

Crockta asked again, “How?”

Rommel gave a slightly different answer to what Crockta expected.

“Completely.”

Chapter 175 – Olympus

The battle ended with the resistance's victory.

The empire failed to win the south, which caused the region to be divided into different areas: the empire's territory and the Free Cities Coalition, including Espada.

The emperor remained silent.

The incident triggered a huge storm in the real world.

The fight between Crockta and the imperial army became a hot topic, with the ratings record being broken every day. The videos were replayed during the day and night as they replaced Youvids' top hits.

In the meantime, Laney, the famous youvidser, released a new video from secretly tracking Crockta. This time, it was a record of his struggles in the south. Laney's name was once again stamped onto the minds of the people.

Thanks to her, people found out the specific details of what happened. These were the contents:

After conquering the north, Crockta returned to the continent and headed south. He fought bandits and accidentally met a knight of Alaste. Vigo's earnest persuasion moved his heart and Crockta's group headed to Alaste.

As a city known for its liveliness, Alaste gave him a warm welcome. Crockta became friends with the bright and cheerful Alaste people, accepting the request to duel the empire. Crockta fought against the genius of the empire, Adandator, and eventually won.

Alaste maintained its independence. Crockta became Alaste's savior and there was a feast to rejoice in the victory.

He left Alaste with blessings and farewells. It seemed like a happy ending.

However, the news exploded. After they left for the resort town, the empire broke its promise and destroyed Alaste. It was a tragedy. Crockta was saddened. The empire wanted the entire south to submit, not just Alaste. They invaded cities and captured the people, making them soldiers or serfs for the empire. The entire south moaned.

Crockta stood up for Alaste's revenge, facing the wicked empire and his own enemies, the Heaven and Earth Clan.

The slaughter began. He was constantly wielding his sword to save villages, residents, and cities, but he couldn't do enough alone. In the end, most of the south was incorporated into the empire. Crockta left to join Espada's resistance.

A frantic struggle followed. Along the way, Crockta fought alone until he lost all his comrades. His attempts, while ignoring the risk to his own life, moved the hearts of the viewers. The viewers only watched the heavily edited videos of the Heaven and Earth Clan, but through Laney, they were able to see the war from Crockta's viewpoint.

Then there was a video of Crockta's 'final battle.'

Laney didn't illuminate Crockta alone from the viewpoint of the army. Rather, she showed the overwhelming number of troops that Crockta faced from his side. It was a great army that no one dared face alone.

In front of them, Crockta emphasized his beliefs and raised the greatsword. It was an incomprehensible sight and no one could imagine victory.

But he wasn't alone. The work he did, the path he took, his accomplishments had turned people into his allies.

First of all, Andre appeared. They thought he would attack

Crockta, but he broke through the imperial army. People were enthusiastic. It was followed by the ‘wine maniac’ Iron and the role playing group, F4.

Then there were those reborn again due to Crockta, the ‘Rehabilitation Brothers. After that was Kenzo and the ‘Mountain of Sabres, Forest of Swords’ group, wearing red headbands. In addition, Crockta’s fanclub ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy.’

Finally, the ‘Orc Users Brotherhood’ appeared, like a scene from a movie. The battle became skewed and they eventually won. If Crockta only emphasized the Marxist beliefs, he would’ve been scattered as a handful of ashes in this battle. But he practiced his own faith and the reckless fight resulted in his victory.

Once the edited video that showed Crockta’s struggle was released, his fanclub numbers soared. Now there was no one who didn’t know Crockta’s name. Crockta wasn’t an already dead hero or a media star. He was a living hero who personally proved his path to other people.

They all praised Crockta.

Opinions differed on how the situation would change in the future. The Elder Lord community was hotter than ever. The imperial army retreated and Rommel was captured. When looking back on Crockta’s actions, Rommel had probably received the Concrete method. Without Rommel, the Heaven and Earth Clan couldn’t exert the same power.

The users looked forward to what the empire and Heaven and Earth Clan would do in the future. But the situation went in an unexpected direction.

“Ah, Crockta.”

“It is Tiyo!”

“Kyah, so cute!”

“Can I have a signature?”

“NPCs don’t know about signatures, fool.”

“Crockta looks really scary.”

The users started to flock to Espada. The number of users in the south was reduced after the empire started their military domination, but as Crockta’s popularity peaked, more and more people came to see him.

“It is embarrassing.”

“Because of my popularity...I’m sorry dot. Kahahat.”

Tiyo laughed in a pleased manner. As Crockta’s tracks were followed, the cute gnome Tiyo and beautiful dark elf Anor were noticed. Inside Crockta’s fan club community, ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’, there was a small part set aside for Tiyo and Anor.

Every time they moved, the users’ attention was focused on them.

“I would be several times more popular if my performance was shown. I missed the opportunity because Crockta acted alone dot!”

“Kulkulkul. I’m sorry.”

The residents of Katalu were initially confused as they suddenly received the news that Crockta repelled the imperial army, then they cheered. Tiyo and Anor were a bit upset about him leaving silently, but the result was good and everyone was rejoicing.

The empire showed no reaction yet. Due to this, the people of Katalu weren’t completely satisfied. It was an uneasy peace. Still, the mood of the city was much brighter than before. Tiyo waved his hand towards the female fans.

“Is that guy doing well dot?”

“It is enough that he feels bad.”

“Hrmm. I’m curious dot.”

They were heading to the prison facility in Katalu’s militia barrack. There was a person in custody who had decided to help them.

“Crockta! You’ve come?”

“I am alive. Thank you.”

“It is an honor!”

After finishing the war with the empire, Crockta received the respect of the Katalu militia. He fought directly on the front lines, so the residents’ awe towards Crockta increased by several times.

“He is having lunch. Do you want to see him?”

“Of course.”

Crockta headed to the prison in the basement.

Rommel was there. He was sitting at a table inside the prison and eating lunch. He was imprisoned but it was just a gimmick. He wasn’t even wearing shackles. Officially, he had received the Concrete method in Katalu’s prison. And unofficially...

“You were right.”

Rommel nodded. He tried to negotiate with Crockta by telling him how to end Keynes and Luin.

It was all true. When he said ‘completely’, it wasn’t a bluff. Keynes and Luin were completely finished.

Crockta touched his chin and said skeptically, “I don’t know about those who have been cursed by the stars but...”

First of all, he kept up the pretense. Pretending to be an NPC was getting harder. However, Crockta’s name was so well-known then it would be annoying if he exposed himself. Tiyo and Anor, as well as his teacher Andre, were the only ones who knew he was cursed by the stars.

Crockta continued speaking, “According to Edgar, they have disappeared from the ‘Abyss of Stars.’ He confirmed it with Robina. They also picked up the circumstances you described.”

“It is all true. As your friends from the Rehabilitation Brothers said, they will disappear forever from this world.”

Edgar. The head of the Heaven and Earth branch in Maillard.

He was originally part of the Rehabilitation Brothers and joined Heaven and Earth after breaking up with Robina. A man who decided to accept Crockta as his brother after drinking together in Maillard.

He knew Crockta’s identity and betrayed him, but Crockta didn’t hate him. He ended the connection by killing himself and warned Crockta to watch out for the Heaven and Earth Clan. At that time, he refused to make any excuses to Crockta.

“We have strict rules in the ‘Abyss of Stars.’ They have committed a serious crime.” Rommel explained.

Crockta had heard about the Elder Lord doping from Ji Hayeon.

The Heaven and Earth Clan was doing it.

They put drugs into people, turning them semi-comatose and then connected them to Elder Lord through illegally modified capsules. The victims were injected with nutrients and forced to play Elder Lord.

They were able to maintain a high rate of assimilation due to the effect of the drugs. Because they couldn’t terminate their connection, they worked endlessly in Elder Lord. The Heaven and Earth Clan made them subservient in such a way. Then the clan grew quickly due to the high assimilation rate of the clan members.

Keynes and Luin did this secretly so Rommel hadn’t known about it. However, Rommel had guessed and was convinced about the situation by Edgar not long ago.

This was their weakness, Rommel explained.

“.....”

Crockta heard about their atrocities and evaluated them again. They weren't clever game players. They were real garbage. Rommel misunderstood the strange expression Crockta was making and added.

“You don't have to be disappointed about them being eliminated so easily. The punishment from the 'Abyss of Stars' is more painful than anything you can do to them.”

“I see.”

“They will lose everything.” Rommel said while calmly drinking his tea.

It was like he said. It was the punishment from reality, not Elder Lord. They would be put in prison and have their assets confiscated.

“Putting your old colleagues in hell, you aren't a normal human being.”

“Huhuhu.”

Rommel laughed. When Crockta asked about why Rommel changed his mind, he replied,

‘Just, I don't want to be hurt.’

Rommel wasn't playing Elder Lord due to the money paid to him, unlike the others in the Heaven and Earth Clan. Rommel the 'War Maestro', he enjoyed playing Elder Lord itself. He was in the Heaven and Earth Clan because it guaranteed him the position of commander, not because of anything else. Keynes and Luin weren't worth more than that to him.

“It isn't normal. I heard that a lot. But...” Rommel grinned. “Looking back now, I think I was secretly angered by what they were doing. I am also an ordinary human. They have sinned, so

they should pay the price.”

Maybe this cold looking guy had sobered up when he was hit by Crockta’s punch. The moment that Crockta was going to leave the prison... Rommel called out.

“Crockta.”

“What is it?”

“You have a lot of friends. Warriors, necromancer and several humans...”

“There are a lot.”

“So...”

“So?”

Rommel hesitated for a moment and sighed. Then he opened his mouth again. “Can I also be your friend?”

Crockta’s expression became strange. He didn’t have any good feelings towards Rommel, as Rommel had destroyed Alaste and harassed the south. However, Rommel was an ordinary user who didn’t know this world was another dimension. For him, killing people was just part of the gameplay. He just played as a villain.

Crockta’s mind became complicated. Crockta asked, “Why are you saying this all of a sudden?”

“I just admire you.” Rommel raised his teacup to his mouth again. However, he realized that he already drank all the tea and put down the cup. “I was once an enemy but I would like to continue to know you...”

“Pff. This sounds like a love confession dot.” Tiyo interrupted from where he stood. “It is funny but just nonsense dot. You only cooperated for a short time, yet you want to be friends with Crockta after killing innocent people? Hell no.”

His words were decisive. Rommel nodded. He knew that he was an unforgivable villain from the NPCs’ point of view.

Tiyo added, “If you want to be friends with Crockta, you should show it in your behavior dot.”

“Behavior...”

“People are evaluated by their actions dot. You can never be close friends with Crockta using meaningless words. If you really have a change of heart, you need to prove it.”

Crockta nodded in agreement. Tiyo’s words represented his heart.

“It is like Tiyo said.”

“Look, I can tell Crockta’s heart without needing any words dot! This degree is needed to be his friend.”

Tiyo raised his shoulders. Rommel laughed.

“I see. I understand. See you next time.”

Crockta and Tiyo left the prison. Rommel decided to stay here until the Heaven and Earth Clan were destroyed. It would be a while.

Crockta and Tiyo left the prison. Their work was completed.

This time, it seemed like they could travel leisurely.

There were voices.

‘It was definitely her. She showed up. Death is back.’

‘I’ll find her. i will find and stop her. Do whatever it takes.’

‘It wasn’t an error? Was she alive?’

‘We need to stop her. For the sake of the world.’

‘What does she want?’

‘The destruction of the world.’

‘The destruction of the world.’

‘The destruction of the world.’

‘How do we stop it? I can hardly see her. It is suspicious. Is it really her?’

‘That guy, the orc who conquered the north. It is him. It is obvious.’

‘Is he related?’

‘I understand. Orc! The orcs! She is going to use the orcs. This time, the orcs!’

‘It still isn’t certain. Orcs don’t believe in anyone. We can’t jump to conclusions.’

‘They are orcs. The only thing they believe in is the forgotten god. No one protects them, so she probably reached out.’

‘Really, the orcs?’

‘Orcs.’

‘Orc.’

‘Orc.’

‘Orc.’

‘The orcs.’

‘They are people we can’t manage anyway.’

‘It doesn’t matter even if they disappear.’

‘No one will trust those cheeky brats.’

‘The orcs.’

‘The orcs and Crockta.’

‘Cheeky brats.’

The voices expressed their opinions.

‘No.’

‘Get rid of them, get rid of her.’

‘Protect the world.’

‘Our world.’

‘For the world.’

That day. A divine message was sent down again.

Every god whispered the same thing.

Chapter 176 – What Happened On The Beach

(1)

Ian stretched...

The sea stretched out before him. He was currently on a beach in Gangwon-do, facing the East Sea. Ian had been stuck in his house all day playing Elder Lord, so his body was a bit stiff. He'd gone on a solo trip in order to rejuvenate himself, and he'd picked this place because he missed the sea. Just looking at the blue sea made him feel better. He stretched his body and took in the fresh air. The sunshine was also pleasant.

“You have to tilt your upper body. You shouldn't bow. Don't touch the board.”

On one side of the beach, a surf class was in session. Brightly dressed men and women were repeatedly lying down and standing up on the surfboard. It seemed moderately amusing.

Surfing... Ian should learn it once. He had never learned any sports apart from martial arts. Turning his gaze away, Ian saw surfers splashing in the water. Most of them weren't able to stand properly, but they didn't get tired, and some managed to slip nicely towards the beach.

“I don't like the rashguards.”

Ian turned his head as he unexpectedly heard a voice. A man was standing there. He wore glasses, and his hair was strangely gray. However, he didn't seem old. In fact, he was in his mid-30s.

As he stared into the sun, the man spoke with furrowed brows, “It is annoying. People should go into the sea with bare skin. That is real. But the clothing companies make all these things, and they cover up their body unnecessarily. Youth is just a fleeting moment. Don't you think so?”

The man looked at Ian. It was the first time they'd met.

Ian started laughing. “That’s right.”

This might be the attraction of traveling. He had accidentally met an interesting person.

The man nodded. “Take your clothes off. The sun should see you.”

Then the person in question took off his coat, revealing a body without any obvious fat. He was wearing aloha shorts. He walked forward with clear eyes.

“You.”

“Huh?”

“Do you know how to surf?”

“I don’t know.”

“Indeed, you look like you don’t know how.”

Ian’s eyebrows twitched. He looked like he didn’t know how? What did that mean? Ian had never failed at any exercise. Even when he played with a ball during his childhood, his natural athleticism meant he could easily get the ball past his peers.

It was like Cristiano Ronaldo with a soccer ball, Stephen Curry with a basketball, and Roger Federer with a tennis ball. They were different. Although it was true that Ian didn’t know anything about surfing, it was unacceptable to be seen as a desk-bound person.

The man didn’t sense Ian’s anger as he spoke casually, “Then do you want to learn from me?”

Ian made a questioning sound and laughed. “You can surf?”

“Didn’t I say it? This friend, you should learn how to look at people.” The man draped his jacket around his neck. “Follow me. I’ll teach you one on one. This opportunity isn’t common.”

Ian was interested... in surfing, as well as this person. The man

left the white sand with Ian and headed to the surf store across the road. There was a man with a suntanned body and a reggae hairstyle sitting on a rocking chair. He raised his sunglasses to his head and waved. The eyes behind the sunglasses were unexpectedly innocent.

“Hey, Hyung-nim.”

“You look good.”

“Hah, I was active until dawn...”

“I’m teaching him how to surf, so please give me a few things.”

“I understand. Jinchul! Get me one set of equipment! One set!”

“Yes!”

An answer called out from inside. Then a charming young man appeared. He greeted Ian with blurry eyes as if he had also been awake until dawn.

“Ah, hello. It must be your first time.”

“Yes.”

“Do you want separate clothing or rashguards? If not, there is this suit. Your height is similar to me, so the size should be...”

Ian received a full body suit which appeared to be used for scuba diving. Then when Ian tried to pay for the rental, he was rejected.

“This is fine. Hyung-nim’s guests always receive it for free.”

Ian looked at the man outside the store and the store owner. The man outside was looking at the sea with his hands behind his back.

He asked, “What is that person like?”

“Hyung-nim? I have no idea.” The young man laughed. “He is just close to the boss. Shouldn’t you know?”

“We met for the first time today.”

“Really? How strange. Well, it is like this. You can change

inside.”

Ian put on the equipment, received a big surfboard, and exited the store. Ian’s board was thick and felt like a sponge, while the man’s was nice and waxy.

“This surfing equipment sucks.”

“It isn’t good?”

“That isn’t the main part. Surfing is. It’s cool.”

The man said before looking at Ian. Ian jumped with surprise. The man now had blue makeup on his face which drew across his cheekbones and nose. It was like seeing the battle makeup barbarians wore in movies.

“What is it? Do you want some?” The man handed the tube to Ian. It was sunscreen. Unlike other clear sunscreens, this one had a vivid color. “Just put it on your nose. It is expensive, so I am saving it.”

Surfers seemed to pursue their own beauty, so Ian tried it as well. Thus, they headed towards the sandy white beach.

“We can only surf in this area, so be careful.”

A separate surfing area was designated on the beach. They headed there. In addition to them, there were other people receiving surfing lessons. Most of the people on the surfboards weren’t able to ride the waves properly and hung on like seaweed.

“I am harsh, so you should be prepared.”

Unlike his harsh words, the man was a really shabby teacher. He just said that Ian had to move his arms on the board and get up. Then he demonstrated once or twice before immediately pushing Ian into the sea.

Ian couldn’t even practice and had to try it out on the waves. Of course, that was enough. Ian did well with his natural athleticism.

He waited for the waves before gently getting up at the right time. Then he balanced himself.

Ian was satisfied. He was like Ronaldo with a soccer ball, Curry with a basketball, and Federer with a tennis ball. Now, he took on the board... like Phelps with swimming.

“Well done.”

The man spoke. Ian replied, “You are really good.”

The man was skillfully riding the waves. His hair barely got wet, unlike most of the people who couldn't ride or balance.

“Kyaaak!”

During a moment of waiting, a woman slipped on her surfboard and slid towards Ian. Her board hit Ian's back...

And he was pushed by it.

Ian and the woman tangled together, and the two of them fell below the surface of the water. They struggled for a moment before reaching the surface. The woman with wet hair apologized to Ian, “Wah! I'm sorry. Are you okay? I'm so sorry.”

Ian touched his back. It was fortunate that the woman's board was for beginners. So, this was why they used a sponge-like material. If it were the board, which the man teaching Ian had, that hit him, his flesh would've been torn.

Ian smiled as he touched his back.

“I'm fine. Please be careful.”

“Ah...” The woman was speechless at Ian's gentle reaction. Then she grabbed Ian's arm as he moved away. “Are you sure you're okay? That would've hurt. What can I do?”

“It's okay.”

“I'm really sorry.”

Ian shrugged, saying that it was okay. Then the woman grabbed

her board and said, "Please tell me if you get any problems later on."

"I will."

"If you need a number..."

"No. It's really fine. Have fun surfing."

"Ah, yes. You too."

The woman bowed and pushed her board towards the other side of the beach.

"You didn't notice."

Ian flinched. The man had approached.

"You surprised me," Ian said.

"No. You noticed."

"What are you talking about?"

"Look." The man shouted, "Hey, you over there! Come here! What are you doing just hitting someone?"

The woman turned around in surprise at his shout. She looked at Ian and then at the man. The man beckoned and she returned.

"Girl, you were wrong."

"Huh?"

"You shouldn't hit people with your board. Isn't that right?"

"That's right. I'm sorry..."

"You are a very dangerous girl."

"....."

"So, give me your phone number."

"Huh?"

"I need a phone number to contact you if there are any problems later."

“Ah, yes. Yes. Then my number...”

She gave her number. Then he spoke to Ian, “Tell me your number as well.”

“Why?”

“Do you really not know? Quickly.”

“That...”

“Give your number to the other person so they will know it is you.”

Ian gave his number. The man repeated it a few times for the woman to remember.

“Girl, you do remember it?”

“Yes. I remember.”

“That’s great. Did you come here for a few days to play? Is it a vacation?”

“Yes, I leave the day after tomorrow.”

“This boy as well.”

The man winked. The woman laughed.

“Then I’ll be going. Have fun.”

“Yes, I’m sorry. Have fun.”

The woman smiled and pushed away on her board. The woman’s group were watching her anxiously, and she waved.

Ian laughed and asked, “What are you doing now?”

“This is youth. Eat a lot, pray a lot, and love a lot.”

“But my situation...”

“You don’t have a girlfriend?”

“.....”

“Then it’s okay.” He tapped Ian’s shoulders. “Let’s get out. I did a

lot. I'm thirsty. I'll buy you a beer."

The man spoke informally to Ian, but Ian didn't feel any anger towards this unknown man.

"Understood."

Ian smiled and followed him.

They put their equipment away and found a homemade beer store not far from the beach. There were surfboards and equipment displayed inside the beer store. Surfing was famous at this beach, so it had a lot of influence.

The man ordered beer and fries for himself.

The screen in the store was showing Elder Lord.

"There was an uproar."

The man leaned back in his chair and pointed to the screen. The headline was 'Shocking Heaven and Earth Clan.' It was a coverage about the Heaven and Earth Clan's crime.

"It is a scary world. Drugs to put people into a game world."

"Yes. Their actions have eventually come back to them."

Ian told the Rehabilitation Brothers the information he received from Rommel. Then Edgar's former lover, Robina, reported it to the police, and the prosecution started working with the Rehabilitation Brothers.

The 'sleeping room' was formerly a workshop. There, they were able to find countless people who had disappeared, and Edgar was also rescued. They had started voluntarily for money. However, they testified that they hadn't been able to quit even if they wanted to as they were subjected to intimidation.

'Keynes' Choi Sunggil, who planned all of this, and his right-hand man, 'Luin' Kim Hyunchul, were arrested. Public opinion

turned against them. The Heaven and Earth Clan turned from South Korea's pride to their disgrace. The overseas community was also shocked at this situation, and it was a rude awakening for some people.

“What happened to Rommel?”

“I don't think it will be hard to check if he participated or not.”

“He was the commander? Right?”

“That's correct. The War Maestro.”

“How was it? Is he like the rumors say?”

“He was definitely great...”

Ian stopped talking. He looked at the man. The man smiled at him quietly. He looked to be in his mid-30s, and the glasses gave him an intelligent air. The man's black eyes seemed to pierce through Ian.

“What did you say?”

The man chuckled.

Ian leaned back in his chair. His mind felt like a mess as he opened his mouth, “You...”

“It has arrived. Please enjoy.”

At that moment, the employee served the beer, and the conversation between Ian and the man was suddenly halted. The employee put a beer down in front of both of them. There were cold water droplets on the surface of the bottle, and Ian touched it with his fingers.

Then the employee went away. Ian sipped the beer. It was cool, and he felt his mind calm down.

The man also drank his beer. Then he asked Ian, “How was Rommel, Crockta?”

Chapter 177 – What Happened On The Beach

(2)

This man... Who was he? A chill ran down Ian's neck. However, while looking at the man's carefree face, Ian decided to drink beer instead of pursuing it.

Ian said, "He was a great commander."

The man nodded.

"Yes, he is a decent friend. He would've been the best if it wasn't for you."

"I'm not sure. He and I are different. To say who is better..."

"You're the best."

The man laughed. There was a cheering sound from the next table. Tanned men and women gathered while enjoying the music.

"Isn't the atmosphere good?"

"That's right."

The man picked up some fries and put them in his mouth. "Anyway, you are the best."

Ian looked around. It didn't feel like a suspicious situation. He drank the beer and pretended to be unconcerned.

"That reminds me, how much is a surfboard? If it is fun, I should buy one." Ian threw out some meaningless words while thinking of a few possibilities in his mind.

First of all, the man might be related to the Heaven and Earth. He might've appeared for Keynes' revenge. However, that didn't fit. No one knew Ian would come here. Additionally, this guy seemed to have already been here for a long time.

Maybe he was an acquaintance of Ji Hayeon? The game publisher might've finally figured out Crockta's identity through the Elder

Lord system and informed him.

The man stared at Ian.

“How clever. But I don’t like this. Just ask, who am I?”

“.....”

“Not doing what the opponent expects. Did you learn that in the Middle East?”

Ian knocked at the table with his fingertips. The feeling of being caught was always unpleasant. Ian detected danger, so he tried to break the rhythm of the opponent. To do so, he always ignored what the enemy expected.

If they expected an attack, stay in place. If they expected a defense, strike forward. He didn’t want to give a reaction that the opponent expected.

“How did you know?” However, this time, there wasn’t enough information. So, Ian just asked him. “Who are you?”

“Look, this is how easy it is.”

The man smiled and drank his beer. The two people had a light toast and looked at each other while drinking their beer.

“Eat the snack as well. Otherwise, I am the only one eating.” He ordered more beer and ate the fries again. “Your presence was truly unexpected. I never expected it.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’m talking about Elder Lord. I didn’t expect a person like you.”

At that moment, Ian realized who this person was. Ian’s quiet eyes stared at the man, who looked different from the photo. The man was tanned, and his hair and eyebrows were strangely white. He had muscles, unlike his skinny appearance back then. The changes were so diverse that he never imagined it would be the face from that photo.

“Yoo Jaehan?”

“Correct.”

The man closed his eyes and smiled. It was the man who made Elder Lord, the man who developed the core system, Albino.

Ian's face stiffened. Ian had wanted to meet this man, but he couldn't figure out what to say now. Did Yoo Jaehan know about the gray god or that Elder Lord was another world? It felt like his soul was rising from his body, and he was losing his sense of reality. Maybe everything he went through was just a dream, and Elder Lord was actually just a game.

“You already know. Have you been searching for me all over the place?” Yoo Jaehan asked.

“Maybe I should've checked here.”

“Yes, I suppose.” Then Yoo Jaehan suddenly said, “That woman likes you a lot.”

Multiple faces entered Ian's eyes, then they were erased. However, Yoo Jaehan noticed his expression and laughed.

“Who are you thinking of? Are there many people like that around you?”

“No.”

“There was also that girl earlier. How sinful.”

The new beer was a little different. Yoo Jaehan nodded as he drank.

“For Crockta.”

The two clinked their cups together. As Ian placed his cup to his mouth and sipped, Yoo Jaehan suddenly asked, “I heard you met Albino?”

Ian's throat spasmed when he heard that, but he managed to calm down.

“Drink slowly. Don’t choke.”

“Cough, cough. Albino...”

“The white woman, the gray god...”

Yoo Jaehan already knew about the gray god. Ian put the beer down and calmed himself. This was the man who made Elder Lord. It was obvious that he was related to the matter.

Yoo Jaehan was a physicist. Did he link the two worlds by joining forces with the gray god and using an unknown theory? If so, why did he make Elder Lord? What was the real purpose of the gray god?

Ian said, “I met her. I also heard that Elder Lord is another world.”

Yoo Jaehan nodded. “I guess so.”

“What is Elder Lord? Why did you make it, and what is the gray god’s purpose?”

“If I tell you one thing,...”

“You should tell me.”

“I see...”

Yoo Jaehan looked upwards. He seemed to be thinking of something.

“Your name is Jung Ian?”

“Yes.”

“Have you ever looked up at the night sky?” He reached out. “It is dark in Korea, but there are numerous stars in the sky. Have you ever looked up at the sky from the desert?”

“I have.”

“How was it?”

“Beautiful.”

“It wasn’t scary?” He smiled faintly at Ian. “Isn’t it scary to imagine the vast universe that stretches between the stars and us?”

“I haven’t thought of that so far.”

“All of them will cool down in the end.” Yoo Jaehan seemed to be touching on the idea of the abyss, which had been conveyed by the gray god and the demon belt. “Entropy can’t be reversed. Forever.”

This also went along with Gordon’s story.

“The sun, the stars, and the many galaxies in the universe will eventually cool down.”

“What does that have to do with Elder Lord?”

“Albino was thinking about this before me. So, she found me and told me there was a way out. Then I helped her make Elder Lord.”

“Maybe it was a good choice,” he added on, muttering.

Ian looked at Yoo Jaehan and realized this genius was different from ordinary people. “Did you create it in order to prevent the destruction of the universe?”

“Something like that.”

Yoo Jaehan was afraid of a future that wouldn’t happen in this life but in later generations. The idea overflowed in his head, and he couldn’t think of anything else.

“How can she prevent the destruction?”

“I don’t know.”

“You just believed her and created Elder Lord?”

“She is a god. I could only believe it after meeting her. She used incomprehensible powers. But it is bigger than I thought.”

“People think it is just a game and are killing others. Don’t you feel guilty?”

Yoo Jaehan looked at Ian with calm eyes. They seemed emotionless.

“They are people who will die anyway.”

“That doesn’t mean they need to be killed.”

“Everyone dies. They will live for less than 100 years. So, why does it matter?”

“.....”

“It is up to here. I’ve told you enough.”

“Can you stop Elder Lord...?”

“No.”

“What was Albino’s purpose?”

“Didn’t I tell you? It is up to here. The rest you can figure out yourself.”

Yoo Jaehan’s expression was firm. Ian struggled with two options: leave now; or try to make him say more. Maybe Ian could even use some force.

“I understand.” The latter was the more interesting choice, but he was no longer Raven. There were many questions he wanted to ask, but he decided to just nod. “Well, I suppose it doesn’t matter. I am thinking about doing it in moderation now.”

“Are you thinking about stopping Elder Lord?”

“I think I will soon.”

Ian recalled when he had been Crockta and received a 100% assimilation rate.

In that moment, he really had been Crockta, and his mindset had been that of an orc warrior. He had no fear. For him, even dying was an honor. He’d been willing to stand alone on the battlefield despite the risk of death. At the time, he didn’t worry about his surroundings. The most important thing was the battlefield.

However, that wasn’t the case. Yiyu was still young, and he was her guardian. Cafe Reason was also his responsibility. He couldn’t

consider only himself when it came to his death.

When he disconnected and returned to being Ian, he regretted the thoughts and actions he had made when being Crockta. If he continued with Elder Lord, that would keep happening in the future. He needed to refrain from that, for Yiyu's sake. In the end, the empire had been blocked. There was no need to get entangled with dangerous beings or the gray god.

"I hope it can be like that."

"By the way, you're here. But Elder Saga Corporation has been looking for you."

"They are bad at their jobs. Albino has also been helping."

"Have you been here the whole time?"

"Yes. I just came to empty my head, but it was fun. The sea and the people."

Ji Hayeon, the heir of the Myeongsong Group, was sure that Yoo Jaehan wasn't in Korea. However, he was at a beach resort in Gangwon-do, and his body looked better than before.

Ian started laughing. "How did you know I would be here?"

"It's a coincidence. I was also surprised."

"Do scientists believe in coincidence?"

"You never know. The more I dig, the more amazing the world is. I believe in coincidences."

It was difficult to believe. However, Yoo Jaehan seemed to have stayed here for a while. The people from the surf store knew him well. It was a purely impromptu idea that Ian had decided to go here, so it was a coincidence they met. Ian decided to be convinced.

Yoo Jaehan rose from his seat.

"Let's go."

"Where to..."

“This is a vacation. Go out and enjoy it.”

They left the store. It was summer, so the days were long. There was still a dim light coming from the sky.

“Call that girl.”

“Girl?”

“The girl who hit you during the day.”

“I don’t want to. I don’t even remember her number.”

“I do.” Yoo Jaehan grabbed his phone. Ian stopped smiling as Yoo Jaehan entered the number and hit the call button.

“What are you doing?”

“A follow-up.”

“It is okay. By the way, do you really remember it?”

At the time, the woman had only said her number once. On the contrary, Ian had repeated his number several times.

“I have a high IQ. I remember everything.”

“Good for you.”

“It is. A man shouldn’t be shy. Otherwise, how will you be popular?”

“That isn’t the problem...”

Suddenly, Ian’s phone rang. It was a familiar number.

Yoo Jaehan laughed. “Women are more active in this world.”

Yoo Jaehan lay on the hammock and stared at the sea as he waited for Ian to return to his accommodations. The lights from ships shone on the horizon as the sea breeze blew.

Yoo Jaehan shook his body on the hammock and felt the rhythm. He closed his eyes and whispered, “Did you send him?”

There was no answer. Yoo Jaehan asked again, “Albino, did you send him?”

“It’s a coincidence.”

He opened his eyes. There was a fuzzy shape by his side.

“He decided to come by himself.”

“You helped him make that decision. Using your power, you can project any image into his imagination. No?”

“.....”

“I haven’t seen you in a while.”

The white, fuzzy shape revolved around him and said, “It will be soon.”

“So soon?”

“It will be soon thanks to Ian.”

“He doesn’t know anything, but he is helping you.”

“It is an inevitable flow.”

Yoo Jaehan got up from the hammock and stared up at the sky. There weren’t many stars at the beach. Still, he could imagine the vast landscape beyond it.

“Keep your promise.” He demanded.

“I think you are insane.”

“I am a genius.”

Ian appeared in the distance. Yoo Jaehan waved towards the distant Ian, and the blurry cloud hid behind Yoo Jaehan. Her image disappeared within a short time.

He could feel her disappearing and muttered, “Geniuses are never sane.”

Then Yoo Jaehan’s eyes narrowed. Ian neared him, but Ian wasn’t coming alone. A woman was with him.

“Is this youth?”

Chapter 178 – What Happened On The Beach

(3)

The woman Ian brought was of a similar age to Yoo Jaehan. Yoo Jaehan subtly looked her up and down. He felt like something was wrong.

“This is it.”

“Is it this person?” She asked.

Yoo Jaehan looked at Ian and laughed, “What is this?”

“What about it? Eat a lot, pray a lot, and love a lot.” Ian laughed. “I found someone for Doctor-nim.”

“No, why didn’t you ask me?”

“I didn’t intend for it originally.”

Ian grinned and spoke to the woman, “Noona, he is handsome, intelligent, and a good surfer.”

“I can’t see that...”

“His mind is very good. He is a Mensa member.”

“Oh, my god. Really? His mind does seem nice.”

Yoo Jaehan instantly shook his head, “Mensa is just a mega society. It is a group that anyone can enter.”

“Mensa?”

“Hahaha. How about it? He is clever.” Ian laughed.

She replied, “I came here, but I still don’t believe it. Will you take responsibility?”

“Why are you already like this? Talk together for a little bit more. However, I will take responsibility. This person is gentle inside and out. He is a genius who remembers everything. Isn’t he great?”

Ian moved her to sit beside Yoo Jaehan. The woman shrugged like she was still unsure if she was interested, but she started talking to Yoo Jaehan.

She was the guest staying in the room next door to Ian at the hotel. They had encountered each other outside their rooms and started chatting. As she was a similar age to Yoo Jaehan and bored being by herself, he said he would introduce her to a nice man. The woman followed because deep down she was interested in Ian, but a genius had his own charm.

“Have fun.”

Ian slipped away. The wall broke down slowly, and Yoo Jaehan and the woman laughed as they exchanged a few words.

Ian grinned. He had wondered about what type of person the genius Yoo Jaehan was, but he seemed more free and easy than Ian had thought. Ian had thought about letting Ji Hayeon know, but it was better to hide his available resources.

“What should I do?”

Ian walked alone on the beach at night. It was night, so the atmosphere was cool. Exotic bars were lit up along every street, and the food trucks parked in the streets sold a variety of food. Ian bought an American-style chili hot dog. He also received a cup of beer. It was delicious. The beer was a domestic brand, but it wasn't bad.

He walked around the beach with food in his hands and sometimes saw youths who had bought firecrackers. Here and there, people were laughing. There were young people busking, playing musical instruments, singing and dancing.

Somehow, it all seemed distant. It felt like a type of world which he couldn't join. Ian was a similar age to them, but he was more accustomed to pointing a muzzle at an enemy's head than playing music or having other talents.

“You should enjoy life...” Ian’s boss had said this when Ian was discharged. How had Ian looked at that time?

However, now he enjoyed it enough. Was there anything as joyful as being Crockta?

“.....!”

At that moment, Ian recoiled. A face he had seen many times belonged to a person sitting at a BBQ party on the beach. This was a face that shouldn’t be here. It was a person with green skin, rough eyes, a heinous face, and a red headband.

“C-Crockta...?”

The person was Crockta. Ian froze in confusion, but when he looked closely, he saw that Crockta wasn’t the only one. There were various faces next to him, such as the popular pokemon, Pikachu. They were masks to be pulled down over the head.

People laughed as they moved. Ian couldn’t help laughing. When did these products come out?

“I should be paid royalties.” He muttered as he kept staring.

The people were laughing as meat cooked on the open air barbecue grill. Then suddenly, someone waved at Ian. The face was familiar. It was the woman who hit Ian during the day. He couldn’t ignore her due to her intense gaze.

“What are you doing alone?”

“Nothing. Well...” He looked down at the hot dog and beer in his hands. “I am walking alone.”

“Ah, so you came to the beach. It must be lonely. Is your body okay?”

“It’s okay.”

Her face was already red from the alcohol.

The people sitting with her wondered who he was. When she told

them that Ian was the person she hit during the day, they welcomed him with strange eyes. It seemed like they had already talked about Ian.

On the other hand, the men were looking at Ian with appraising eyes. The man wearing the Crockta mask took it off. He was a young man.

He asked, "Do you know this person?"

"Kind of."

"I'm sorry, but only our guests are able to attend. The amount is fixed."

It seemed to be a BBQ party for people staying at a guesthouse. Ian had no intention of attending, so he shook his head.

"He was injured because of me, so can't it be allowed just this once? It is okay for one person."

"Please, Oppa!"

"I was really looking forward to seeing him!"

The young man was troubled because he couldn't ignore a bunch of girls.

"I understand. Please have a drink."

As the young man working at the guesthouse soon realized the atmosphere, he quickly handed Ian a drink. Ian tried to refuse. However, the idea of enjoying life suddenly flashed through his mind again. Sometimes, it wasn't so bad to participate in things like this.

Ian received a cup.

The people were from all over the country. The young man wearing the mask had come because the boss had asked for his help. Meanwhile, the rest were office workers, university students, and young men just about to go to military service.

Ian asked, "Where did you get that mask?"

"I bought it on the Internet. Do you know about Crockta?"

"I know."

"I'm a fan."

Everybody was drunk, and their intentions could be seen in their eyes. There were people hitting on those they liked. The guesthouse employee was interested in the woman called Jieun, and Jieun was interested in Ian.

Ian smiled wryly as he was sandwiched between the two of them.

"I think I should go now."

"Where?"

"I'm tired, so I'm going to sleep."

"Are you going to sleep already?" As Ian left, the man felt sorry as well as glad, so he didn't try to stop it. "It can't be helped if you are tired."

Ian said thanks and rose from his seat after finishing his drink. Anyway, everyone was so drunk that they wouldn't remember him.

He walked around for a while after leaving the beach. In fact, he wanted to be left alone. This time alone was needed. Ian looked at the distant lights in the sea and thought about Elder Lord and Yoo Jaehan.

He asked himself why these things happened. It was almost like someone had given Ian a mission. Strange things would keep happening to him in the world of Elder Lord.

Yoo Jaehan... Ian went on a trip, met Yoo Jaehan, and heard about Elder Lord. Elder Lord seemed to be born from some strange idea about reversing entropy, and the grey god seemed to be yearning for it.

He felt the sea breeze one more time before deciding to return to his hotel.

“.....”

Ian witnessed a suspicious sight. The guesthouse members at the BBQ party were either still partying or had returned separately to sleep. However, the man who wore the Crockta mask was supporting the woman called Jieun and heading somewhere else.

She seemed drunk and dazed, while the man was leading her somewhere. It was in the direction where the bright lights of a motel flashed.

“Ah, really.”

Ian bit his lips. Where were her friends? He didn't know, but they seemed swept up by the atmosphere and didn't pay attention to her. The man's hand was busy moving in the direction of her waist.

Ian went up to them. “Excuse me.”

The man looked angrily at Ian. Jieun hadn't recovered yet and was leaning weakly against the man. She occasionally muttered nonsense.

Ian spoke softly, “Just take her back to the guesthouse.”

The man looked around for a moment and saw it was just them. Then the man's face distorted as he replied angrily, “What is it? Are you her boyfriend?”

He had dropped all honorifics. Ian smiled bitterly.

“You shouldn't take advantage of a drunk person. It is fine if you listen to my proposal.”

“Don't interfere in my business. Why are you meddling?”

The man placed Jieun on the ground and approached Ian. He had

a good physical appearance, and he was tall, so he looked down at Ian.

“Why did you have to meddle in my business?”

Ian thought about it. The man’s words... Ian wasn’t a good person to meddle in other people’s business. When he looked back at his past, he would shrug rather than meddle with other people’s problems.

However, he couldn’t just walk on by now.

“So, listen well.”

“What?”

“Maybe if you hadn’t used that mask...” Ian muttered. “Crockta is exactly why I...”

Ian stretched out his hand at a speed was so fast that the man couldn’t respond. The man’s balance was disturbed...

Kung.

And he fell on his back.

“Ack!”

Ian shook his hand.

“You can’t pass.”

The man held his back and rolled around on the ground. Ian had done it gently, but the man seemed to be shocked. Ian ignored him and went to the woman called Jieun.

“Are you okay? Can you stand?”

She was sitting down and dozing off. Ian sighed inwardly. He had to call the police or find one of her friends.

“You bastard...” In the meantime, the man stood up and ran forward with a red face.

Ian said, “Just lie down.”

“I’m going to kill you!”

He rushed towards Ian. It was a posture which showed he had some training. Powerful punching and kicking followed. If the opponent were an ordinary person, he wouldn’t be able to resist the attack of this trained person.

However, the opponent was Ian. The man collapsed after being hit in the solar plexus, and Ian kicked his side. The man couldn’t breathe and curled up. Ian kicked the man’s belly one more time.

“Don’t ever wear Crockta’s mask again, or I will kill you.”

Ian looked down at the man as he warned. Suddenly, he saw the woman’s friends in the distance. They were looking for her.

Ian waved his hand.

“Boss-nim.”

“Huh?”

“Did you enjoy your trip?” Han Yeori asked as she watched Ian.

“I did.”

“Really?” She narrowed her eyes. “You haven’t let go of your phone since you returned.”

Ian hesitated. Then he started typing on his phone again.

“It’s not like that.”

“Hrmm...”

Han Yeori stared at Ian from where she was wiping the tables. Ian hurried to finish the message and pressed the send button.

Since traveling to Gangwon-do, the number of people in his messenger had increased by two. There was the woman called Jieun, whom Ian had rescued. To be exact, she was Han Jieun. Why was he in contact with her? She seemed to have a crush on Ian after he rescued her from the dangerous situation.

A new message appeared.

[It is quiet. Aren't you playing Elder Lord today?]

Yoo Jaehan...

The other new person was Yoo Jaehan. The genius scientist and creator of Elder Lord whom the Myeongsong Group was chasing. Yoo Jaehan had become close friends with Ian. Ian couldn't help smiling as he remembered Yoo Jaehan's unique tone.

[You should watch the broadcast.]

[I'm looking forward to it.]

More messages were exchanged. Ian rested for a while, and now he was returning to Elder Lord to meet Tiyo and Anor.

Han Yeori frowned as she saw Ian smiling at his phone. "Annoying."

".....?"

Ian's eyes widened at the irritation which he rarely saw from Han Yeori.

Han Yeori shrugged. "What? Don't bother me for the rest of the day."

Then she went to wipe the other tables. Ian scratched his head as he gazed at her.

Chapter 179 – Hedor's Legacy (1)

“Something is wrong.”

“Yes, we can't stay still.”

“Gather the magicians. What about you?”

“My job has ended.”

“Let us begin as soon as possible. Time is running out.”

“Right.”

Katalu had changed during Crockta's absence. The preparations for war had disappeared, and it seemed to revive into a lively city.

Crockta walked through the bustling market with Tiyo, then he found a store and slowed down. It was a vegetable store. Old memories suddenly popped into his head. At one time, he had sold vegetables. He had helped Stella sell vegetables in Anail.

“That man, he is fairly good.”

“He can sell a fireplace to people in the desert dot.”

The vegetable seller was brilliant at dealing with customers. He stopped the guests, formed an affinity with them, and sold them a handful of vegetables. As Crockta and Tiyo were admiring his skills, there was a sudden commotion.

“Look, I don't eat vegetables.” A man stood in front of the vegetable store, playing with the vegetables while laughing. “We aren't herbivores. Do you think eating vegetables can make you strong?”

The man raised his arms and showed off his biceps. The muscles of his right arm bulged out.

“You can become strong like me by eating meat.”

The demonstration of his body stopped the crowd. The burly

man shrugged and laughed at the vegetable seller. “Look, Mister Vegetable Seller, are you going to collapse right now? You are as skinny as a dried anchovy. Eating vegetables have weakened you.”

“Meat is good, but you need to eat a balanced meal for nutrition...”

“Balanced, balanced! I am tired of hearing this! I grew up hearing that I would be taller if I eat bean sprouts and stronger if I eat spinach! But then I was incredibly weak! Everything is a lie!”

As he screamed, a few customers turned away from the vegetable store. The vegetable seller’s expression turned grouchy.

“You should talk about this somewhere else...”

“Eat meat! Chicken breast! Pork sirloin! Pork tenderloin! Pork forelock! Beef if you are rich! That is how our muscles develop!”

He took off his top and posed again. The man had good muscles.

“That... Amazing.”

“Oh my, oh my, look.”

The men in the market were amazed by the muscles, while the women covered their eyes and peeked through their fingers.

The man smiled and shouted, “If you want to be like me, come to Arnold’s Butchery!”

“.....!”

It was an explicit publicity stunt! Crockta realized something. This person was almost certainly employed by Arnold’s Butchery. The man deceived people with his good muscles. Why else would he discuss here while showing off his chest, triceps, and biceps!

The customers at the vegetable store turned away one by one. Then they asked the man, “Where is Arnold’s Butchery?”

“Hahat! Arnold’s butcher store can be found on the right side if you turn left at that corner! There is a discount for the pork

tenderloin today!”

The atmosphere was already in his favor. People decided that today’s dinner menu was going to be meat. The vegetable seller’s head drooped down.

“It is sophistry... Without vegetables... people can’t live...!” However, his voice didn’t reach the people.

Crockta looked at him and closed his eyes. Obviously, meat and proteins were important. However, the value of vegetables couldn’t be discounted. Proteins were important, but the vitamins, antioxidants, and anti-cancer compounds as well as various minerals and phytochemicals were essential for the body’s health.

Crockta opened his eyes and stepped forward.

“.....!”

The people were surprised at the sudden emergence of an orc warrior. The muscular man posing flinched as well. Who didn’t know of Crockta, the true hero who saved Katalu?!

Crockta looked at the muscular man with sunken eyes. The man winced and hopelessly maintained his pose. The muscular man looked like a dwarf once Crockta stood next to him.

He awkwardly smiled at Crockta. “Hahaha, it is Crockta. Your body is also good. Crockta eats a lot of meat right? Hahat! Take a look at these muscles! You must eat three chicken breasts every meal! Kelkelkel! Crockta as well!”

Crockta didn’t answer. A person’s beliefs weren’t shown through words but actions.

Crockta spoke to the vegetable seller, “Hey.”

The vegetable seller stuttered with confusion, “Y-Yes?”

“The spinach, how much is it?” Crockta grinned. “I would like to buy some.”

“.....!”

Spinach...! It was rated as one of the top 10 superfoods in the world. He might have a rough green body, but he was devoted to eating spinach since it had various beneficial properties. Crockta declared that he would buy it all. The marketplace became noisy.

Then Crockta said, “Hey, inflatable muscles.”

“.....!”

The man’s face turned blue. ‘Inflatable muscles’ was an unbearable insult to him.

“Look.”

Crockta gave strength to his arm...

And it swelled greatly.

“This is the ultimate compression muscle.”

Cries of admiration emerged from the crowd. If the compressed muscles were so big, what were the decompressed muscles like? The man wanted to protest that Crockta’s muscles were inflated, but the atmosphere was also on Crockta’s side.

No, Crockta’s compressed muscles were bigger than the man’s.

Crockta stated, “Meat is definitely important. However, you aren’t a real muscle man if you don’t know the value of vegetables.”

“T-That...!”

“Tell me, what did you eat this morning?”

“That...”

The man didn’t answer. Crockta demanded harshly, “Tell me!”

“.....!”

“Your body doesn’t lie! What did you eat this morning?”

The man gulped at Crockta’s push. Crockta stared at him. Confronted with the gazes of Crockta and the crowd staring at

him, the silent man was forced to open his mouth.

He gritted his teeth and replied, “Of course, it is chicken breast...”

“And?”

“.....”

Crockta looked down at him and asked, “What else did you eat?”

The man lowered his head. Then he spoke in a small voice, “Boiled sweet potato...”

“.....!”

The people were shocked, but Crockta didn’t stop there.

“And?”

“Kuock...”

“What else did you eat?”

“Cabbage salad with tomatoes and blackberries...”

Sweet potatoes, cabbages, tomatoes, and blackberries! He didn’t hate vegetables!

As a man who loved physical beauty, he knew the importance of a balanced diet. He used his body to be hired by Arnold’s Butchery, deceiving people for publicity and preaching false beliefs. However, before Crockta’s questioning and doubts, he had to tell the truth.

“That’s right. Say it again. Do vegetables not matter?”

“Vegetables...”

Crockta urged him on, “Aren’t they really important?”

The man decided to admit defeat. He couldn’t fool himself any longer.

“They are important...!”

He finally revealed his heart. Vegetables... They were important.

The man's head drooped down. It was a declaration of defeat.

Clap. Clap. Clap.

The people watching the spectacle started to clap and chant Crockta's name. Crockta had preserved the honor of vegetables.

"Kuock..."

The man looked down with shame. He was embarrassed about deceiving himself for money. Since this happened, he wouldn't be paid by Arnold anymore. The man had become someone who didn't have money nor honor. He fell into shame.

Suddenly, a thick hand grabbed his shoulder. It was Crockta.

Crockta spoke with a merciful face, "Hey."

"....."

"It was a joke. You have very nice muscles."

".....!"

The man looked at Crockta with quivering eyes. Crockta's expression was warm as he genuinely admired the man's body.

"I previously called you inflatable muscles..."

"I said I didn't need vegetables."

Crockta showed off his tough biceps and said, "Next time, let's lift weights together."

The man received Crockta's recognition...! Crockta recognized the time and effort he'd put into building his muscles. The man was filled with great emotions, and he touched his nose, shrugging in a show of bravado.

"My training is harsh. It is hell training."

"Right. That is natural."

"....."

"You must've overcome hard times."

The man was overwhelmed. They weren't just comforting words because Crockta truly understood. Crockta reached out his hand, and the man responded. The two men embraced. The two muscular men forgave each other's mistakes.

Then people flocked to the vegetable store. The vegetable store was recognized by Crockta!

Having a healthy body which could live a long time was people's dream. The people who saw such a future bought the vegetables from this store. Like this, the vegetable store became well-known because of Crockta.

The muscle man restored his courage and spoke to Tiyo, who was standing quietly beside Crockta.

"Tiyo as well. You should buy some vegetables. How can you accompany Crockta with a body like that? Kelkelkel!"

"Kulkulkul, kulkulkul!"

Crockta laughed together with the man.

Tiyo frowned.

"What did you say dot!"

"You should gain some muscles. Kelkelkel!"

"That's right. Kulkulkulkul!"

"Kelkelkelkel!"

The two muscular men laughed at Tiyo, while Tiyo's eyebrows twitched. His gnome's pride couldn't allow this. Tiyo jumped forward.

"Achu!"

He spun like a spinning top and kicked. They were lightning fast strikes aimed at Crockta's and the man's jaws. Crockta barely escaped, but the man failed and was hit in the jaw. It was only a light hit, but the man swayed and sat down. The man couldn't

easily recover from the damage and sat for a while.

“Uhhh...”

“Look, inflatable muscles dot! This is the truly ultimate compression muscle dot!”

Tiyo took off his top...

And his upper body was revealed. His body contained tight muscles, with no signs of fat anywhere. It was reminiscent of Bruce Lee. While wearing clothes, he looked like a child, but once they were thrown off, dense and compact muscles were revealed. It was a perfect and slim figure that wasn't lacking in anything.

“This...!”

“Beautiful...!”

People admired him. The vegetable seller also clapped.

“Watching Tiyo, I am reminded of a gnome that I knew before.”

“What dot? There was another wonderful gnome dot?”

“That's right. The gnome loved eating spinach when he stayed in Katalu. His body was as dazzling as Tiyo's.” The vegetable seller's gaze became distant. “His name was Hedor! A cool gnome.”

“.....!”

“...Hedor!”

Crockta and Tiyo's eyes widened.

Hedor. It was Tiyo's father, whom they were looking for. They got a clue about Hedor at the vegetable store.

Crockta's popularity meant there were fans and followers tracking his every move. The movements were often ordinary, but Crockta didn't avoid or tell them off. This was the reason why...

“You came because you want a nice body...”

“Yes.”

Baek Hanho was troubled as the number of people joining his gym increased. More members was a good thing. However, most of them said strange things during the first consultation.

Baek Hanho looked at the form submitted by the applicants and sighed.

“Yes, I would like the same ultimate muscles as Tiyo.”

“That’s right!”

“There is someone who wants muscles like Crockta?”

“Yes. I want to become stronger like Crockta!”

The three men sitting side by side looked at Baek Hanho with firm eyes. The remaining silent person suddenly said, “I want to be like the butcher shop meat man. I don’t have unrealistic goals like them.”

The man who interfered with the vegetable seller’s business was known on the Internet as the butcher shop meat man. His meat praising character was surprisingly popular, and there were those who started exercising with the goal of being like him.

The new muscular craze...

Crockta’s popularity led to trends in reality.

“.....”

Baek Hanho hit his forehead with his pen. He thought for a moment before opening his mouth.

“Hrmm... What about a body like Andre’s?”

“Andre?”

They shook their heads in unison.

“Aish. What is Andre?”

“He is too strange.”

“Crockta is the trend. Andre, yuck.”

Baek Hanho nodded. “Right. Today, let’s start straight away. Change your clothes.”

“Huh? We were going to start tomorrow...”

“I have an appointment...”

“Shut up. He who lives for tomorrow won’t be able to defeat his enemies today! Take it off right now!” Baek Hanho’s eyes blazed passionately. “I’ll make those bodies... through hell training.”

Chapter 180 – Hedor's Legacy (2)

Thanks to Crockta, the vegetable seller finished early and invited them inside the store. They were seated to have a meal. The vegetable seller told them to wait and left for a while. Then he soon returned carrying a large pot.

It was vegetable stew. The flavor of the broth was abundant. There was some meat included, but it was mainly made of vegetables. Crockta and Tiyo originally enjoyed meat, but their spoons moved quickly due to the delicious taste of the vegetables.

“...By the way, why is he sitting here?”

“Hum hum, you shouldn't hold grudges.”

“A man who interferes in business is shameless dot.”

“It is a thing of the past. Kelkelkel!”

The man who promoted the Arnold's Butchery was also with them.

The vegetable seller just laughed at their argument and replied, “Vegetables are from the ground, from Mother Nature. A mother doesn't discriminate against her children.”

“.....!”

His warm words caused the gaze in Crockta's and Tiyo's eyes to grow colder. The muscular man had actually tried to harass such a good person. The macho man scratched his head and avoided their gazes. The vegetable seller didn't care and gave him plenty of vegetable soup.

“At any rate, I am surprised that Tiyo is Hedor's son. This is a fated relationship.”

“When did you see my father dot?”

“It was a year ago.”

“It has been a long time dot...”

“Hedor was looking for something.”

“That’s right dot...”

Tiyo nodded. Hedor had an explorer’s temperament and always sought new things. It wasn’t strange that he was pursuing interesting things. However, from Quantas to the north, the north to the south, and then somewhere else, what was keeping him so busy?

“What was it dot?”

“I don’t know the details, but it seemed to be a relic of the gods.”

“The gods.”

When talking about the gods, things like the gray god and the world tree popped into Crockta’s mind. They were powerful existences with divine power. Crockta had first met the gray god in the Temple of the Fallen Gods. It could be inferred that it was possible to meet a god in a place associated with them. Then was Hedor looking for some ruins to meet the gods?

“He came periodically to buy vegetables. He was good at self-management.”

“He came periodically dot? It means he stayed here for a while.”

“That’s right. He stayed for a few months.”

“Where did he go dot?”

“Maybe the temple.”

“Temple? Katalu has a temple dot?”

“Yes. It is more like a memorial than a temple, but...”

The muscular man spoke from the side, “That’s correct. It is a temple but not a temple.”

“A temple but not a temple dot?”

“Yes, it’s a memorial place...”

The muscular man and the vegetable seller were natives of Katalu, so they both knew the place. Crockta and Tiyo exchanged glances and nodded.

“Are you leaving straight away?”

“No.”

“No dot.”

Crockta and Tiyo replied at the same time.

“If it is possible, I would like one more bowl.”

“I will eat before going dot. This is delicious.”

Crockta and Tiyo arrived at the temple the vegetable seller had described. It was a small building on the outskirts of the city. Although this was their first time seeing it, it felt familiar to Crockta. The building’s appearance was similar to the Temple of the Fallen God. Crockta felt that this was somehow associated with the gray god.

“Why is that guy here dot?” Tiyo said.

Anor was standing there. The tanned skin made it obvious that he was the dark elf, Anor. There was no doubt that he was moving back and forth. He now had the dark energy of a necromancer around his body.

“Hey, Anor! What are you doing dot?”

“Eh?” Anor found them and waved happily. “What are you doing here? Didn’t you go to the market?”

“Something happened dot. What about you?”

Anor had definitely declared that he would rest all day at the inn.

“What, did you make a promise to meet a beautiful woman dot?”

“Hahaha. No. I just felt something from here.” Anor pointed to the temple. The lights were off, and it was completely dark inside. “A familiar aura... I feel something like that.”

“Hoh...” Tiyo touched his chin. “It seems like a very unpleasant place dot.”

They approached the temple and opened the door. It was dark, but as soon as they entered, the lights came on as if it sensed their movements. There was a long corridor.

“Is anyone here?” Crockta called out. His voice echoed down the hallway. He heard there was someone managing this hallway, so where were they? Suddenly, they reached the end of the corridor. There was one more door. Crockta hesitated, but Tiyo opened the door without hesitation.

Kkiiik.

The door opened... And there was a woman sitting down.

“No dot...”

“What a surprise.”

The woman didn’t move from the noise. It was only the rear view, but she showed a holy appearance. The inner murals surrounding her created a strange atmosphere, somewhat like the one in the Temple of the Fallen God. They made a lot of noise on their way in, but the woman was still in her own world, completely motionless.

Crockta’s group stood in the doorway and watched her for a while. After some time, the woman started to slowly rise.

“Ack...”

At that moment, the woman stumbled. It seemed that she had been sitting for a long time. She frowned and twisted on the ground, groaning. Crockta withdrew his previous assessment. She wasn’t a sacred being, just a person.

The woman finally got up. “Phew, I thought I was going to die.”

Then she spoke to Crockta’s party, “Welcome. I’m sorry for the delay. You must’ve been waiting for a long time.”

Crockta greeted her. “No. We didn’t want to interfere in your praying...”

“Huh? Praying?” She asked.

“You weren’t praying?”

“Then you were just sitting there...”

“Oh, I was doing yoga and got a cramp...”

“.....”

She clapped and the interior lit up a bit more.

“This...”

“Isn’t it amazing? A friend of mine made it.”

Tiyo was convinced that her friend was Hedor as this was magic engineering.

“Oh, my?” She saw Tiyo and suddenly covered her mouth. It was an expression of enlightenment. “Perhaps...”

“That’s right dot.” Tiyo nodded. “I am Hedor’s son, Tiyo!”

“Unbelievable...” She looked down at Tiyo with admiration. “You look very similar.”

“Do you know my father dot?”

“Of course. You have the same rude way of talking.”

“What dot...?”

“Hahat, I’m just joking.”

Crockta explained on behalf of the shocked Tiyo.

“We are looking for Hedor. Do you know anything about him?”

“He had to leave... Please follow me.”

She guided them somewhere. It was a small sitting room. The woman brought out some tea. She nodded after they explained their purpose for coming here. The woman did indeed know about Hedor.

“He’s a curious person and was investigating a god who is no longer in this world.”

“The fallen god?”

“Gosh, you already know. That’s right. That is what she is called.”

Crockta gulped at the words. Strangely, the gray god was mentioned again here. Since Crockta’s assimilation reached 100, the gray god no longer talked to him, and he didn’t receive any system messages. What did the gray god really want, and what was Hedor looking for?

“Then is this the Temple of the Fallen God?” Crockta asked. She shook her head.

“No. The Temple of the Fallen God no longer exists. They are all in ruins.”

There was a temple in the north, but she didn’t know about it.

“Additionally, this place isn’t strictly a temple.”

“Then?”

“It is a memorial place.”

“For what? And you...?”

“I...” Her answer was unexpected. “I am Eliza, a follower of the goddess of mercy.”

“The goddess of mercy...?”

Eliza smiled. “I came here following the Goddess of Mercy’s will, in order to remember a species that has now disappeared from the continent.”

“A species that has disappeared from the continent dot?” Tiyo was confused. He didn’t seem to know.

“A very long time ago, there was a species that followed the fallen god before she fell. They had a strong and mysterious power that was different from other species.”

“Mysterious power?”

“Yes, I don’t know exactly, but it is said that the other species were afraid because of the unknown power. Then the fallen god suddenly went crazy and was captivated by the strange idea of destroying the world.” Eliza sighed. “The species kept following her, despite her desire to destroy the world, and all the gods and species united to stop the fallen god. The orcs, humans, dwarves, elves, and gnomes confronted them.”

“It is the first time I’ve heard this story dot.”

“It is a story that the records have erased. Anyway, the power of the other gods combined, and she crashed, becoming a ‘fallen god.’”

The gray god was the god who had fallen.

Crockta asked, “That species?”

“Unfortunately, they suffered the same fate as the fallen god. They all died. Some are said to be alive, but I don’t know if this is true or not.”

Suddenly, Crockta’s waist started itching. Crockta lowered his head and saw that the steel belt at his waist seemed to be shaking strangely.

“The goddess of mercy was saddened by the fate of the species that followed the fallen god and made a memorial for them. This is the place.”

“It is a sad but interesting story.”

“But there is a positive aspect in that all the species joined

together. The species will work together when there is a crisis.”

Crockta fell into deep thought as he listened to the story. The fallen god was clearly the gray god. That meant the creation of Elder Lord was an extension of that ambition. She still wanted to destroy the world.

Crockta, who had met her in person, had difficulty thinking about her as such a dangerous being. He hadn't gotten any bad feelings from her. So, what was her reason for wanting such an ending?

Tiyo asked, “So, where did my father go dot?”

“He received information that the trail of the fallen god is in the west...”

Tak tak tak!

Suddenly, the footsteps were heard coming from outside.

“I will leave you with those words... Please excuse me. Come in!”

The door opened, and a man looked at Eliza. He was holding an envelope in his hand.

“Eliza. There is a letter. It seems to be urgent.”

“Thank you.” Eliza accepted it. Then the man bowed and left the temple. He seemed to be the mailman. “This... Please wait a moment.”

She checked the outside of the envelope, immediately tore it open, and then checked the contents. Her eyes gradually widened. She frowned like she couldn't understand it. Her eyes shook as she read it again a few times.

“This...”

Eliza looked at Crockta with an intense gaze.

“Crockta.”

“What happened?”

“.....”

She bit her lips and spoke again,

“Um... and Tiyo.”

“What dot?”

“The dark elf as well...”

“I am Anor.”

“Yes, Anor.” Eliza continued, “Hedor told me he was going to ‘Geherad,’ which is to the north-west of Katalu. You should go quickly.”

“Geherad?”

“Yes. He said he would stay there for a while, so you should rush in order to not miss him.”

“Then it is better to go quickly dot.” Tiyo looked at Crockta and Anor.

“We are accompanying you.”

“There is no need to ask.”

They nodded at each other. As they were companions, it was natural for them to accompany Tiyo.

Tiyo raised a fist. “Good dot. Let’s start straight away!”

“Now?”

“Indeed dot. Katalu is safe, so we don’t have to wait any longer dot.”

“But I wanted to take a break...”

“You can do it tomorrow dot! Live today!”

Tiyo declared. So, Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor headed for Geherad. After thanking Eliza, they hastily escaped the temple—no, the memorial place for the disappeared species.

Eliza sighed as they left. Did she do the right thing?

She looked at the letter again. A divine message had come down to the temple. The contents were hostile towards the orcs and Crockta's party. There were several things which didn't seem usual for the goddess of mercy.

As a follower of the goddess of mercy, she shouldn't have let them go. She should've tricked them into going to a dangerous place or drug them...

Instead, she sent them to a safe place. Geherad was a harsh place, but it was also isolated from other species and temples. If the contents of the message were true, Geherad was the best place for them.

It was a hard choice for her. However, Crockta was the hero who saved Katalu, and Tiyo... He was Hedor's son.

Eliza closed her eyes as she thought of Hedor. He was a gnome who always laughed cheerfully and had helped Eliza, a novice who had been sent to the outside world alone. His optimistic attitude had left a big impression on her. The facilities inside the temple had also been provided by Hedor.

"Hah..." Eliza sighed.

Her chest felt heavy at the thought of disobeying the goddess. Hedor's son, Tiyo, was following him. Tiyo might resent Hedor, but today, Hedor had saved his party. If it wasn't for Hedor, she might've deceived them.

She looked at the letter again. This was written: [Make the orcs a forgotten species.]

It wasn't like the goddess of mercy. If a divine message had come down, that meant something was happening. The kingdom had become an empire, and the goddess of mercy passed on a strange message. Everything was becoming strange.

Eliza prayed for the world.

Chapter 181 – Slayer Maker (1)

Crockta informed Guardi, the leader of Katalu, and quietly escaped the city. It was to get rid of the fans and users following them.

“It is like going back to the beginning.”

“Huhu, I think so as well dot.”

Crockta headed north to find the Temple of the Fallen God, while Tiyo wanted to find his father. It was the beginning of destiny. He’d met Anor there, fought the great chieftain, and eventually conquered the north. Next was the south. He’d met an Alaste knight there and learned about the empire’s ambitions. Then he rescued the city from an army.

They had been through many things. Now, they were heading on a new path. Their goal was the west. It contained the magnificent Orcrox and Basque, as well as the mountain cities of the orcs. There were a wide variety of orcs present in unknown territory on the continent. Beyond that was Geherad.

Geherad was the ancient word for ‘last fire.’

“The last fire, is it an incredibly hot place dot?”

“Tsk. Think about it. It would be something figurative.”

“What do you think when you hear last fire dot? Heat!”

“Not that. Um... passion? A place where passionate people live?”

They walked for a long time after leaving Katalu. After heading north-east from Katalu, a great forest appeared. From there, it was a long march to Geherad.

“I see it.”

There was a small village at the entrance of the forest. It was

commonly known as the ‘resting area.’

“Be careful. I heard rumors that the prices are expensive dot.”

“It’s okay. Crockta is rich.”

“Indeed, there is a saying that a friend’s money is our money dot.”

“...It is the first time I’ve heard that.”

The great forest was a rough place. However, there were adventures, treasures, and magic hidden throughout. There was also a city like Geherad, where mysterious species lived. That’s why adventurers who wanted to enter the forest stayed at this village for a while. They could gain equipment, information, and companions from the village. The great forest was a tough place, so it was advantageous to have as many people as possible.

There were adventurers shaking placards at the entrance of the village.

[Recruiting people to explore Darunen Dungeon.]

[Looking for people to hunt trolls.]

[Looking for an adventurer to accompany me to Seoru Academy.]

[Looking for people with courage.]

They were all gathering people. Many showed interest in Crockta’s party. There was a dignified orc warrior, a gnome with a mysterious artifact, and an unknown hooded person, who gave off dark energy. They seemed strong and skillful. The adventurers waved their placards towards the party with eager eyes. Everyone was preparing to enter the forest for various purposes.

Crockta’s party didn’t respond and headed straight into the village. There were inns, restaurants, and equipment stores all over. Houses for residential purposes were rare. In other words, most of the villagers were wanderers.

“We will stay the day and head off tomorrow.”

“Good dot.”

They didn't need another party member, so they headed straight to an inn. It cost a lot to stay for just one day. Then at that moment...

A man holding a placard was staring at them from the entrance to the inn. A bearded dwarf. He looked at Tiyo, who was a similar height to him, and then at Anor and Crockta. Then he moved his placard closer.

[Geherad.]

There was only a brief description of his destination. He was already confident they were going to the same place after hearing the conversation that went on within Crockta's group. However, his shabby appearance didn't fit that of a dwarf.

Tiyo and Anor shook their heads, while Crockta avoided eye contact. They ignored him and tried to enter the inn. Then the dwarf opened his mouth to say, “Going to Geherad will be useless.”

Crockta's party stopped walking.

The dwarf said, “The one you are looking for isn't there.”

Crockta looked at the dwarf. He seemed to already know the purpose of Crockta's group. Perhaps he knew about Hedor.

Crockta asked, “What are you talking about? Do you know Hedor?”

“Hedor?” The dwarf was confused. “It is the first time I've heard that name. I don't know who he is, but he won't be enough.”

The momentary conversation paused. What was the dwarf talking about? Crockta's group looked at each other. Something was strange.

Crockta spoke again, “You said that you know why we are going to Geherad...”

“Of course.”

“What do you think the reason is?”

“Um...?” The dwarf seemed to have noticed something was strange as he pointed to Crockta. “Aren’t you going to fix that?”

“What are you talking about? Fix?”

“You are heading to Geherad without knowing anything?” The dwarf sighed. “Foolish warrior!”

“What are you saying? Please explain.”

Tiyo tugged at Crockta and Anor’s sleeves.

“Ignore him dot. He is just a weird dwarf, a crazy dwarf.”

“My mind is fine, gnome with an undignified expression!”

“What dot! Crazy dwarf!”

Anor gently stopped Tiyo. The dwarf sighed, “You really don’t know anything. Warrior. Listen carefully.” He pointed to Ogre Slayer on Crockta’s back. “Your weapon is on the brink of breaking.”

“.....!”

Crockta’s eyes widened. Then he reflexively grabbed the handle of Ogre Slayer. It felt heavy in his hands. That dwarf said that Ogre Slayer was on the verge of breaking down. There was a problem with the work of the Golden Anvil Clan? Crockta couldn’t believe it.

“You are a great warrior. I can feel it. You might’ve become stronger through many battlefields, but the sword has continued to be damaged.”

He had a point. Ever since Crockta received this as a gift from Thompson in Anail, he hadn’t changed weapons even once. In the meantime, he had dealt with countless monsters and enemies. A conventional weapon would’ve already been destroyed. However, Crockta had always taken care of Ogre Slayer and brought it to blacksmiths. Yet a shabby dwarf was saying this to him out of

nowhere, so he couldn't accept it.

"I entrusted it to a blacksmith every time a fight ended."

"Yes, you left it to a blacksmith. That is the problem."

"How come?"

"An ordinary blacksmith can't handle Ogre Slayer."

".....!"

Crockta's eyes widened. This dwarf knew that the greatsword was named Ogre Slayer.

"Who are you?"

Crockta held Ogre Slayer. The dwarf nodded fearlessly at the blade which Crockta held. There was a faint smile on his face.

"I am a craftsman of the Golden Anvil Clan, Zakiro."

He was a member of the Golden Anvil Clan. However, this wasn't the end.

"I am the one who created Ogre Slayer, the Slayer Maker."

"Your Majesty. This divine message is strange."

Duke Christian said. He was the one who had caused the emperor to become close to the Heaven and Earth Clan. He was also the one with the greatest power in the empire, maybe even more than the emperor. The kingdom could become an empire due to Duke Christian manipulating it from behind.

After the Heaven and Earth Clan disappeared, Duke Christian rarely left his estate. However, he came to Akantor after hearing news about the divine message.

"Please think carefully."

"I followed your cautious words and lost most of the troops." Akantor said sarcastically.

However, Christian wasn't agitated. "It was Your Majesty's choice to strike Crockta."

"Are you really saying that?"

"Isn't it?"

Christian shot back. Emperor Akantor... The only person able to question him was Duke Christian.

Akantor's lips twisted as he smiled, "Yes, let's say that."

"I believe you understand my point."

"So, I should refuse the temples."

"The empire isn't a place ruled by the gods. It is only Your Majesty who can decide on war."

"You speak well."

"I have always been loyal. Please listen to me, Your Majesty."

"So, what is wrong with this? I don't know about matters regarding the gods. But this is an opportunity to get rid of Crockta who insulted the empire, as well as the dirty orcs. Does the duke think otherwise?"

Christian closed his eyes.

Of course, it was a tempting offer. In addition to the empire, all the species on the continent, including the elves and dwarves, had received this divine message. If they joined together, they could destroy the orcs without much damage. If Crockta was killed, the empire's fallen honor would be rebuilt. However, they needed to be careful.

"Mogsulin was at the fight on the plains."

"I heard he was watching from a distance."

Mogsulin was the magician who had stopped Crockta and saved Keynes. He was the genius who was the most powerful magician in the empire, and Duke Christian's most beloved follower.

“He can borrow the power of the gods. Therefore, he has a great deal of knowledge about the gods.”

“A magician who can borrow the power of the gods?”

“He has the ability to interact with them. Anyway, he felt something at that time and learned that the gods were watching Crockta.”

Mogsulin had sensed a power that shouldn't be present in Crockta.

“That is why the gods are trying to kill Crockta and the orcs.”

“What is that power?”

“The power of the fallen god.”

“It is the first time I've heard of it.”

“It is dangerous. We must be cautious as long as the power of the fallen god is involved. She is the worst being who drove the world to the brink of destruction.”

Christian gazed at Akantor with serious eyes. Akantor sighed. Christian was the real power of the empire. Simultaneously, he was his mother's brother, or in other words, his uncle. His strength was manipulation, but sometimes he gave sincere advice.

“Then shouldn't we do something before the situation worsens?”

“We will have no obligation to.”

“Isn't the world in danger because of Crockta and the orcs?”

“Your Majesty is still pure.” Christian laughed. Akantor's face distorted. “It doesn't matter if it is dangerous. The orcs live in the northwest of the continent. The elves, dwarves, and gnomes will receive the damage first.”

“.....”

“Then when the time comes, the gods will come out in person. They leave troublesome things to the mortals, but once the damage

is too large, they will use their power.”

Akantor nodded. “The gods... It seems like a distant story.”

“They are insignificant. They are merely mighty beings who call themselves gods and follow their own desires.”

“So, you’re saying we don’t need to exhaust our strength and should just watch. If nothing happens, it is good. If the other species are damaged, it is beneficial to us.”

“That’s right.” Christian looked at Akantor with gentle eyes. “Keep this in mind. There is no joint responsibility in this world. A battle is divided between the loser and the winner. In this case, there is no loss from not participating.”

“I understand.” Akantor nodded.

Once Christian thought the emperor was convinced, he bowed and left the room. Now that Akantor was alone, he rubbed his chin. Christian’s words made sense. However, it was clear that Christian had failed to grasp the power of the ‘gods.’ The gods weren’t so convenient to deal with.

Akantor muttered, “I wish it was that easy...”

Chapter 182 – Slayer Maker (2)

Crockta wondered why a member of the Golden Anvil Clan would be standing here like this, but he didn't dare ask. Tiyo released his frustration as he asked, "Then why are you begging here dot?"

"I'm not begging, you gnome son of a bitch!"

"Do you want to experience my fist dot?"

Two short people with a similar height growled at each other. Zakiro was bigger than the gnome, but Tiyo didn't budge one bit. Zakiro stared at Tiyo before looking towards Crockta and saying, "At any rate, Warrior, if you continue to use Ogre Slayer like this, it will break one day."

".....!"

"Since it seems like you have been using it for a long time, it is good to get a new weapon, which is fine."

Crockta looked at Ogre Slayer. It was a weapon that fit his hands. The shape, the center of gravity, the familiar pressure in his hands, everything about Ogre Slayer was the best! But no matter how close it was to him, it was unavoidable if its retirement time was approaching. He was willing to let it go!

Crockta nodded and said, "Thank you. I will get a new weapon."

"New wine should be put in a new bottle."

"I'm envious dot. My General is so strong that I can't change it."

Crockta's group congratulated him. To them, equipment was disposable. Everyone received new and better equipment as time passed. Crockta's heart pounded as he anticipated the new weapon.

"Huhu, let's design a better weapon this time..."

As they tried to enter the inn with bright faces...

Zakiro hurriedly blocked them again as he said, “No, Warrior! That weapon, don’t you have any affection for it?”

“.....?”

“How can you just throw Ogre Slayer away!”

“A sword is just a sword, what are you talking about? It is reasonable to let it go when the time comes.”

“You shouldn’t be like this! Ogre Slayer will be sad!”

“I’m not a pampered person who personifies tools, Zakiro!” Crockta puffed up his chest and proclaimed, “Zakiro, keep this in mind. A weapon is a weapon, people are people! Don’t give too much meaning to lifeless things. It is a fleeting impression. A warrior doesn’t blame the tool or use it as an excuse.”

It was a hard mindset of practical materialism!

“Only those who are weak care about such meaningless superstitions!”

Crockta didn’t believe in superstitions. When he was a soldier, he saw many people giving meaning to minor things. They would tremble in fear, saying someone was cursed. This fear was a self-fulfilling prophecy, leading many people to a tragedy. So he didn’t believe in such things. A sword was a sword. He only believed in himself during battle!

“Like this...a warrior with no romance...”

“Don’t worry. Many of those romantic warriors have already died at my hands, and they met their weapon friends in the afterlife.”

“Cough!” Zakiro dropped his head. “My sword is in the hands of such a heartless orc...”

“Kulkul, didn’t you hear it from Thompson?”

At the time, Thompson had a deal with the Golden Anvil Clan. Zakiro might be Thompson’s friend.

“I make weapons but I don’t care who uses them. It is my philosophy.”

“Then you didn’t know who I was?”

Zakiro looked at Crocka and laughed. “An orc warrior is holding my weapon, that is all I know. I am called the ‘Slayer Maker!’ There are many warriors who want my sword. I can’t afford to remember them one by one.”

He appeared to have his own pride as a craftsman.

Crockta nodded, “I see.”

It had nothing to do with him.

“Anyway, it was good to meet you. Then I’m going...”

“Wait!”

“Why do you keep blocking me?”

Now Zakiro was very close to the inn’s door as he blocked them.

“Anyway, this is the relationship between us so I will accompany you to Geherad.”

“We don’t need company...”

“Warrior, are you thinking of making your own weapon?” Zakiro looked at him with sad eyes. “I didn’t know you were so cold-blooded to have no affection for your weapon. I made the weapon for you and Thompson without any consideration.”

“I heard it was in return for saving your life...”

“So! Instead of the production cost! The debt will be cleared if you accompany me to Geherad.”

Zakiro was trying to get to Geherad at all cost. Crockta looked at Tiyo and Anor in turn. Tiyo’s face was saying ‘absolutely not’ while Anor had no thoughts.

“Do you know the way to Geherad?” Zakiro asked.

“There is a map.”

“A map isn’t enough when trying to get through the great forest. You guys don’t know anything about Geherad. Do you know why Geherad is called Geherad?”

“I know. It means the last fire.”

“What is the last fire?”

“I don’t know.”

“Look. You don’t know anything. I will guide you.”

“Hrmm...”

Crockta nodded. He heard there was only one road but due to the danger zones in the forest, it could be hard to find another city. Crockta replied, “I understand. Then tomorrow, meet here...”

“Cough, I should stay here with you today...”

“.....”

“The value of your weapon...”

Thus, Crockta was accompanied by Zakiro, the craftsman of the Golden Anvil Clan who made his sword.

They left early. The route to Geherad required going through several rough areas. The first thing they encountered were goblins.

“Goblins...”

“Umm...”

Crockta and Tiyo had goblins friends so they looked uncomfortable. The goblins didn’t know who their opponent was and were mocking Crockta with their typical sneering faces. One of them showed his ass and laughed.

Crockta held down his rising anger and said, “Hey, goblin friends.”

The goblins understood the language to a certain extent, so they listened to Crockta's voice.

“We don't want to fight, so can't you just let us go?”

The goblins looked at each other. They discussed something and nodded. They started talking.

“Kyak kyak! Kyaak!”

One goblin stepped forward. It was the one who laughed at them and shook his ass. He bowed like he was apologizing for his rudeness.

Crockta laughed, “Huhu. It is okay, goblin friend. You are trying to make a living...”

The goblin put his hand in his pocket. Was he planning to give an apology gift? Crockta watched him. The goblin pulled out something from his pocket.

“.....!”

He pushed it towards Crockta. It was nothing other than his own middle finger. Against his expectations, it wasn't a gift but an insult! Crockta's face stiffened while the goblins' laugh became louder.

“Kyak kyak kyak! Kyaak!”

“Kiyok kiyak? Kyaak! Kya kya kyak!”

“Kyaak!”

The goblins laughed and pointed towards Crockta. Then they looked around with hateful expressions. Crockta decided to forget about friendship with the goblins. Ogre Slayer shook.

“Kyaaaaak!”

The goblins felt a breeze pass by their cheeks.

Patter.

Then a hot liquid was splattered on their bodies. The goblins,

who were pointing at each other and laughing at Crockta, turned their heads with blank faces. A goblin's head and body had been split apart. It was his blood that had splattered.

“Kyaaaaak!”

“Kyaak!”

The goblins stepped back in surprise. The confused goblins started to swing their shabby weapons towards Crockta. But the opponent was Crockta. He dealt with an army of the empire's elite knights alone, so the goblins couldn't hit him.

Every time the greatsword moved, a goblin would fall to the ground. The surroundings soon became filled with blood. An overwhelming slaughter!

“Hoh...”

Zakiro watched from behind and nodded. The warrior was stronger than he thought. He wasn't aware of a warrior's skills since he made weapons all day long in the Golden Anvil Clan's workshop, but this orc warrior clearly had a great talent. Ogre Slayer danced playfully in his hands.

“Not bad.”

It was a strange feeling. His sword was showing its worth in the hands of a great warrior.

His only goal when hammering metal was the finished weapon. He never thought about what his weapons would be used for once they left his possession. He thought that other craftsmen who were strict about the owners were stupid.

But now he could understand to a certain extent. How sad would it be if his sword was in the hands of a fool?

“Beautiful.”

Now Crockta had taken care of most of the goblins. The one remaining goblin trembled as he sat down and bowed to Crockta.

Then he bumped his head against the ground, asking for forgiveness.

“Kyaaakyack...”

The goblin left his forehead on the ground as he begged for mercy. The greatsword descended above his head. The goblin’s head was cut off.

“That stinger in your mouth won’t work.”

The goblin’s head had a small pipe in it, its favorite stinger.

“These goblins... Kiao is much better dot.”

“He is someone who transcended beyond the limits of his species.”

Tiyo shook his head as he remembered Kiao, the goblin who used spatiotemporal storm arrows at Gushantimur’s lair. Then Crockta spoke to the stupefied dwarf, “Zakiro. Let’s keep going.”

“Huh? Umm.” Zakiro regained his mind.

Anor prayed for the dead. An unknown power flowed from his hands. It was the power of the necromancer to scatter the spirits of the dead.

“Enter nirvana.”

Zakiro looked at Anor while moving after Crockta. He thought Anor was a magician or elemental, but he was a necromancer. It was a class that he didn’t often see. A powerful warrior and a necromancer.

“What are you doing dot? Keep going!”

And a noisy gnome. It was a strange combination.

After repelling the goblins, they soon came across new enemies. This time it was a troll encounter, with three trolls drooling as they surrounded the group.

“Should I show my skills this time dot?”

Tiyo grinned while placing General on his shoulder. It was the appearance of a small gnome walking towards three trolls.

Zakiro glanced at Crockta, “Warrior, is it okay? That gnome...”

“Watch. Kulkul.”

Once the fight started, Tiyo fired General indiscriminately. Zakiro thought it was a rifle made of magic engineering, but its shape changed and it emitted a lot of energy. The trolls couldn’t get close and were hit by the bullets.

“That is an artifact!”

“It is said to be a dragon’s legacy.”

“Indeed...”

General was a dragon slayer weapon! The artifact that grew with the user was now exercising the power of its name. Now that Tiyo’s strength had increased further, the magic bullets could penetrate the trolls’ thick skin.

“Aaaaack!”

“Kuooh!”

They tried to repair the injured areas, but General was currently in the form of Vulcan! The trolls ended up riddled with bullets. Zakiro revised his assessment of Crockta’s group. They weren’t adventurers but real powerhouses.

This thought reached its climax when the party met a group of ogres.

“Ogres are easy opponents.”

The territory of the ogres was often called the tomb of adventurers. They were monstrous and challenging opponents. Adventurers either escaped or die. However, Crockta easily took care of such huge monsters. As the name suggested, he slaughtered

the ogres with Ogre Slayer.

The ogres screamed but the result was the same. The forest turned red every time he wielded it. Crockta moved beautifully in the heavy rain of blood, dancing with his sword. It was an organic swordsmanship that combined attack and defense. Not long after that, all the ogres died.

Crockta grinned at Zakiro, “How is it, my skills?”

“.....” Zakiro nodded. “Amazing. Really...”

When he first got the blueprints for a really big sword, he wondered if the owner could even deal with an ogre. He made the sword anyway. But he changing his mind after meeting the owner of Ogre Slayer.

He was wrong. Ogres weren’t a match for this warrior.

“I did well to follow...”

He formed a fist. He wanted to pound on iron right now.

Chapter 183 – The Last Fire (1)

It had been several days since Crockta's party entered the great forest with Zakiro. The road was long and the terrain steep. If Zakiro hadn't been with them, they would've gotten lost several times. There were obstacles scattered all over the map.

"This is your cue, Anor."

"Scary... I don't want to look."

"You are the scariest person here dot! Raise your bones!"

"Understood."

Anor used his necromancy to defeat the monsters.

In the great forest, they fought monsters several times a day. As a result of such hardships, they were able to find a huge wall standing in the lush forest. It was the black barrier which was the symbol of Geherad.

They stood at the entrance.

"Orc, dark elf, gnome, and dwarf. How strange." The guards' eyes widened at the appearance of such unique group. The guards themselves were a mixture of humans and dwarves.

"Yes, so what did you come for?"

"To look for a per..."

"Pilgrimage." Zakiro interrupted Tiyo. "We came to worship the last fire."

"Hoh, I see."

The dwarf guards nodded.

"Are you a blacksmith?"

"Yes."

"Do you intend to enter the last forge?"

“If it is possible.”

“Good luck.”

He chuckled. Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor, who didn't know what the last fire or last forge was, just stood in the rear.

“Good luck. You can enter.”

The passage was clear. Just like the walls, Geherad's buildings were made of black soil. The entire city looked like it was covered in coal.

The scale of the city wasn't that big. After all, it would be difficult to maintain a large city in the great forest. Most of the inhabitants were dwarves and humans, while other species were occasionally seen.

However, a large building at the center of the city stood out.

“That is the resting place of the last fire.”

“What is the last fire dot?”

“Coming to Geherad without even knowing...” Zakiro laughed. “The last fire literally means a fire that will remain until the end of the world. What is the longest lasting fire in the world?”

“The world's longest lasting fire...”

Tiyo thought about it. He rolled his eyes as he tried to think of the answer.

“Let's see...”

“Over there.”

Zakiro pointed to the sky. The sun that illuminated the world. Tiyo's face brightened as he squinted at it.

“The sun dot?”

“That's right. Strictly speaking, the sun god.”

“It is the first time I've heard of the sun god dot.”

“He was originally a great god, but now he is said to be in a deep sleep. I don’t know the situation of the gods, but the sun is still burning, so he hasn’t completely disappeared.”

Geherad’s ‘last fire’ was a remnant of the sun god, and the large building at the center of Geherad was the temple of the sun. Originally, the gods revealed their existence by helping out or passing on divine messages. However, the sun god didn’t do that. It was said that the sun god had fallen into a long sleep.

“Then what is the last forge?”

Zakiro grinned at Crockta’s question.

“It is literally the last forge. If the sun is the longest fire in the world, then the last forge is the place that will hold it.”

“There is a forge like that?”

“That’s right. Most people come to Geherad for that purpose. In the place where the last fire is gathered, I want to borrow the best heat to create a masterpiece. It is the holy place of the blacksmiths.”

“So, that’s why you tried to come here.”

Crockta’s group came to find Tiyo’s father, but Zakiro had such a situation.

“Well, I have now arrived. Thank you for helping me get here.” Zakiro said goodbye to them. He only accompanied them here, so it was now time to separate.

Crockta nodded and extended his fist. Zakiro smiled and bumped his fist against Crockta’s. It was the first time he had used an orc gesture, but it didn’t feel bad.

“Bul’tar. I am alive.”

“Um.”

He also said goodbye to Tiyo and Anor. Then just before he moved away, Zakiro asked Crockta, “Warrior. I heard your name is

Crockta?”

“Yes.”

He had learned this fact while accompanying them here. The name of the orc, who he had thought was just a skilled warrior, was actually Crockta. Zakiro confirmed again, “The ‘Northern Conqueror,’ Crockta.”

Crockta grinned. “Correct. I am Northern Conqueror Crockta.”

Zakiro nodded.

“...That’s right. It was an honor.”

Then he turned away.

Zakiro headed straight to the temple of the sun god, the place where the last fire was kept. In the black temple, a sharp spire stood out that pointed towards the sun.

“Northern Conqueror Crockta is using my sword...”

It wasn’t a bad feeling. Crockta’s reputation was great enough that Zakiro had heard it even back when he didn’t leave his clan’s smithy. Crockta wasn’t just strong. He also maintained the faith. Not only had he performed various activities on the continent, he had also punished the crazy chieftain and blocked the ambition of the empire.

Moreover, it had been done with Zakiro’s sword, Ogre Slayer. It felt wonderful.

“However...”

That wasn’t the only reason why Crockta’s name was engraved in his mind. Crockta would be in crisis in the near future. They were enemies who couldn’t be compared to the opponents Crockta had faced previously.

“The fickle gods...”

Despite all the work Crockta had done, the gods had sent a divine message pointing to Crockta's death. It said to destroy Crockta and his orc kin. The dwarves in Zakiro's hometown hurried. It was a divine message which involved the fate of the entire continent.

As long as the gods targeted Crockta, a harsh future would follow. To overcome such hardships, the sword 'Ogre Slayer' wasn't appropriate. The ending was obvious.

Zakiro worried about it for a moment before shrugging it off.

"I don't care."

He was a blacksmith, and his mission was to create a weapon. Zakiro was merely a craftsman aiming to complete the best work. It was none of his business, even if the warrior who held his sword would eventually die because of the gods.

Zakiro stood in front of the temple and blocked everything out.

"Let's see it once, the last fire."

The only thing important to him now was the 'last forge.'

After separating from Zakiro, Crockta's party explored the city for traces of Hedor. They asked if anyone knew a gnome called Hedor, but there were no answers. Some people remembered small gnomes but didn't know much about them.

In the end, the sun set.

"That's it for today." Crockta stated. He was hungry and tired.

"We should go to the temple of the sun god as our final destination today. There might be a clue there."

"I think so as well dot."

"Okay. Let's go quickly."

They headed to the black building at the center of Geherad. As Zakiro said, all visitors to Geherad were aiming for the temple of

the sun god and the last fire. Therefore, it was like a bustling tourist destination. Hot air blew out as they entered.

“Heat dot?”

“Ahh, I guess it is the temple of the sun god...”

“Are you okay dot? Isn’t a necromancer weak to light? The sun isn’t hurting you?”

“No.”

The temple contained a place for worship, and at the center, there was an altar which looked like a huge furnace. The heat was flowing from there. Worshippers bowed their heads towards it and prayed. There were various species present. There were warriors like Crockta, magicians, and ordinary people who didn’t know how to fight. They all prayed to the ‘last fire’ in the altar at the center of the temple.

“Isn’t it wonderful?”

A voice rang out. A dwarf in white clothing was standing beside them. He smiled gently and said, “The sun god has been gone for a long time. He can only be found in the history books. The ‘last fire’ is the only thing left from him. But people still haven’t forgotten the sun god, so they come here and pray. Why?”

He was a priest here.

Crockta replied, “Well... is it because of the last forge?”

“Your answer isn’t wrong. But my own answer...”

The priest pointed to the ceiling of the temple.

“It is the sun god.”

“What do you mean?”

“The sun is the highest existence that cares for all things. Without the sun’s light and heat, this world wouldn’t last more than a day. It creates the seasons, helps buds grow and shines light

so we can see the world. Thanks to that, the sun's grace isn't forgotten."

It was a plausible answer.

"Isn't the fact that we live on this earth the gift of the sun god? People feel this instinctively."

"It makes a lot of sense that there is a reason."

Crockta had modern knowledge, so he nodded in acknowledgment. The presence of the sun was the most basic premise for life.

After that, the priest gave further explanations.

Inside the altar was a piece of the sun god, and it contained a powerful heat that could melt anything. The last forge, which was beyond the worship room, used this heat in its furnace. The forge could only be used by selected craftsmen, and this was determined by the piece of the sun god in the altar.

After his explanation, Crockta opened his mouth, "I appreciate the valuable teachings."

"It is nothing. It is my job."

"There is one thing I would like to ask. Have you ever met a gnome traveler called Hedor?"

"Hedor... I'm not sure of the name, but there was a strange gnome. I don't know if he is Hedor or not."

"He looks like this friend." Crockta gestured to Tiyo. The priest raised his eyebrows as he saw Tiyo.

"Hoh... It seems like he is."

"What did that man come for?"

"He kept asking me about the sun god. He was interested in the ancient myths. I recall that he asked about why the sun god disappeared."

They shared some more stories about the gnome called Hedor. Tiyo's father had come here to look through the records earnestly. As they talked, it was soon time to close the temple.

"If you come back tomorrow, I will give you more information. There might be some records in the journal."

"Thank you."

"It is nothing. I am grateful that you came here without forgetting the sun god."

They exited the temple. It was a clear night. Crockta suddenly looked up at the sky.

The sun god...

Did he look different from the many different suns glowing in the sky? Crockta had heard that there were more galaxies in the universe than the grains of sand on Earth. If so, who created that infinite possibility?

Perhaps one of those distant stars was the Earth he lived on. Then at that moment...

His vision suddenly dimmed.

".....!"

It was the same feeling he'd had when the Gray God's Eyes were used. The fated deaths in the world entered his vision.

"....."

Numerous white stars were scattered in the black night sky. The white stars dimmed and became part of the black curtain. Only the darkness of the night sky remained. This was a black world where all the stars had died.

The end of the stars. He didn't want to see such a sight. Crockta shook his head.

Then he turned off the Gray God's Eyes. It wasn't well-

controlled, but if he focused his mind, he could gradually escape that feeling. Soon enough, he was able to leave the power of the Gray God's Eyes.

Crockta sighed. Was he tired, or was the silent gray god doing something again?

“Crockta. Look over here dot.”

Tiyo said. Crockta rubbed his eyes and raised his head. Then his body immediately tensed. There was a group of people holding weapons. All of them had hidden their identities behind hoods.

The man at the forefront declared, “The gods have ordered your death. I will punish you according to the divine message. Don't blame me.”

The influence of the divine message began to take effect.

Chapter 184 – The Last Fire (2)

“I didn’t know that ‘Slayer Maker’ would come here.” Rastad, the old dwarf guarding the last forge, laughed while stroking his long beard. “Is Solardo of the Golden Anvil Clan doing well?”

“He is hitting the iron like before.”

“Solardo allowed you to come here?”

“.....”

Zakiro smiled, “That’s right. I came on my own.”

“I see. Any young blacksmith will come here at least once. And the Slayer Maker is qualified enough.”

“You’re overpraising me.”

“I’ve seen the Wizard Slayer that you created.”

Kang! Kang!

Rastad looked at the place where the sound came from. In one corner, a dwarf was hammering on iron. The heated piece of iron was struck by the hammer and slowly changed shaped. Then the hammering sped up.

“It is a quick and fast sword.”

“A big weapon isn’t needed to kill a magician.”

“That’s right. It was excellent. Who is using the sword now?”

“I don’t know.”

“You truly resemble Solardo.” Rastad smiled bitterly. “Wizard Slayer is now in the hands of a lunatic who hates magicians. Numerous innocent magicians have died at his hand.”

“Is that so?” Zakiro shrugged. “It has nothing to do with me.”

“You truly are Solardo’s clan member.” Rastad laughed out loud. “Yes, Slayer Maker. What monster will you make at the last forge

here? This time, will it be an ogre slayer?”

“I already created that.”

“Huh, I see. It is a weapon against ogres, but the owner will surely suffer.”

Zakiro shrugged at Rastad’s words. He’d met the orc warrior who used Ogre Slayer and seen him kill an ogre easily. The greatsword was too big, but when it entered the orc’s hands, it felt like it had been made for him.

Zakiro smiled, “Since you’ve completed Ogre Slayer, is it now a dragon slayer?”

“Dragon Slayer...”

Dragons were an invisible and forgotten species. At one time, they flew over mountains and valleys regularly, but now people never saw them. Some said that they were all dead, while others said they were hidden somewhere. However, one thing was certain, which was that the dragons wouldn’t regain their former glory.

“My sword would lose if I make such a thing.”

“Indeed, it is impossible to use a sword to fight against a dragon. Then what about a second version of Ogre Slayer? There is trouble with ogres in this area.”

“I’m not sure.” Zakiro’s face darkened. “I will think about it.”

He had left the Golden Anvil Clan because of this.

Zakiro surpassed the level of young craftsmen. At a young age, he had already become a top blacksmith, and his Slayer series were masterpieces which everyone wanted. Many warriors and knights had asked him to make weapons for them.

However, now, he didn’t have a blueprint for the next piece. He didn’t have an image which made him want to work the metal enthusiastically. In the old days, the true face hidden in the iron

had been visible. But there was nothing now. He had broken several attempts and beat the iron only to melt it again. So, his slump had become prolonged.

“You are young.” Rastad tapped his shoulder. “Don’t be in a rush. Stay and think slowly. You can stay in the blacksmith’s quarters.”

“Thank you.”

“This is the last forge, a place where you can beat iron as long as the sun shines. Hahaha. I guess I should look at that person.”

Rastad approached the blacksmith who was hammering the iron. The blacksmith was a dwarf younger than Zakiro. He didn’t have the skills, but he had a passion for hammering iron. Zakiro watched them for a while before leaving the last forge.

The dwarf who was the sun god’s priest saw him and bowed. Zakiro greeted him politely as well.

By the time he left the temple of the sun god, it was dark. Geherad was quiet. There were occasional raucous sounds from the pubs, but most of the buildings had turned off their lights. It was a land of the temple of the sun god. They slept early and looked forward to the sunrise, rather than staying up at night.

At that moment...

Chaeng!

Zakiro heard a noise. He turned around. As a blacksmith, it was a sound which was impossible for him not to know. It was the sound of weapons hitting each other. A battle was occurring somewhere, and the sound of the metal was strangely familiar.

He had heard that sound many times over the past few days. It was the sound of Ogre Slayer smashing monsters. Crockta was fighting.

Zakiro started running. The sound was coming from a corner of

Geherad, where people rarely went. It was dark, but he ran using the light of the moon and the sound. As Zakiro approached, iron flashed in the darkness.

“.....!”

A group of people was surrounding Crockta and a man. The two of them were exchanging blows. Zakiro moved closer and saw Tiyo and Anor, who spotted him and waved.

He stood next to them. “What is this...?”

“Strange guys picked a fight with us dot.” Tiyo explained, “They said we would be punished according to a divine message... Strange guys dot.”

“.....!”

Zakiro knew about the divine message. All the gods wanted Crockta and the orcs to die. These people were probably fanatical followers of the gods. To them, the commands of the gods were absolute.

Indeed, the group of hooded men holding weapons was watching Crockta and the man fight, as if it was a sacred ceremony.

“Great dot. Being able to fight against Crockta...” Tiyo muttered.

However, Zakiro couldn't tell. His vision had adapted to the darkness to some extent, but their swords were moving too quickly for him to see. Every time a light flashed, someone received damage and stepped back.

Crockta, the person who conquered the north and obstructed the empire... He had killed the crazy chieftain in the north and defeated the empire's genius, Adandator. However, a nameless fanatic was matching him in the fight.

The two chose to catch their breath for a moment. Crockta stared at the man, and suspicions about the opponent filled his eyes. It was an expression which showed the fight wasn't going according

to his will.

Zakiro followed Crockta's gaze towards the opponent. The hood was torn, so the opponent's face was revealed. It was a middle-aged man. He looked at Crockta with a calm expression.

Then he declared, "You can't resist the power of the gods. Accept your fate, Crockta."

It was at this moment that Zakiro realized something. There was a faint light coming from the man's sword. Magic swords were able to exert such power. However, Zakiro saw that it wasn't a magic sword.

God's soldier...

Crockta's opponent wasn't a warrior who was good at the sword. However, he had the power of a god itself. A god's power was coming down to the man through that sword. It wasn't the god's full power as there were constraints about using divine power against mortals. However, this was enough to aim at Crockta's neck.

The man wielded his sword again. A light flashed.

Kaaang!

Crockta blocked the sword with Ogre Slayer. Then he stepped back.

"Ugh."

"In the name of the gods!"

Kakang!

Zakiro could see it. Crockta's sword, Ogre Slayer, was shaking. Zakiro was a blacksmith, a master who heard the voice of the iron and the sword. Just like how a warrior saw the paths through the opponent's gap in order to kill them, Zakiro had an eye for seeing through metals and weapons.

In his eyes, Ogre Slayer looked like a boxer who barely blocked

the punch.

It had won many fights but hadn't healed properly, causing the wounds to accumulate. Its broken bones set wrong, and its wounds filled with pus. A punch to the head caused damage which would make the hands shake.

However, nevertheless, Ogre Slayer still looked straight at the opponent. This was a fight, and the opponent was still in the ring. A fighter who wouldn't collapse when weak... That was Ogre Slayer. And Zakiro was the father who had made Ogre Slayer.

“Bul'tar————!”

Crockta's roar shook Geherad...

And Crockta's speed increased.

The man stepped back from Crockta's power. An unknown swordsmanship was being used with Zakiro's sword as Ogre Slayer implemented an unknown power. The man's sword bounced off, and Ogre Slayer aimed towards the gap.

However, it was blocked. This was the god's power. Opportunities were equally given to both sides. The enemy's attack flew when Crockta's blow was deflected towards the ground. The sword had a white haze around it.

Then Crockta raised Ogre Slayer.

Kaaaang!

At that moment, Zakiro thought that Ogre Slayer would break. However, it managed to hold on. Crockta blocked the attack and kicked the man's elbow. The sword was momentarily lowered. Then Crockta turned and swung his greatsword at the man.

It seemed like this fight was over. However, the man's sword swung around in the air, as if a thread was tied to it. Then it moved into a position to stop Crockta's sword. The man grabbed his sword and inserted strength into his legs.

Kwaaaaang!

Once again, the two swords collided. The man was pushed back. It was a power struggle. The dim light from the man's sword enlarged to cover his body, and his eyes shone white. The god's power was encroaching on his body.

His sword became faster. It aimed at Crockta from every direction. Thanks to the gods, the man's attacks were swift and powerful.

“.....!”

However, Crockta's Ogre Slayer defended against all attacks. It endured, and the reaction was marvelous. Crockta was really one with the sword.

“Is that really my sword...?” Zakiro muttered.

It was beautiful swordsmanship. However, it wasn't beautiful due to smooth movements or gentle curves... But because the sword and owner were one. All types of movements were completed with the big greatsword. Zakiro couldn't tell if Crockta was leading the sword, or if the sword was leading him. The sword was connected to Crockta, and they moved as one.

Then Crockta hit his opponent's abdomen.

“Cough!”

Crockta immediately swung the greatsword at his opponent.

Kakang!

The enemy's sword flew through the air. It rolled across the ground and stopped at Zakiro's feet. The dim light faded, and it became dark. The god left. Zakiro picked up the sword. It wasn't a bad sword, but it wasn't superb craftsmanship. It was just a fairly decent sword.

He raised his head and looked at Crockta and the man. Crockta's greatsword was pointed at the man's neck. The man slowly opened

his eyes. He saw Crockta and the sword pointed at his neck. He didn't know what to do.

“Tell me about the divine message.” Crockta demanded.

The man mumbled something.

Zakiro felt something strange while watching the scene. The man wasn't a great warrior... He was just a fanatic. His sword wasn't exceptional... It was just a decent sword. He was like a grain of sand compared to Crockta, a orc with a proper sword.

However, when the man used the power of the gods, he could fight against the 'Northern Conqueror.' This was the power of the gods. Crockta won now, but he would eventually fall. All the gods wanted his death.

What if this power was used on a stronger person with a better sword?

Crockta and Ogre Slayer... The beautiful dance of the two would end soon. It was inevitable. After all, it wasn't an ogre they were facing. The gods... No matter how good Ogre Slayer was, it couldn't kill a god. However...

“I want to keep watching.”

As long as the sun still blazed, the last forge wouldn't turn off. Likewise, Zakiro hoped that the beautiful combination of Crockta and Ogre Slayer wouldn't end. The sword he made was more than a sword, and the harmony with its owner was a miracle he wanted to last forever.

Zakiro wanted to do it.

“This is also destiny.”

A warrior had to fight. For a warrior to survive, he must kill without dying... And in order to kill, he needed a weapon that could kill.

Chapter 185 – Homecoming

“Tell me about the divine message.” Crockta asked the man. The man didn’t want to talk, but he opened his mouth the moment Ogre Slayer approached his neck.

“God wants your death.”

“God? Why?”

“I don’t know. I am just following the will of God. God has commanded you to die. I borrowed his power and came to kill you according to his words. That is all.”

“Which god?”

“The elder god of the mountain, where you will reap all the blood you sowed.”

Crockta was confused.

He had heard of the elder god of the mountain. It was a small religion spread over the mountain areas of the continent. Those who lived in the mountains mainly followed it, but in comparison to its rustic image, the religion had a cruel doctrine. However, why did the elder god of the mountain suddenly want to kill him?

While Crockta was thinking, the man continued speaking, “Accept your fate. Other people will come...”

“There are others?”

“You really don’t know anything. That isn’t all. All the gods on this continent have commanded your death. Even the goddess of mercy desires your death.”

Crockta’s expression distorted. “Why?”

“We can’t know the minds of the gods. You must’ve done something bad to incur the wrath of the gods. Repent, Crockta. An eye for an eye, blood for blood.”

“I don’t understand that reasoning.” Crockta raised his greatsword.

The man shouted, “I have failed today, but in the end, the gods will find you! In the end...! Kuheok!”

Crockta kicked the man’s belly. The man curled up on the ground. Crockta looked down at the man, and laughed.

“You are too noisy. I just want to find out the situation.”

“Ugh..!” The man sprawled out on the ground. “The orcs will not survive the wrath of the gods!”

“What did you say?”

Crockta lowered his posture and stared at the man.

“The orcs?”

“Yes! The gods desire not just your death but the death of all the orcs! You will perish!”

“.....”

Crockta raised his gaze and stared at the group of hooded men, followers of the elder god of the mountain. They flinched from his murderous gaze. They couldn’t even think about raising their weapons as they stepped back.

Crockta growled, “Is that true?”

“.....”

They couldn’t open their mouths, causing Crockta to grab the neck of the collapsed man, who was shouting about the will of the gods. Then at that moment, the man couldn’t breathe.

“Keeok! Ke....!”

“Answer me. Do the gods really want to kill the orcs as well as me? Is that the divine message of your god?”

Crockta got up. The man struggled. He was breathless and clutching at Crockta’s wrist. Looking at the man’s pained

appearance, the other followers and cried out, “Y-Yes. The words are correct. So, let go of him quickly!”

“Kill all the orcs?”

“Yes, the gods said so. To make the orcs a forgotten species.”

Crockta nodded. Then he threw the man. The man flew towards the other followers, causing the group to fall and roll across the ground. In the turmoil, some of the hoods fell off. They were all ordinary humans, ordinary people who looked after the fields or hunted in the mountains.

Crockta muttered, “Why do the gods want the death of me and all the orcs?”

What was going on? The followers edged away helplessly. Crockta noticed them, but he then said with a sigh, “Get lost.” It was like giving permission. They ran away hastily as soon as Crockta’s words ended. Only the man’s weapon remained on the ground. Crockta grabbed it. It was an ordinary sword. However, when the light of divine power surrounded it, the sword emitted a force which was hard for Crockta to deal with.

Beings with this power were aiming at the orcs... Not just one orc but all of them.

“This is definitely a headache.”

Why couldn’t they leave him in peace? It wasn’t possible for him to stay still after hearing that the gods were aiming at all the orcs.

“Why are the gods doing this dot? Did you speak ill of the gods?”

Tiyo asked after watching the scene. Crockta shrugged, “I don’t know. It would be really unfair even if I did.”

“That is true. There is always a mountain after crossing a mountain dot.”

“Great chieftain, empire, and now the gods... Will everything be okay?” Anor looked at Crockta with trembling eyes.

“It can’t be helped, even if it isn’t okay.”

“Then shouldn’t you head quickly to the other orcs? They are aiming at the orcs.”

“Indeed dot. Quickly. I can find my father later, so let’s fight with Crockta’s friends dot! Against those gods!”

“Um...”

Crockta thought about it. If orcs were the target, then Orcrox and Basque Village came to mind. There was also the land of the orcs in the north. However, those who borrowed the power of the gods couldn’t invade it. Perhaps the gods’ followers were already moving.

In that case, even one more person would help.

“Yes...” Crockta muttered.

Then someone interrupted. “Stay a little longer.”

It was Zakiro.

“Zakiro.”

“There is no one crazy enough to fight all the orcs immediately after the gods have sent the divine message. The present era isn’t a time where the gods can run rampant like before.”

“So, there is no need to worry?”

“No, there is no need to hurry. Even if things will happen, there is still time. The followers have to look at their own interests and circumstances. They will gather the forces slowly.”

Zakiro wasn’t looking at Crockta while talking. Crockta followed Zakiro’s glance and confirmed what he was watching. It was Ogre Slayer in Crockta’s hands.

“You need to be prepared if you really want to fight the gods.”

“Prepared?”

Zakiro raised his gaze towards Crockta. Crockta shrank back

from the look in Zakiro's eyes. There were flames blazing in Zakiro's eyes, and they weren't of a small fire. It was a furnace that could melt iron.

"I am going to fix Ogre Slayer."

"Hahahahat!" Someone was laughing. "So, you tried to kill us? You? Really?"

She tugged at the hair of the human she had captured. She was sitting on top of a tower of human bodies. The man at the very top wasn't dead yet. He shivered and begged for forgiveness.

"Please... stop..."

"Stop?"

She pulled the hair with more strength. The man's neck was pulled back, and he couldn't talk anymore. She pushed her face against his.

"Say it again, again. If you won and we lost, would you stop if we told you to stop?"

"Keooooook..."

"Where is your confidence from earlier? Huh?"

She grabbed the ax at her waist. It wasn't big and looked more like a throwing ax. She raised the ax to the man's eyes.

"Say it again."

"Please..."

"I might forgive you. Tell me again what you said when you first saw us."

"Forgive..."

She looked annoyed, "If you say it, I will forgive you!"

She pierced the man's eyes with the ax. Blood flowed from it. The

man shrieked.

“Now, tell me before it becomes more painful. What did you say when you first found us?”

“Heok, kuheok... First, first...”

“Yes. The first thing.”

“I-In the name of the gods...”

“And?”

“K-Kill Crockta and the orcs, k-kill...”

“Wrong.”

She wielded the ax again. The man’s nose was split. The man screamed, and blood burst out.

She started humming, “What did you say?”

“Keoook...”

“Kill the dirty and rodent-like orcs, mutilate their bodies, and hang them at the gates.”

She hummed and swung her ax again. Every time her arm moved, blood splattered on the man’s face. More and more, the appearance of a person was becoming less visible.

“Kill, did you say?”

“Ple...please...”

“Then I will take your life.”

She rose from her spot. Then she grabbed the man’s neck and pushed him down. The man rolled down the pile of bodies and fell to the bottom. Her followers, who were continuing the massacre, asked her, “Captain! What should we do now?”

“They want to kill us, so we can’t let them live.”

“Kulkulkul, good!”

They wielded their weapons, and terrible screams were heard.

Suddenly, she saw a man crawling on the ground in order to run away. She threw her ax. It was aimed accurately at the man. The ax tore through the air and split apart his head. Brain matter flowed down.

“Kill those who want to live.”

She smiled.

“It is over, Captain Anya!”

“You did well.”

She was an orc warrior known as the mad slaughterer, notorious for being a crazy berserker. The ‘mad slaughterer’ Anya... She had declared revenge on the noble who killed Lenox, torturing him and killing his followers. That was the berserker Anya.

Anya laughed as the slaughter finished and muttered, “Kuhuhut. That Crockta, he has become a big man.”

Anya remembered when she first saw Crockta. She had come to Orcrox for Lenox’s funeral and seen the apprentice warrior who had been the last one to speak with Lenox. His behavior was awkward but the willpower burning in his eyes seemed like something he’d inherited from Lenox.

“Conquering the north, thwarting the empire, and now fighting the gods?”

Anya’s eyes shone.

“His skills...”

She laughed again. Then at that moment...

The air near her distorted.

Anya frowned, “What, all of a sudden!”

The figure of an orc slowly appeared. He looked at Anya with his translucent body, and his shape gradually became clear. He was a bald male orc without a single stitch of clothing, while necklaces

made of all types of animal bones and skulls were hanging around his neck. Additionally, a strangely bent staff was held in his hand.

It was the shaman who pursued the abyss, 'Abyss Seeker' Wallachwi.

"Lenox and Crockta... Kuhul...hulhul..."

"Shut up."

"I thought you had a strange taste... You also like the young... Kuhulhul...hul..."

"You really make me feel bad. How long have you been here?"

"I don't know...? Kuhul...hul!"

Anya grabbed another ax from her waist. However, it couldn't touch Wallachwi and passed straight through his body.

"It is no use. Kuhul...hul!"

"Witchcraft is really nasty."

Anya licked her lips and placed the ax back on her waist. Anya's subordinates finished their work and greeted Wallachwi.

"Wallachwi! It is great to see you after so long! Kuhulhul!"

"I am alive! Bul'tar!"

"I heard the news! Crockta is doing something fun! Kulkulkul!"

"There will be a festival again! Kuhahat!"

"Fight, fight!" They laughed while shouting. Indeed, they were the berserkers who followed Anya.

Anya smiled at them before asking Wallachwi, "Are you going? To Orcrox?"

A divine message had been passed against the entire orc species. They always wandered around the continent, but since this had happened, they needed to return to Orcrox. Just like when all the great orcs on the continent had returned home for Lenox's funeral.

“Of course. Kuhul...hul!”

Wallachwi smiled. Anya nodded.

“Zankus?”

“He will go after finishing a hunt... Kuhuhu...!”

“What is he hunting? That abnormal bastard.”

Her followers shouted, “We’re done!”

“Yes. Then let’s go!”

After completing the massacre, Anya’s group started to head towards Orcrox, and next to Anya was the translucent shaman shaking his staff. It had been a while since Lenox had died. In the meantime, the north had opened, and the kingdom had become an empire. An immature apprentice warrior had become a great warrior... And now, the gods wanted to kill the orcs.

The legendary powerhouses of the orcs began to gather again.

Chapter 186 – God Slayer (1)

A blacksmith's blood flowed through the dwarves of the Golden Anvil Clan. Zakiro had been born as the most talented one among them. The clan's chief craftsman, Solardo had told him,

‘If you are a true Golden Anvil craftsman, you can see the finished product before you melt it.’

Zakiro believed he had understood those words. He always had a blueprint. The moment he wanted to make something, he was clear about how it would be completed. All the masterpieces he had already created were once in his head. However, Zakiro realized that wasn't the case. He hadn't seen it properly. Zakiro had used his intuition to complete it, but he hadn't really seen it.

“Now I see.”

Zakiro muttered as he saw the weapon which filled his mind. He could see what it would be like, what type of power it had, and how it could be created. Additionally, he could see what it would cost. Zakiro wanted to move his body. Right now, an unknown inspiration was filling him and moving through his entire body. He wanted to start working soon.

“You came. Zakiro.”

“Yes.”

Zakiro's body trembled. Rastad, the blacksmith who maintained the last forge, saw Zakiro's face, and his eyes widened. He studied Zakiro and laughed. “‘That’ has arrived.”

“What is it?”

“The thing that comes to a great blacksmith once in their lives.” Rastad looked around the last forge. There was nothing special except for the fact that it was in the temple where the last fire was kept. “Come along.”

Zakiro followed Rastad. There was a door in the forge. Rastad opened it to reveal stairs. Then they went down to another smithy. Dust had accumulated since it hadn't been used for a long time, but the facility itself was good to use right now.

“Use this place.”

“This place...”

“It is literally the last forge. The outside area is just an assortment of things.”

Zakiro looked around the interior. It was the first time he'd seen it, but it felt familiar somehow. The inspiration in his head and the familiar feeling of this forge tangled together.

“So, what will you create? Will you use iron?”

“It will come soon.”

As Zakiro spoke, there was a small noise from above. They waited for a bit, and someone came down the stairs. It was Crockta. He greeted them with a huge sword on his shoulders.

“Zakiro. You were here. Ah, someone else? I am Crockta, a warrior.”

“I am Rastad. I am the blacksmith who maintains the last forge.”

“It is a pleasure. I am alive.”

“It has been a long time since I've heard an orc greeting.”

The two of them shook hands, then Crockta looked around the forge. “Will you fix my sword here?”

Zakiro smiled. “That's right. You can be expectant.”

“Well...” Crockta looked at Zakiro and Rastad. He scratched his head and put down Ogre Slayer. “At any rate, thank you. Please take care of it.”

“Don't worry.”

“I have to talk to the priest.” Crockta's hands moved awkwardly

without Ogre Slayer as he climbed the stairs.

Zakiro's and Rastad's eyes turned to Ogre Slayer. It was an excellent greatsword.

...Except for the fact that it was breaking down.

"This sword?"

"That's right."

"Haha... That warrior, he is Crockta. Now I understand why your eyes are like that."

Excellent warriors always inspired blacksmiths. The Golden Anvil Clan might have a philosophy of not caring about the users of their weapons, it was exciting to make a weapon for a warrior like Crockta.

"Maybe this is the arrangement of the sun god." Rastad muttered.

Zakiro was silently moving Ogre Slayer. He had begun working.

Rastad watched quietly. The genius of the Golden Anvil Clan, the Slayer Maker who had created many masterpieces at a young age... What would his ability be like? At that moment, the forge became hot.

"Ah...!"

Rastad could feel it clearly. The temple of the sun was welcoming Zakiro. The last fire, which hadn't reacted to blacksmiths for a long time, started to heat up the forge.

Rastad was in awe. "Finally, a blacksmith has appeared to match the last forge!"

This was the true last fire which Rastad had experienced a few times during his youth but could no longer use. It was the last fire in the temple of the sun god. In combination with the last forge...

A greatsword was reborn again.

Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor went to have tea with the priest. While Ogre Slayer was being repaired, they wanted to find out as much as possible about Hedor.

“You are looking for Hedor.” The priest took out some papers from the temple’s archives. Things like the temple’s entrance register and access records remained. “He did a lot of research on the sun god in the temple. The inquisitive gnome asked me many things. Why the sun god disappeared, the circumstances of the gods...”

“Why did the sun god disappear dot?”

Tiyo asked.

The priest laughed. “Humans can’t accurately know the story of the gods. The reason he fell into a deep sleep is probably due to a problem when fighting the gods in the past.”

“The gods fought dot?”

“That’s right. The reason was never revealed, but there are records about a dispute among the gods. In the aftermath, one god died, one god fell and one god went to sleep.”

Crockta’s eyes widened. In the aftermath, one god had died, one god had fallen, and one god had gone to sleep. The gray god was the one who had fallen.

Crockta asked, “What gods are they?”

The priest laughed. “Haha. You are only asking hard questions. Please remember, this is just a story and it isn’t definite. I will warn you in advance.”

“It’s okay.”

“Of course, the sun god is the one who fell asleep. The gray god is the one who fell. No one can remember what she was the god of, or what power she had.”

“.....!”

The gray god... The one who linked Elder Lord to Earth and seemed to be plotting something. When she fell, one god had died and one had gone to sleep. There was a relationship between the gray god and the sun god. The journey to find Hedor was becoming increasingly connected to the answers Crockta wanted to find.

Crockta asked again, “Then the dead god...?”

“Ahh. He was like a father and mother to the sun god. He is...”
The priest paused for a moment before replying, “The ‘stars’.”

“There are many stars in the sky.”

Yoo Jaehan muttered. He was sitting on the beach and looking up at the sky. It was night, but young people were still gathered on the white sand. They occasionally threw stones at the surface of the sea and squashed beer cans.

“Try to imagine it.”

A voice suddenly said. Yoo Jaehan turned his head. A woman was sitting beside him. Her skin and hair were exceptionally white. It was a unique appearance, but thanks to the darkness and the hat covering her head, no one in the vicinity noticed.

She was the gray god.

“The sight of the stars disappearing from the sky.”

“Awful.”

“I always have to see it.”

“.....” Yoo Jaehan smiled. “How awful.”

“After coming to this world... I don’t want to see that type of thing... Still, seeing the stars of Earth relieves some of the despair.”

“Do you want a beer or something to drink?”

“It is okay.”

“It isn’t uncommon for you to drink or eat.”

“You spoke to Jung Ian.”

“Ian asked me about you.”

She scooped up the sand with her hand. Yoo Jaehan asked, “Is the plan going well?”

“Somewhat.”

“What is your influence?”

“The achievement points keep rising. It is thanks to Crockta, Rommel, and Keynes. The rankers are much better than I thought.”

“Yes...” Yoo Jaehan smiled. “They have no idea what they are doing.”

“Yes, that is better. Do you know? When Crockta came alone, I got angry and raised his assimilation rate to the limit. At that time, I ended up giving a little bit of my power to Crockta. So, I was worried... The gods noticed I had something to do with Crockta and told people to wipe out Crockta and the orcs.”

The gray god chattered on, and Yoo Jaehan listened to her words.

“If they move in the correct manner, Crockta won’t be able to stay still... Once this is over, I can really accomplish my plan. Now is the real beginning.”

“Yes, it seems like it.”

“So...” The gray god got up. “When the time comes, please thank Jung Ian for me.”

Yoo Jaehan looked at the sea and replied, “Until then. If he is still alive, I will.”

“Yes. Well, even so. He will be alive. Otherwise, I will be sorry.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

Yoo Jaehan smiled and nodded.

The gray god added, “Ah right, Gordon wanted to say hello to you.”

“Is he doing well?”

“He is.”

“Gordon is also a great person.”

Suddenly, there were fireworks on the beach. The long curves of light rose into the sky. The gray god spread open her arms and gazed at the embers in the night sky.

“Pretty.”

After Rastad left, Zakiro pulled something out. It was a small lump of golden metal.

When Zakiro gained the title of Slayer Maker and rose to the rank of a craftsman, Solardo of the Golden Anvil Clan had given it to him.

‘You can only use it once. Keep this in mind. If you aren’t ready, it will be used in vain. You will have consumed it uselessly. The craftsmen who used it correctly are recorded in the history of the Golden Anvil Clan.’

Most people used it in vain, but those who used it correctly made the best weapons in history. It was a piece of golden metal given to the craftsmen of the clan. This was why Zakiro’s clan was called the Golden Anvil.

That was a piece of a golden anvil. The clan split apart the anvil, which was said to have been given to them by a god, and gave the pieces to their craftsmen. The pieces would gradually disappear over time. Fortunately, Zakiro had been able to receive a piece at a young age.

He sensed that now was the right time to use it. So, Zakiro

grabbed it. It melted and disappeared into Ogre Slayer's melted form. The color of the molten iron became even redder. However, the piece of the anvil didn't melt completely.

Zakiro started to furiously work the bellow, and the temperature started rising gradually. Sweat flowed down Zakiro's face, and it felt like the bones in his body were melting. His hands worked faster.

Then after a moment...

A tremendous heat hit him.

“.....!”

He stepped back like he had been pushed, and he stared blankly at the sight in front of him—a fire. The furnace was literally ablaze.

Zakiro watched it. There was something shining in the furnace. It was a red crystal... And it was dazzling, like a ball of flames. Zakiro knew what it was. The last flame...

This was 'it.' The last fire should be at the altar above, but now it was down in the forge. The fire added to the heat which was melting Ogre Slayer. The forge—no, the entire temple started to heat up.

The temperature rose. It was unexpected. Above him, there was the sound of people urgently rushing out of the temple. Shouts could also be heard.

Zakiro gritted his teeth and withstood the heat. The last flame... This was a crystal left behind by the sun god. It melted the piece of the Golden Anvil as well as Ogre Slayer. Zakiro laughed. Despite the heat covering his entire body, he burst out laughing. His intuition, close to a prophetic ability, wasn't wrong after all.

He had seen this scene already. He had known it would be here. The world was pushing at his back. The sun, the hottest flames which could melt anything... No one would be able to endure it.

...Not even the gods.

Zakiro made a fist as he glanced at the molten iron. This sword would be his best masterpiece, and it would be the best work in the history of the Golden Anvil Clan. The purpose of the sword was simple.

God killer...

The sword which was born with the flames of the sun...

It could even kill a god.

Chapter 187 – God Slayer (2)

Geherad was in turmoil. The temple of the sun god, which could be called the reason for Geherad's existence, was on fire.

“Everybody evacuate!”

“What is going on?”

“Fire, fire!”

The first place to react was the worship room. The fire started at the altar that contained the last fire and started to spread throughout the temple. The worshipers shouted and ran away, along with the guards of the temple. The terrified blacksmiths also left the forge.

It was the same for the priest and Crockta's group in the archives. They rushed outside as the temple became hotter.

“What is this...?”

“Oh my god.”

“The sun god!”

“Come this way!”

Those who evacuated to the outskirts stared at the temple with devastation. Crockta gazed at the temple. It seemed like the entire building was on fire. Nevertheless, the temple itself didn't combust. The whole temple felt like a melting fire pit but nothing was destroyed. Even the flags flying from the temple maintained their intact appearance. It maintained its intact appearance despite being surrounded by a red flame.

The priest muttered, “The sun will burn his enemy and wrap itself around his children. To those who don't believe in him, he is the plague of hell.”

People looked at him.

“This is the power of the sun god. His flame is said to burn the enemies, while not harming those who weren’t enemies.”

“Ahh...”

“Is the sun god waking up? This is obviously his power.”

“Perhaps finally...”

The huge temple was burning while maintaining its appearance. It was an unbelievable sight that couldn’t be understood unless the power of a god were involved. People started to talk about the resurrection of the sun god.

Then someone said, “No, that isn’t the case.”

“Rastad?”

It was Rastad. There was an unknown expression on his face. It was both jubilant and bittersweet.

“That isn’t the resurrection of the sun god.”

“Huh?”

“It is the last forge.”

Everyone staring blankly at him. Only the priest nodded like he understood, “I understand. It is the last forge.”

“What do you mean?” Wasn’t the last forge the place where we were?”

One blacksmith asked Rastad. Rastad shook his head.

“That is just a room next to the worship room. The true last forge is somewhere else, and it isn’t a place we can use whenever we want. It is a legendary forge that appears when the last fire burns.” Now there was a clear smile on his face. “There are three conditions necessary to truly use the last forge. It will appear when the world needs the last forge, when a worthy craftsman puts the iron into the furnace and...

He looked at Crockta, who flinched. Rastad smiled so widely that

his canine teeth were revealed.

“When a warrior who deserves a weapon made in the last forge is met. The last forge will only appear then.”

Rastad finished speaking and fell silent. It was a sight that he might never see again in his life.

At that moment. It started to rain.

Chiiiiik!

Steam appeared as the fire around the temple and the rain met. The entire temple was covered in steam, making it not visible anymore. Consecutive scenes that were hard to believe appeared. Then they heard the sound of iron being hit.

Kaaang!

The sound became bigger.

Kaaang!

There was the blazing temple, pouring rain and hammering sound that rang out all over Geherad.

Kaaang!

After the divine message was received, public opinion wandered for a while but it gradually moved towards a conclusion. All temples followed the will of their gods and designated Crockta as an enemy to be destroyed.

“I never thought the day would come when all gods would whisper the same words.” A man wearing steel armor said.

Duke Christian of the empire looked at him.

“It is a chance I never thought would come in my life. I am going.”

The man standing in front of him was one of Christian’s subordinates. He was an important talent, a person that Christian

didn't spare any support for and was placed right below him. The strongest magician Mogsulin was one of his representatives.

It was the same for the man in front of him, a paladin chosen by the god of war. Using the god of war's blessing, Aklan wiped out all enemies in front of him. He welcomed this divine message more than anyone else. He wanted to get rid of Crockta and the orcs as soon as possible.

His determined eyes proved this.

"Hrmm, I see." Christian thought about it.

The deeply religious elves and dwarves were already preparing to march. It was a divine message so volunteer troops gathered together. Those who knew how to fight, the soldiers and those who wanted to win gathered together. It wasn't just due to the divine message but also the ambition to distinguish themselves in a great cause. Those who wanted to know themselves and acquire honor lined up. The goal was Orcrox in the land of the orcs.

The man standing here, Aklan, was a person filled with both honor and faith in his god.

"If that is your will, I can't stop you." Duke Christian replied. He spoke negatively to the emperor about this fight, but he also thought it was important. However, he didn't want to follow the trend. He was the person throwing the fire, not the one who caught on fire.

And Aklan was the best person to set fire to. He believed in the god of war. That was the reason for Aklan's existence. This fanaticism would spread to people like a disease.

"Adandator wants to accompany me."

"Adandator?"

"Yes."

Adandator had been injured in the battle against Crockta. Was it

due to vengeance? Or maybe Aklan's madness had moved him.

"Okay."

It didn't matter. Adandator was a person close to the emperor. He didn't have a large relationship with Christian.

"Please understand, I can't send the regular armies and knights. It is because it is the emperor, not the gods, that is at the top of the empire." Christian explained.

"I know."

"But that doesn't mean you can't recruit volunteers. Gather people from the temple of the war god. Try whatever you can. I will speak to the emperor. If the soldiers want to go, they will be able to."

"Thank you." Aklan bowed deeply. "I will return to pay back all your grace."

"Don't worry about that. Bring back victory. That is enough."

"Yes!"

"Then please go." Aklan rose, bowed once more to Christian and turned around.

Christian watched him leave and thought.

'Please spread this war so that everyone will become wounded, and there is no clear winner.'

"The orcs will truly cease to exist. Then the balance of the continent will fall."

Create a shocking and exciting upheaval.

Christian smiled. "What do you think?"

Then a man standing next to Duke Christian revealed himself. The robed man was the great magician, Mogsulin.

"The orcs will disappear from the continent."

“Aren’t there monsters among the orcs?”

“They are monsters, but their opponents are gods. All the gods are hostile to the orcs. Who can survive?”

“Indeed.”

“It can’t be helped, even if the fallen god is behind them.”

According to Mogsulin, the power of the fallen god was felt strongly from Crockta when he fought the empire, making the gods take this action.

“I’m glad you are here.”

Mogsulin had touched the Pinnacle and was linked to the gods. He overheard the stories of the gods and told Christian. Without Mogsulin, he wouldn’t have known all of this. Mogsulin smiled and bowed at Christian’s praise.

“But what will happen if that Crockta wins? He has succeeded in doing things that seem impossible. He is an orc but I admire him. No matter how great the gods are, I can’t help feeling uneasy.”

“This time, even he’s unable to do anything. He might be the best fighter who defeated Adandator, but the gods aren’t existences that can be killed with swords.”

“Those who can’t be killed by swords...how reliable.”

Christian laughed. People all over the continent were following the divine message. This was a great opportunity for those like Christian.

The rain didn’t stop falling in Geherad. Nevertheless, the flames around the temple didn’t go out. People tried to approach the temple but couldn’t enter due to the heat. An extraordinary event was going on.

In addition, the banging sound continued to ring through Geherad.

Kaaang!

Kaaang!

“Zakiro, is he alive?”

“We can still hear the sound...”

“Has he eaten dot?”

“.....”

“What a great guy, dot. If I was him, I would die from hunger. Ohh.”

Kaaang!

According to the priest and Rastad, Zakiro was currently making a weapon with the last fire. A type of divine power had descended. However, Crockta, Tiyo, and Anor focused on eating as the crazy blacksmith hammered on the iron.

The interior was very hot so Zakiro might already be burned. Fortunately, the knocking sound continued but it was unknown if he was perfectly safe. This was a problem that continued all day.

“By the way, my father said he was going north dot.”

“That’s right,” said the priest as he drank his beer.

Due to the burning temple, the priest lost his home and stayed with Crockta’s group at the inn for a while. There was no rule against priests drinking alcohol. The excited priest drank the beer. He maintained good manners but he was still a dwarf.

“I remember him saying it in passing. He is seeking a person who knows the myths in the north.”

“My dad really is a wanderer dot.”

They pursued him from the north to the south, then the west and now they were heading north again. It was traveling all around the continent.

“But this time, the north...” Tiyo looked at Crockta and asked,

“Won’t the land of the orcs appear dot?”

“Indeed,” Crockta nodded in agreement. If they headed north from Geherad, Orcrox and Basque Village would appear. Their destination was there, as if someone was intentionally leading them.

“It has been a really long time since I’ve returned home.”

The place where everything began, Orcrox. Crockta was filled with a burning desire to go back there.

“By the way, when will Zakiro finish the sword? I’m looking forward to it.”

“Me too dot. Crockta is great, isn’t this like a divine sword?”

“Do you think it might be a legendary sword?”

They looked at Crockta. All of this was happening due to Crockta’s Ogre Slayer. What type of weapon would be created? Crockta scratched his head and said, “Uhh...well...”

He wasn’t sure. He expected a great weapon, but it became somewhat burdensome due to the burning temple, steam and knocking sound.

At that moment, a dwarf sitting in the next chair asked, “Hey, can you hear that sound anymore?”

The sound of iron being hammered had stopped.

“.....”

It was quiet. Everyone got up in excitement.

“Perhaps!”

“This!”

“Let’s go dot!”

The group left the inn. It was still raining. In the rain, the temple lost the fire and steam, gradually returning to its original appearance. The flames around the temple that surprised Geherad

faded.

Crockta's group ran towards the temple. As they approached, they saw a man appear at the door of the temple. It was Zakiro. His body was covered in soot but his eyes were shining. He found Crockta and started to walk over, his steps filled with exhaustion.

He was holding a greatsword in his hand.

Crockta approached and faced him.

"...Good work."

Zakiro stopped, looked up at Crockta, and laughed. Words weren't necessary. Zakiro, a blacksmith of the Golden Anvil Clan, a genius who received the title of 'Slayer Maker' at a young age. He handed over the weapon that he poured everything into.

".....!"

Crockta realized it the moment he received the new sword. This wasn't a normal greatsword. He knew it. It was more than a weapon. The standards that he knew about swords were all broken, and he felt like he could cause a miracle just holding this sword.

The perfect gift for a warrior. Crockta wielded it before looking at Zakiro with a shiver. How should he show his appreciation to the blacksmith who created this?

"Zakiro..."

Crockta opened his mouth. His mouth opened and closed. Crockta was speechless as he suppressed his emotions.

"Geez, something like this..."

Chapter 188 – Kill The Thunderbird (1)

Crockta gripped his newly acquired sword.

Zakiro called it ‘God Slayer.’ A sword that could kill a god. Crockta didn’t think this was an exaggeration. He felt like he really could kill a god with this sword.

The shape was similar to the previous sword. Ogre Slayer was a huge greatsword that seemed too big to be a sword. However, the feeling in his hand was different from before. The weight was familiar to Ogre Slayer, but an unknown heat was coming from it.

The blade was dark but every time he swung it, there was an unknown gold glow and a red energy rose from it. He wanted to swing it.

“Crockta! The arrangements are ready dot!”

Of course, he would soon have a chance to wield it. Crockta’s group decided to leave Geherad immediately after obtaining God Slayer. The road to Hedor was in the north and the orcs were also in danger from the divine message.

Tiyo had shouted while carrying the luggage.

“You’re going now. Thank you for the support.” Zakiro said while watching Crockta. Crockta nodded at him.

Zakiro was unbelievably healthy despite striking iron for so long. His body was a little weak, but it would recover when replenished with the right nutrition. Rather, he said he felt stronger than before.

Crockta ask, “When are you going to leave?”

“I will stay here a few months to watch the skills of the blacksmith. Then I will decide if I want to go back to the clan or explore the world.”

Zakiro was calmer after making God Slayer. It felt like his

weapons could reach a new level.

“You should stop by Orcrox if you have time. It is full of warriors you can make weapons for.”

“I’ll think about it.” Zakiro laughed. He no longer thought about the weapon and user as separate. Crockta placed God Slayer on his back and went to Tiyo. Tiyo handed the backpack to Crockta. It was heavy.

“T-This?”

“Maybe it is because of the last forge, but these things were really cheap dot.” He opened it to see various types of steel products such as a pot, a set of small knives, and other various materials. “You should take advantage of the special treatment when possible dot!”

“I see.”

A trip wasn’t possible with just a sword. Various tools were needed. Anor also carried a backpack. His face was grouchy. Crockta laughed.

“Then shall we go?”

Crockta’s group said goodbye to Zakiro.

“Zakiro! Next time, make me a nice one as well dot!”

“You already have General.”

“I can daydream dot!”

After parting from Zakiro, they stopped by the temple to say farewell to the priest. The priests prayed for them to receive the blessing of the sun god. In particular, he made a meaningful remark as he watched Crockta carry God Slayer.

“The power of the sun will burn away all unclean things, be careful of being corrupted so that you don’t get burned by it.”

Crockta nodded. They left Geherad.

Aklan recruited an army for this expedition. The target was Crockta and the orcs, the objects of the gods' anger.

The reaction was explosive.

Aklan promised to distribute the benefits of the orc conquest mission fairly to the volunteers. Numerous nobles who believed in the gods supported them. Regular people gathered under the flag of the god. Whether it was due to faith in the god of war or Aklan's fanaticism, the number of volunteers for the expedition continued to soar.

It wasn't just Aklan and the war god. All priests on the continent were embarking on their own expeditions. The number of people participating was incredible. It was an unexpected response for the emperor and Crockta.

The expeditions tried to attract all those who believed in the gods.

"The envoy has arrived."

Guardi, the mayor of Katalu and leader of the Free Cities Alliance, was no exception. Guardi looked at the envoy from the empire with a fierce expression. He had nothing to say to the empire.

"Mayor Katalu, now is the time to put down the weapons."

"What are you talking about?"

"You know that there is a divine message. All gods are saying the same thing."

Guardi knew it. Espada also had temples, and the divine message was the same everywhere.

"You were once enemies with the empire, but that was the work of humans. Now it is time to join together for a bigger task. It is the gods' work. The expeditions are aiming at Crockta and the orcs. Together, let's stop them."

Guardi looked grim. Then he looked around. When the empire's envoy arrived, he had gathered the high-ranking bureaucrats responsible for managing Katalu, as well as representatives of the citizens. All of them had a similar expression.

“You mean...wipe out Crockta and his species?”

“That's right.”

“We should do it together?”

“Yes!”

Guardi sneered.

“If this is true...” Then he apologized. “I'm sorry but I'm really busy. I thought it was something big because you came from the empire.”

“Hahaha, the people from the empire have bad heads.”

“They are trying to say something like this to us. Hahaha.”

Guardi and the other representatives of Katalu burst out laughing. The face of the envoy became red.

“Are you saying that you won't participate in the expedition?”

“Oh, now you understand? You are a little slow.”

Guardi burst out laughing. The envoy formed a fist.

“After this expedition, all those who don't take part will be enemies. This isn't our work, but a mission from the gods. Aren't you afraid of the wrath of the gods?”

“Gods?” Guardi laughed. “What did the gods do when your empire invaded us?”

“Once again, humans..”

“It wasn't your gods who saved us, but Crockta. Crockta is our benefactor and his friends were our saviors.”

“.....”

“Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“You won’t participate, I understand,” replied the envoy through his thin lips.

Katalu’s defense chief, listening quietly next to Guardi, said with a smile, “The gods can do the work of the gods themselves. We will take care of our own work. Isn’t that right? Emperor’s dogs?”

“.....” The envoy glared at him. He suppressed his emotions and bowed to Guardi. “Your will, I understand it. I will tell the emperor and the gods. In detail.”

“Uh, yes. Tell the emperor to be careful when walking at night.”

“.....”

After hearing the emperor being mocked like he was a neighborhood thief, the envoy couldn’t take it anymore and quickly left. Before he left through the door, he turned and said to them.

“The expedition will depart soon. Volunteers will keep joining until we reach Orcrox. Think carefully about what will happen to you once the expedition is over.”

Then he left the room.

Guardi shrugged. “The imperial people, you are all insane. Good luck.”

They headed north through the great forest. The terrain was harsh and monsters kept appearing to interfere with their course. But Crockta was eager to have opponents to test his new weapon against.

Right now, his opponent was a drake. It was reminiscent to the drakes he met in the north. The drake, that resembled a dragon, watched Crockta. But before it could bare its sharp teeth, the shimmering golden sword struck its body.

“Kyaaaak!”

The drake screamed and stepped back. However, Crockta didn't stop as he kept wielding his greatsword. Blood and flesh scattered. The drake swung its paws.

Kakang!

The claws and blade met, causing sparks to fly. However, the drake couldn't resist because it had already been damaged by the greatsword. The drake withdrew. Crockta jumped and sliced at the drake's head. Cutting it in two with one stroke of the sword! The drake's head split apart and it died instantly.

“Huhu, good.”

“What is good dot? It has already been many times!”

Crockta was glad about testing out his new weapon, but the rest of the group were tired of all the creatures appearing. In accordance with the reputation of the great forest, many creatures emerged to annoy them.

“It can't be helped. We are deep inside the forest.”

The map showed the best path, but the long distance to their goal was apparent. Therefore, they chose to go straight through. Now they were already too far to go back.

“Uh...based on these circumstances, an ogre wizard will soon appear dot.”

Ogre wizard. A rare ogre that could use magic, they hardly ever appeared. Just like the goblin shaman, they played a key role in their clan. But since it was an ogre, the risk far exceeded the goblins. The presence of an ogre wizard meant that an enormous number of ogres were present.

“Don't worry. I will never be cut with God Slayer!”

Crockta laughed as he admired at God Slayer. Suddenly, the flesh and blood covering God Slayer started to burn and dissipate. This

was one of the strange functions of God Slayer, who had the power of the last fire.

Crockta smiled at the sight of the cleaned blade.

“Ah, hot!” Crockta was surprised and threw the sword. “I forgot, hot hot hot!”

“...Didn’t you say that warriors shouldn’t treat their weapons like lovers dot?”

God Slayer seemed desolate from its place in the ground. Crockta coughed as he calmed down. He carefully checked the temperature of the blade and picked it up again.

“Hrmm. My mistake.”

“How many times has it been dot?”

“The third time today. Monsters have appeared three times.”

“.....”

Crockta dropped his head.

Tiyo complained, “Anyway...ohh...where is a city? A gnome doesn’t like this type of living style dot.”

Tiyo gathered some twigs. It was preparation to start a fire.

“Really...I want to go to a beautiful city like Quantas... where you turn the faucet and water comes out dot...” He complained while his body prepared to start cooking. They would camp here today. “Drake meat is tasteless but we have to eat it dot...”

Tiyo used a dagger from Geherad to dismantle the drake. He didn’t need to disassemble all of it, so only a part of the belly was cut.

“I have to use spices...”

He used the spices gathered from the various cities they visited. Tiyo’s cooking skill was the best — he had the two stage charm, consisting of a handsome face and good cooking skills.

Crockta and Anor nodded as they watched him work.

“I’m glad Tiyo is here...”

The moment that Anor said this, something blocked their view.

“.....!”

It filled their vision for a moment before disappearing.

“Ehhh...?”

The body of the fallen drake had also vanished. Crockta’s party stared at the place where the drake had been with wide eyes. Where did the massive drake corpse go? Fortunately, the slice of drake meat was still in Tiyo’s hands.

“What was that?”

“Bird...” Crockta continued, “It was an enormous bird.”

Crockta saw it, the huge bird that had descended before flying off with the drake’s body. The bird had a dark colored body and its wings seemed to slightly change color with every flap. A beautiful bird. The whole body was shining, the beak aimed at the targets were sharp and the eyes were bright blue.

The size was big enough to be a drake. It was incredibly fast. It appeared, grabbed the drake and disappeared in the blink of an eye. The speed was so rapid that it instantly caused confusion on the ground.

“Enormous bird...”

“There are many uncharted areas in the great forest, so it isn’t strange for an unknown monster to appear. Tiyo explained. He continued to cook calmly.

“The bird, I didn’t see it. How big is the bird?”

“Bigger than a drake.”

“What does it look like?”

“Well...a dark blue colour...a beautiful bird.”

“I want to see it. What is its name?”

“The thunderbird.”

“How do you know?”

“I have been tracking it.”

At that moment, a flash went through Anor’s head. He thought the voice was Crockta at first, but it wasn’t. Crockta was already pointing God Slayer in the direction of the voice. Anor slowly turned his head. A huge shadow covered his body. It wasn’t a human.

“It has been a while. Newbie.”

“Do I still look like a newbie?”

“Kulkulkulkul, you’ve become slightly bigger.”

It was an orc with a huge bow. Crockta placed the sword on his back again and said, “This is the first time since then. Are you alive?”

“Of course. I heard your news as well. I am alive.”

He extended his fist. The two fists touched.

“Bul’tar! It has been a while. Zankus.”

The hunter who shot the sun, Zankus.

Chapter 189 – Kill The Thunderbird (2)

Tiyo's skill was revealed with the drake meat dish. He boiled water in a large pot obtained in Geherad. Then he placed the drake meat and spices inside to make a stew. Boiled food was convenient when camping in the woods. They had been eating similar stews for a few days, but they didn't get tired of it due to the different spices that Tiyo put in.

Zankus admired the taste as he said, "The taste is good. Is that gnome friend a chef?"

"Huhu, men who cook are popular dot. I have a good body, can cook, and am intelligent! I'm not lacking anything dot."

He spooned up some more stew from the pot.

"There are a lot of things here. Do you always carry this big pot around?"

"Of course dot. This much is needed if you want delicious food! There is no cooking without it! It is all my hard work dot!"

"Amazing."

"...Excuse me." It was actually Crockta who carried the big pot, but Tiyo just shrugged.

Zankus asked Crockta, "I suppose you're going to Orcrox?"

"Yes," answered Crockta.

"Huhuhu, a long time has passed. The young warrior who wielded the sword..."

Zankus pulled something out of his bag. It was alcohol.

"Nowadays, you are a warrior sweeping through the continent that is now returning to save Orcrox."

Crockta received the cup with a smile. Tiyo and Anor also received cups. Then Zankus poured one for himself. The alcohol

was strong, which they could tell just from the smell. Anor was couldn't hold his alcohol, so he frowned at the smell.

“Zankus, will you go?”

“I have to go. I will go after catching the thunderbird.”

Thunderbird, the giant bird that suddenly appeared and disappeared with the drake's body.

“Why are you trying to catch it?”

“In order to pay back a favor...” He said while drinking the alcohol. “You, didn't you meet Shakan?”

“Shakan?”

“Of course. Every hunter knows him. The last Shakan. The great hunter.”

Crockta remembered Shakan, a great hunter who lived a long life and hated the behemoth. He ate the hearts of his prey and corrupted his body in order to fight the behemoth. In the end, he was able to hunt the behemoth and opened up the north. Shakan was a man who had a great influence on Crockta, just like Lenox and Hoyt did. He was someone who allowed Crockta to grow as a warrior.

“Did you know that Shakan once tried to hunt the thunderbird?”

“I didn't know that.”

“But the thunderbird is still alive, meaning he also failed. When I asked him about the thunderbird, he told me not to dream of hunting it.” Zankus looked at the sky like he was remembering it. “I always wanted to surpass Shakan, but he is dead. Now, this is the only way left to prove that I am a better hunter.”

Hunt the thunderbird. This was the method Zankus had chosen to prove himself.

“I'll go to Orcrox after hunting the thunderbird.”

Crockta nodded and said, “I understand.”

“Therefore, I would like to hear more about Shakan and the behemoth. Please tell me.”

“Kulkulkul, of course.”

Crockta bumped cups with Zakan. They talked about Shakan. Tiyo interjected at the exciting parts. Anor didn't know Shakan so he just listened from the side.

The first strange meeting, Shakan showing the strength he gained to defeat the behemoth, dedicating everything he had to kill the behemoth until he eventually fell, they told Zankus everything they remembered. He was a man with an indomitable tenacity that really caused admiration.

Zankus smiled. “He really was the best hunter. He went that far and died a hunter. I want to live my life like him.”

“I'm not a hunter but I agree.”

“In the meantime, I've been running after his back. However, now he is gone. So I decided to surpass him by hunting the thunderbird. I'll hunt the prey that Shakan couldn't catch, then I can go my own way.”

“You are already a well-regarded hunter. The hunter who shot down the sun, ‘Zankus the Sun Killer.’”

“That is a nickname. I know that I haven't reached Shakan yet.” Zankus laughed.

They drank the alcohol again. Crockta quietly tilted the cup when the wind blew, making the edge of his red headband touch the alcohol. After fighting the empire, he had bought a new trademark red headband to place around his head.

“It is windy.”

The wind was strong. A noise was gradually heard. They looked up at the sky. The black figure passed quickly.

“This?”

“The thunderbird showed up again.”

The giant bird, clearly the thunderbird, flew elegantly in the sky while its dark blue feathers scattered.

“It has started hunting again. I don’t know what is going on, but this is a chance for me.” Zankus got up. It was an unthinkable agility considering he just ate so much stew. Then he said to Crockta’s group.

“Do you want to go with me?” He pointed in the direction of the thunderbird. “I have a good feeling today. This is a chance to see me succeed in hunting the thunderbird. How about it?”

He grinned.

Tiyo got up immediately. “Kahahat, a confident man. Good dot. Those skills, I will look at them with my own eyes!”

Crockta and Anor nodded in agreement with Tiyo. They got up and followed Zankus.

Zankus ran without any hesitation, like he already devised a way to track the thunderbird. He sometimes looked at the sky to determine the direction, but they couldn’t figure out how.

“There are three trolls!” Zankus suddenly shouted. As he said, they headed forward a little bit and there were three trolls. They were surprised at the sudden appearance of an orc.

“I’ll entrust this to you!”

Zankus jumped over them. Zankus overtook them with flexible movements, grabbed the branch of a tree and flew forward again using the rebound. It was an incredible stunt more suitable for an elf than an orc.

Tiyo, who followed Zankus, also jumped up to mimic him.

“I’ll leave it to you dot!”

Tiyo kicked against the ground. However, the jump wasn’t strong enough. A troll’s hard fist rose and struck Tiyo’s abdomen.

“Cough!” Tiyo fell down. “I-I could’ve done it dot...”

Crockta pulled Tiyo up. Tiyo’s face was red as he was filled with rage and shame at his failure. He immediately raised General.

“I would let these bastard trolls get away dot! You stay there! I will blow your heads off with General dot!” The trolls recoiled as they felt an unusual atmosphere from the little gnome. “It will be different now dot! Dieeeeeee!”

Tiyo rushed forward and fired General. When he reached the Pinnacle, he said he would go back to basics. So Tiyo abandoned the Vulcan form and used the old rifle form. He rolled roughly across the ground and shot the trolls in a sitting position.

Dadadadada!

The magic bullets hit the trolls. They failed to withstand the impact and fell over. Tiyo rushed forward immediately. The trolls were terrified by his violent appearance. Tiyo kicked against the ground. Then he jumped over them. It was a clean jump.

“Huhu, look dot. I eventually jumped over.” Tiyo landed on the floor and praised his performance, looking back and raising a thumb. Then he spoke to the blankly staring Crockta and Anor. “Then, I’ll leave it to you dot!”

Was that what he really wanted to do? Tiyo started running. He tried to grab the branches like Zankus, but eventually gave in.

“He is too excited.”

“That’s right.”

Crockta and Anor shook their heads.

“Let’s go.”

They walked towards the fallen trolls. The trolls were stunned by Tiyo's General. They became terrified with the orc warrior approached. Crockta grinned. Then he jumped over them. He raised a thumb towards Anor.

"I'll leave it to you."

"....."

Crockta also ran away. The trolls looked at the lone Anor. They were looking at Anor with eyes that sought sympathy.

Anor suddenly said, "A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people!"

The trolls were bare-handed from the beginning, but Anor shouted it anyway. Then he ran after his party.

"...Kuock?"

"Kueeeeeok."

"Kuweeok."

The three trolls looked at each other and sighed with relief. The great forest was truly a difficult place to live.

"Ohhhh! Look up dot!"

Crockta raised his head when he heard Crockta's words. The thunderbird's body was covering the sky. Its spread out wings filled their vision. But there was something else. The shape wriggling under the thunderbird was an ogre.

"It hunted an ogre dot!"

The ogre twisted in the thunderbird's claws, like it was painful. The sharp claws became tighter. A perfect hunting skill. However, the thunderbird wasn't in an ordinary state either. The thunderbird caught the ogre but it was struggling frantically in the air. Strong winds were sweeping around it.

"Why is the bird acting like that dot?"

“It is magic.”

“Magic?”

Zankus glanced at it with sharp eyes.

“Ogre wizard.”

“Oh, an ogre wizard dot!”

The ogre wizard that was mentioned last time really appeared. This meant there was a group of ogres near here.

“Look at the tail of the thunderbird.”

As Zankus said, a shining blue rope was wrapped around the thunderbird’s tail. It connected the thunderbird to the ground so that it couldn’t fly further.

“Kuaaaah!”

“Kuwaaah!”

The roars of the ogres could be heard at the source of the rope.

“The thunderbird seems to have messed with the ogres.” Zankus was confused. “Strange. Why would a smart guy like that hit the ogres? Besides, it just grabbed the body of a drake. The rate of hunting food is too frequent...”

“Maybe it is hungry dot.”

“Hmmm...”

The thunderbird struggled in the sky and the rope made of magic power soon disappeared. The thunderbird flew high in the sky.

“It escaped...what is that dot?”

However, there was still a translucent line linked to the thunderbird.

“Tracking magic.”

The ogre wizard was tracking the whereabouts of the thunderbird. The translucent line followed the direction of the

thunderbird.

“If we follow that, it will lead us to the thunderbird’s nest.”

“Then isn’t the bird in danger dot?”

“Of course. It must’ve caught a pretty important ogre. The ogre wizard will trace it until the end.”

Zankus raised a finger to his mouth and hid in the bushes. “Hide.”

Crockta’s group followed. Soon, a group of ogres appeared with a loud sound. They were running in the thunderbird’s direction. It wasn’t just one or two. There were dozens of ogres. It was the first time Crockta had seen so many ogres together. The ground shook like an earthquake was occurring.

“That is the ogre wizard.”

Zankus pointed to the ogre in the vanguard. The wizard was holding a staff and his body was like a big ogre warrior, but lightning appeared around him every time he screamed. Once the ogres left, Tiyo stood up and asked.

“Zankus! Won’t you lose your prey at this rate dot?” He exclaimed. “I didn’t think you were a coward who would give up dot!”

Zankus laughed. A man who could speak such taunting words to Zankus was uncommon on this continent. He liked this little gnome.

“I understand, I’ll show you.” Zankus lowered his posture, his expression that of a merciless hunter. “I am the hunter Zankus.”

He watched the running ogres.

“Thunderbirds and ogres, now you are all my prey.”

Chapter 190 – Kill The Thunderbird (3)

Zankus headed in a different direction from the ogres. Crockta's group followed him.

“Is this the right direction dot?”

“I don't know.”

Zankus ran without looking back. Crockta gauged the direction. The ogres were traveling straight after the thunderbird, while Zankus was moving in a semicircle. Looking at Zankus's trajectory, he had already guessed where the thunderbird's nest was.

“Just follow Zankus.”

At that moment, one ogre appeared. It seemed to be a straggler from the group. Their eyes met as the ogre showed its teeth. Crockta pulled out God Slayer. The ogre's head suddenly exploded as an arrow had passed over Crockta's head and penetrated the ogre's skull.

Zankus. Zankus, who was in the lead, turned and shot an arrow with the huge bow. The arrow was also big and looked like a spear. Tiyo stopped and looked around after the arrow hit. For Tiyo, it was really oversized.

“Coarse arrow dot.”

The arrow turned round and round.

“I am also skilled in spear techniques!”

Zankus smiled and turned around. Crockta's group watched him before following again. They continued through the great forest. Then a mountain rose in the distance. It was a steep slope, as if someone had artificially created it. Ogres were climbing the bottom of this mountain

“Hrmm...”

Zankus loaded an arrow and watched the movements of the

thunderbird. He seemed to be thinking about something.

“They are approaching.”

The ogres climbed the mountain like ants. It was an amazing sight. Just a few ogres could cause a disaster in a city, but dozens of ogres had gathered to catch the thunderbird. A few cities would be destroyed if this group was released onto the continent.

“Thunderbird.”

The thunderbird felt the crisis and flew warily around its nest. Gusts of wind blew when it flapped its wings, causing a few ogres to topple over.

“Kuwaaaaaah!”

The angry ogre wizard roared. The thunderbird hurriedly flew higher but was hit by an unknown force. The thunderbird staggered as its feathers scattered every which way.

“They are nearing.”

Zankus and Crockta’s group approached the mountain while watching the battle. Suddenly, one ogre climbed to a flat area. The moment it was going to put its feet on the flat ground...

The thunderbird attacked the ogre. The ogre wielded a club. The huge bird and ogre tangled together. The thunderbird’s claws shredded the ogre’s body. However, the bloody ogre resisted until the end. The ogre wizard’s magic tied up the thunderbird once again, allowing the ogre’s club to hit it.

“The thunderbird is in danger dot!” Tiyo shouted while watching. Meanwhile, other ogres were on their way. Another ogre grabbed the tail feathers of the thunderbird. The thunderbird struggled wildly. The ogres fell down again.

The ogres persistently clung to the thunderbird. Like a swarm of ants, the ogres climbed onto the thunderbird’s body. The ogres used their nails and teeth to harass the thunderbird. The ogres

kept attacking.

“I don’t know why it is fighting the ogres...”

Thunderbirds were legendary because of their huge size, beautiful appearance and great speed, not for their strength in fighting. The thunderbird that he knew would’ve flown around snatching the one at a time, instead of tangling together like this.

“I’ll try to drop some.”

Zankus aimed his arrow. His arm muscles swelled up. The giant spear was pulled back to the fullest. Zankus’ archery was different from Shakan’s. He was like a cannon.

“Bul’tarrrrr!”

Zankus pulled the bowstring back all the way and let go. The arrow burst out with a roar. It just the mountain just below where the thunderbird was struggling.

Kuaaaaaaang!

The whole mountain shook like there was an earthquake. The ogres barely clinging to the mountain fell at once. The rear collapsed and the bodies of the ogres poured down in layers. The ogres on the bottom were crushed and died. Most of the ogres approaching the thunderbird were washed away.

The thunderbird didn’t miss this opportunity and moved. The ogres clinging to it fell off. Once its wings were free, the thunderbird grabbed two ogres and flew into the sky. It rose to a high altitude and dropped the two ogres. The ogres crashed. Their bodies couldn’t withstand the shock of the fall and smashed to pieces.

The terrible shriek of the thunderbird echoed through the great forest. But the ogres didn’t give up and climbed the mountain again. The ogre wizard was screaming in anger while constantly sending magic towards the thunderbird. As lightning flashed, the thunderbird moved its wings and avoided the attacks. The two of

them stared at each other and moved.

Despite the ogres' persistent attack, the thunderbird flew around its nest without escaping.

Zankus watched it and said, "We must approach first."

Then he rushed quickly without listening to Crockta's reply, who followed with Tiyo.

"Uhhhh..."

However, Anor didn't have the strength to move anymore. The exhausted Anor stopped and caught his breath. He bowed his head and panted for a while.

"Excuse me...?"

But the group had already gone too far. Anor became despondent.

"More than this..."

Anor used his magic power as the power of a necromancer unfolded.

"Ah, this is?"

He stopped when he found what he was looking for. He put his hands together and concentrated his strength. The earth was disturbed and a bony wing popped out. Anor used the power of a necromancer to revive an animal that died not long ago, in order to ride it.

The shape was soon revealed. The owner of the wings that let out an eerie cry!

'Chirppppp....chirpppp....'

An undead sparrow. The sparrow flew and sat on Anor's shoulder.

'Chirppppppppp....'

Anor dropped his arms. The cry was eerier, but it was a cute bone

sparrow.

“Ah, I don’t know.”

Anor just sat down. The sparrow kept on chirping on Anor’s head.

Zankus approached the rear of the thunderbird’s nest. Some of the ogres exploded because of his arrow. His bow was destructive. Zankus retrieved the arrows and carried them on his back again. Rather than an archer carrying arrows, he looked like a warrior with multiple spears.

“Go this way.” The thunderbird was distracted by the ogres and wasn’t paying attention to this side. “I will go up my own way. If you are confident, you can imitate me.”

Zankus threw his huge arrow and stuck it in the rock wall. Then he jumped up. The arrow bent and he used the recoil to fly up into the sky.

“Ouh!”

“.....!”

He used the tremendous jump and quickly reached a high place. He placed his hand in a rough niche and grabbed on.

“Amazing.”

He climbed up the cliff wall like a spider. He measured his position and where he wanted to go, then immediately jumped up.

“Okay, me too!”

Tiyo jumped on top of the arrow after Zankus. Tiyo bent down and jumped upwards. His body was light, so he could fly much higher than Zankus. His body was small but he climbed quickly. It was a curious sight. The figures of Zankus and Tiyo became smaller.

“Now it is my turn.”

Crockta wiped his nose and jumped on the arrow.

Kwajijik!

But due to the shock that piled up, the part of the rock that the arrow was stabbed in fell down. Crockta also fell.

“Cough!”

His body hit the ground and clouds of dust flew into the air. After a while, the dirt covered Crockta rose.

“Kyahahahahahat!”

Tiyo’s mocking laugh rang out from above.

“Kulkul, kulkulkulkul.” Crockta laughed and said, “I’m angry.”

Crockta glared at the rock. The angry Crockta didn’t use any tricks. He faced the opponent head on. He stuck to the wall like a cicada. Then he started to climb up using his hands and legs. The angry Crockta’s grip was tight as he found corners to support him. It was an unstoppable climb, like there was something sticky on his hands.

Zankus and Tiyo felt an unknown crisis as Crockta climbed the rock like crazy.

“Ohhhhhh!”

“Slow down, s-scary dot!”

“Ohhhhhh!”

“The rock is shaking dot!”

Tiyo and Zankus moved faster as they felt like a monster was chasing them from behind. They soon reached the slope. The torn flesh of the ogres was scattered all over the place. If they kept climbing up, they would reach the thunderbird’s nest. However, the field of view was so clear that they couldn’t avoid being seen by the thunderbird.

The thunderbird already noticed their presence, but it only glanced at Zankus and Tiyo while facing the ogres.

“Weren’t you going to hunt it? It looks okay now.”

Crockta stepped on the slope and asked. It was the perfect timing. The thunderbird wasn’t paying attention to Zankus because it was fighting the ogres. If he aimed for a gap, the thunderbird wouldn’t be able to avoid it.

“I’ll put it off for the moment.” Zankus looked up. He was looking at the thunderbird’s nest on top of the steep mountain. “There is something I want to check.”

Then Zankus once again loaded his arrow. If Crockta’s God Slayer was a greatsword, his bow was a ballista. He fired the arrow. The goal wasn’t the thunderbird. Ogre wizard. The huge arrow hit the ogre wizard’s shoulder. In the aftermath, the ogre wizard collapsed to the ground. Blood flowed from the wounded area. The ogre wizard roared angrily.

“Kuwaaaaaah!”

The ogre wizard became crazy and started to attack the thunderbird with all its power. The ogre wizard wanted to kill everyone on this mountain. It aimed a spell towards the thunderbird. The thunderbird rose and then plummeted towards the ogre wizard.

The ogres clung to the thunderbird. The ogre wizard’s magic power burned the target, not distinguishing between ogres and the thunderbird. The ogres were torn apart by the thunderbird’s claws and wings. Blood splashed and lightning flashed.

It was a melee.

“Let’s go up.”

Zankus distracted the thunderbird and started climbing again. His speed increased.

The summit of the mountain. They reached the place where the thunderbird's nest was located.

“Here dot!”

Tiyo pointed to a cave. It was a space that the thunderbird had carved out directly. It was a nesting place that was protected from bad weather by a hard outer wall.

“Why did we come here dot?”

“Shh.” Zankus raised a finger to his mouth.

“.....?”

“This...”

A sound was coming from the nest. Crockta and Tiyo listened carefully.

Crockta asked in a small voice, “Did you know?”

“I just guessed.”

They entered the cave. An unexpected sight greeted them.

Chapter 191 – Kill The Thunderbird (4)

The young thunderbirds were crying. There seemed to be 10 of them. Thunderbirds were the size of a house. Therefore, the young chicks already reached the chest of an adult human. Crockta was perplexed as the young chicks with beautiful feathers looked up at them with clear eyes.

“There are young thunderbirds.”

“Cute dot...”

They were similar in height to Tiyo. As Tiyo approached, the thunderbirds looked at him and made a curious sound. Tiyo cried out when he was lifted up by one chick. The other thunderbird chick beside it rubbed its beak against Tiyo with a pure appearance of no hostility.

“Uh?” Tiyo suddenly flinched. Blood flowed from the beak and stained Tiyo’s clothing.

“It seems like they just ate.”

Zankus pointed to one side. There were the bodies of monsters such as ogres and trolls, as well as the stolen drake. The bodies were torn in places.

“This is why the hunting cycle was sped up.”

There were 10 chicks. They were currently smaller than an adult, but they would soon grow to the size of the mother thunderbird, requiring a huge amount of food.

“Then the thunderbird is fighting the ogres because of her chicks dot.”

“I guess so.”

The thunderbird took risks in hunting and fighting the ogres head on in order to protect her young. The chicks didn’t know about their mother’s efforts as they approached the strange

visitors and poked them with their beaks. As Crockta stroked a chick's head, it spread open its wings and rubbed its body against his legs. They were very friendly.

“Thunderbirds live for 1,000 years,” said Zankus as he gazed at a young thunderbird. “In addition, the eggs of a thunderbird needs a very long time to hatch. Thunderbirds keep their eggs in a safe and warm place, waiting a long time until they are hatched.”

Suddenly, Zankus began to laugh. Crockta, Tiyo, and the young thunderbirds stared at him.

“I followed the thunderbird in order to surpass Shakan. But I once again realize what a great hunter he was.”

Zankus pointed to the entrance of the thunderbird nest. It was a place they hadn't looked at. As the sun got lower, sunlight poured into the nest. At the same time, shapes appeared on the rock wall near the entrance.

They were letters. Someone had carved letters on the rock. It had been weathered over the years, but the words could still be recognized. Crockta and Tiyo realized who it was. The traces of a man they could never forget.

[I am a descendant of the Shakan and an unnamed hunter. I leave this here for the hunters of the next generation. A true hunter never hunts the young. Thunderbirds live for 1,000 years and have to wait 100 years for their eggs to hatch.

Just the fact that you came here means you have succeeded in hunting the thunderbird. These rare birds shouldn't be extinguished from history. We hunters should turn away.]

Shakan hadn't failed in hunting the thunderbird. He knew that the thunderbird was guarding the eggs and turned away without any regrets. It wasn't just Shakan. Other marks were seen under the sentence left by Shakan.

[I am Prairie Hunter Abudai. I respect Shakan's will.]

[I am the dark elf Hikade. Please let the mother mother bird see the fruits of her labor.]

[I am Albulla, the world's strongest hunter! Today I will show mercy.]

[I miss my wife and children. Hunter Joffrey, I will finish my hunting and return home.]

[Wow There are 12 eggs. Take care of your children well, Thunderbird! Hunter William.]

Since then, several hunters had come to this point, leaving their mark before turning away. A rare species hardly ever seen on the continent, the thunderbird with beautiful dark blue wings. Other hunters reached this point, but they stopped hunting to honor Shakan's will and to protect the mother and her eggs.

The words they left on the rock were shining brightly in the sunlight. Shakan's words were getting weathered, but the traces of the other hunters were clear. Some were great hunters that Zankus knew about.

"The way they came here is different, but the point they reached is the same."

The best hunters who had the ability to break through the great forest and reach the thunderbird's nest. They all felt the same thing here. Zankus met Crockta and Tiyo's gaze as they knew what they had to do now.

"Huhu, I actually liked the thunderbird from the beginning dot."

"Your muzzle was aiming at it."

"It is a type of greeting dot."

They separated from the chicks clinging to them and left the thunderbird's nest. The cries of the thunderbird could be heard from below.

Crockta's group climbed down the rock wall without a hitch. The thunderbird was flying into the sky and dropping ogres, while fighting the ogre wizard as well. Many feathers had fallen and blood was flowing down.

Crockta grabbed God Slayer.

"I'm sorry for the ogres."

He measured the distance. He targeted an enemy.

"Bul'tarrrrr!"

Crockta jumped off the rock without hesitation. God Slayer descended on the ogre. Flesh scattered. Ogre Slayer was now God Slayer. Even an ogre was a light opponent for God Slayer. If he caught a chicken with the blade, the poor chicken would be shattered.

God Slayer struck and the ogre died with a gruesome scream. The ogre wizard was confused and recoiled from the enemies that appeared above. At that time, a giant spear flew and skewered the ogres near the ogre wizard.

The ogres shrieked.

"Kuwaaaaaah!"

It was Zankus' arrow. Once the ogres stopped, the suffering thunderbird rose up in the sky. She was bewildered by Crockta's group suddenly helping her.

There were dozens of ogres. However, Crockta, Tiyo, and Zankus defeated them without a hitch. The golden blade shone and huge arrows bombarded them. The magic bullets flying from Tiyo obstructed any ogres that dared to attack.

The thunderbird also descended and started attacking the ogres again. She clawed at an ogre aiming at Crockta's back. Crockta raised his thumbs in thanks, causing the thunderbird to flap her wings.

“Kuwaaah!”

“Uwoooo!”

“Kuaaack!”

The ogres screamed at each other once the situation suddenly changed. Then there was a roar from the ogre wizard.

“Kuaaaaaaaah!”

They didn't know what it meant, but it sounded like a retreat order. The ogre showed their backs and started to run away. Crockta put away his greatsword. The ogres disappeared without looking back. It was a quick retreat that made it hard to believe a terrible battle had just taken place. The noise of battle disappeared as calmness once again blanketed the great forest. Only the corpses of the ogres were scattered all over the place.

The thunderbird slowly landed on the ground.

“Kkiiiik...”

The thunderbird looked even more beautiful up close. As if she understood them, she stared at Crockta's group with clear eyes. Zankus approached the thunderbird. The thunderbird lowered her head. The two looked at each other for a while.

Zankus reached out his hand. The thunderbird extended its beak. Zankus stroked the beak. There were scars and blood from the battle. The thunderbird's beak gently touched Zankus' body. Both of them had a rapport after confirming there was no hostility towards each other.

The thunderbird lowered her body. Then she made a sound. He didn't know what it meant at first, but then realized she was telling him to get on her back. Zankus climbed onto the thunderbird first. Crockta and Tiyo followed. Although their posture was unstable, Zankus grabbed the thunderbird's neck, Crockta held Zankus and Tiyo held Crockta.

“Kkiiik!”

The thunderbird took off. The earth became far away in an instant. The thunderbird circled around her nest. Everything in the great forest seemed like a toy. The fighting creatures, the resting creatures, the small birds, everything was below them.

The afternoon sun was falling. Crockta enjoyed the air rushing past his body as he gazed at the endless green landscape stretching out before him.

He was here. He lived in the world of Elder Lord.

“Bul’tar.”

They enjoyed the scenery for a while. Was the thunderbird always seeing such sights?

“Beautiful dot.”

“I completely agree.”

The thunderbird flapped her wings, as if in agreement. The thunderbird descended. They landed at the thunderbird’s nest. The chicks appeared to welcome their mother. They jumped clumsily at their mother. The thunderbird spread her wings and covered all of her chicks.

From their positions, Crockta’s group could see the blood and scars on the thunderbird’s back and wings. The chicks didn’t know. How hard the mother thunderbird’s day was today. How she found food for them and rescued them. The bodies outside were living their lives until yesterday.

Crockta turned and looked outside. The sun was setting. It was a beautiful twilight. Looking at this magnificent sight, Crockta thought that the world was too big. Everyone was living desperately in it. They had their own unique lives.

Tiyo stood next to Crockta.

“Today has passed dot.”

The glow of the sunlight reached this place. The rock wall at the entrance of the nest shone. It made the traces of Shakan and the other hunters who came here more prominent.

“There is an empty spot.” Zankus said. Then he approached the rock. “How about it?”

Crockta and Tiyo smiled and nodded.

Zankus pulled out an arrow. Shakan’s traces, and those of the hunters after him. He placed the arrowhead on it. Zankus moved his hand. He started to carve deep and sharp letters.

[In honor of the greatest hunter, Shakan.]

[Hunter Zankus.]

Then his hand stopped moving. Crockta received the arrow next. He took it and wrote,

[Warrior Crockta.]

Then it was Tiyo’s turn.

[Manly Tiyo.]

The three of them laughed heartily at the sight.

At that moment.

Rustle.

They reacted to the sudden sound. Then a brown hand appeared at the entrance of the nest. The hand shook for a moment before another hand appeared. The owner of the hand slowly pulled himself up. It was dangerous but he eventually reached the nest.

“Pant...pant...”

The bone sparrow on his head cried out awkwardly.

‘Chirppppppppp....’

It was Anor. He had been walking here while they fought the ogres and enjoyed the stunning scenery from the thunderbird’s

back. He could barely move at this point.

“Pant...pant...”

Anor flopped down. He wasn't in a normal state. His whole body was soaked with sweat. He staggered and fell down.

“You managed to climb up dot.”

Tiyo laughed and added letters next to his name.

[Weakling Anor.]

Suddenly, a young thunderbird approached Crockta, crying out with a desire to play. Crockta cuddled with the young thunderbird. Then he looked again at the traces they left behind.

[In honor of the greatest hunter, Shakan.

Hunter Zankus. Warrior Crockta. Manly Tiyo. Weakling Anor.]

The great forest was filled with many dangerous creatures. The thunderbird's nest that was located in the harshest place. There was a special guestbook shared by the hunters who reached this place. Their names had been added.

Chapter 192 – The Swamp (1)

The thunderbird took Crockta's party on her back in return for their help. She flew a considerable distance, saving them a lot of time. However, she landed once she reached a certain area.

“Can't you fly a bit more dot?”

However, the thunderbird shook her head. The thunderbird raised her beak and pointed to the front, letting out a loud cry.

“What is she saying dot?”

“There seems to be something dangerous,” said Zankus. Because he was a hunter, he had the ability to decipher the meaning of animals to a certain extent. “You can't help us here, so please go back.”

“What dot?”

They looked at the great forest in front of them. It was a dark place. There were many shaded areas in the great forest that blocked the sun, but the area in front of them seemed more than that. The air was damp and sticky.

“Once we pass through here, we will be in front of Orcrox,” Zankus said to Crockta, Tiyo and Anor. “Going around will take a while. What do you want to do?”

The answer had already been set.

“Of course, go straight through.”

“Don't go back dot!”

Anor tried to expression his opinion about going around. However, the bone sparrow riding on Anor's head replied instead.

‘Chirppppppppp....!’

Anor gazed at the bone sparrow with amazement. The bone sparrow expressed its enthusiasm through the flapping of its

wings, as if it were already assimilated with Crockta and Tiyo.

“This guy is better than Anor dot! Let’s go, Sparrow!”

‘Chirppppppppp...!’

The thunderbird lightly waved her wings at them. It was time to say goodbye. The thunderbird showed intimacy by rubbing her beak against every member of Crockta’s group. They stroked the thunderbird’s beak and feathers, pledging to meet her again.

“Thunderbird. Live happily with your children dot.”

“Kkiiik...”

The thunderbird nodded. Then she slowly started to fly upwards. The flapping of the thunderbird’s wings caused gusts of wind to appear. However, it wasn’t a rough blast like when she fought. It was a cool, gentle wind that pushed at their backs. The thunderbird spread her beautiful dark blue wings. She cried loudly before returning to her nest.

Crockta’s group waved at the thunderbird.

“Then it is time to enter dot.”

They turned at Tiyo’s words. A gloomy forest appeared. The ground was wet, like it was a swamp.

“Be careful.”

Zankus lowered his posture and loaded an arrow. Crockta’s group looked into the dark forest at his sudden action. Was there something there? Zankus fired the arrow. The arrow penetrated through the air and struck something in the darkness of the forest.

“Kieeeeeeeek!”

A terrible scream was heard. It was a snake. A giant snake hiding in the bushes was bleeding from Zankus’ arrow. It had completely camouflaged with the surrounding area, but it became visible when it twisted its body after being hit by Zankus’ arrow.

“There was something like this, right at the entrance.”

The snake wriggled and revealed itself. It was huge. The monster was a size that seemed like it could easily kill them. However, Crockta’s group wasn’t easy. Tiyo nodded and pulled out General.

“Good dot. I can make a snake dish. Snake meat is good for the body dot!”

Anor was confused. “Snakes are good for the body?”

“Indeed dot! Great dot!”

“How is it good?”

“That...good...I have no way to explain it dot...”

Thus, they entered the swamp of the great forest.

The paladin of the war god, Aklan prayed as he looked at the volunteers.

“Everything is going according to the will of the god of war.”

Once the divine message was spread, ordinary people gathered to obey the gods’ will. Many also joined the army in hopes of honor and rewards. Nobles who wanted to consolidate their positions also participated.

Now it was time to leave. Aklan gestured and the flag went up. It was the flag of all the gods in the empire. The expedition members prayed to the gods they believed in.

“Depart.”

The horn blew again. The troops moved forward. The number was much larger than the empire’s fixed army. In the future, more people would join as the procession progressed. From the empire in the south to Orcrox in the north-west, the expedition would snowball in size as more people joined.

Adandator spoke to Aklan, “We need supplies for all these

people.”

“Yes. I have requested cooperation from the Blacksmith Company.”

The expedition had already requested the support of the top merchant company on the continent, the Blacksmith Company.

“We have plenty of money, so we can get what they need through their trading network.”

“Good.”

“First of all, let’s go to Maillard and negotiate further.”

They were heading towards Maillard. They would pass countless cities on the way to Orcrox. The expedition would become more solid after passing through those cities.

Aklan looked around. An endless crowd followed him.

“The Free Cities Alliance has refused to participate. Stupid fellows. The rejection of all the temples on the continent will catch their ankles in the future.”

Maillard was unable to hide their confusion.

Suddenly, a large expedition army had reached out to them, urging them to join.

It was a well-known fact that a divine message had been sent down. However, Maillard didn’t plan to provide support on a city scale. They separated the work of the temple from the work of the city. The citizens themselves followed different gods and faith was left as a personal freedom. Now a large expedition from the empire was asking for their help.

“All gods are watching, including the world tree of the elves,” Aklan declared.

All of Maillard’s senators thought about it. They invited Aklan to

the congress in order to listen to his story and make a decision.

“Paladin Aklan.” Maillard’s mayor touched his chin and asked, “Your target is Crockta and the orcs, right?”

“Yes, they are using forbidden power. If we leave it alone, the entire continent will be in grave danger.”

“Grave danger...”

Another senator sitting around the platform asked Aklan.

“What evidence?”

“Evidence?”

“What is the evidence that Crockta and the orcs are using a forbidden power?”

“It is a divine message. Every god has told me to get rid of them, and as I continued to pray to the god of war, I truly believe that they are very dangerous.”

“The god of war is originally a god who promotes war...hasn’t this happened before? The humans and elves fought.”

The god of war was someone who favored war and fighting, and he grew through his believers. It was said that he directly reaped dead souls from the battlefield. There had been trouble between humans and elves in the past. It wasn’t a big war, but many people fought and died. It became known that the god of war was behind it, and the temple of the war god was criticized for a while.

“Encouraging war...”

Everyone thought that Aklan would be angry. But Aklan was calm.

“If you think so, please consider the other gods. It isn’t just the war god. All of the gods are saying this. Isn’t that right? Maillard has a temple so I’m sure that you know already. That alone is evidence.”

“Hmmm...”

The senator touched his chin.

Aklan looked around. There were around 30 people in the not very large space looking at him. Most of them were elves and humans. They represented citizens from all walks of life in Maillard. It was entirely different from the empire ruled by the emperor and nobles. There might be others who considered it as good, but Aklan considered it inefficient since the decision-making was split. This simple matter was being delayed because of it.

Aklan threw out one more thing, “Of course, it isn’t just a matter of faith. Crockta and the orcs are public enemies, so anything obtained from defeating them will be fairly divided. Don’t worry about that.”

“.....”

“The price won’t be small.”

Suddenly, Aklan felt a strange atmosphere. He thought it was just a formal and tiring process. However, based on their expressions, it seemed like they wanted to refuse it. What was the reason for their refusal?

“Paladin Aklan. I’ve heard your words well.” The mayor spoke to clean up the situation. “Do you know about Maillard?”

“I don’t know.”

“I see...” The mayor smiled and said. “Then do you know the group called the Rehabilitation Brothers?”

It was the first time he heard such a silly name.

“This is the first time.”

“Then I will explain. The Rehabilitation Brothers are a volunteer group in Maillard. They suddenly appeared one day, helping the poor and sick without any costs. If there are any criminals, they will hand them directly over to the guards. They dedicated

themselves to Maillard.”

Aklan nodded, “They are excellent people.”

“I agree. As mayor, I am very grateful to them. Then...” The mayor shrugged. “This volunteer group originated from Crockta.”

“Huh?”

“The three leaders of the Rehabilitation Brothers are ex-convicts who had been healed by Crockta. In the old days, they were very bad people who hurt security. However, they were born again as new men after meeting Crockta. In addition, there are several orc members in the Rehabilitation Brothers, all of whom are doing good work out to respect for Crockta.”

Aklan’s eyes widened. It was a fact he hadn’t known at all. Crockta conquered the north and then came down to fight the empire. He was a fiercely strong warrior. No further information was available.

“Now the Rehabilitation Brothers are a symbol of Maillard. Thanks to them, inspired citizens have started to look after their neighbors and the city is becoming a better place to live.”

The silent senators nodded and began to open their lives.

“The children in the slums of Maillard are now going to school.”

“The beggars in the city are gone.”

“The fountain square is full and the water is overflowing. When people throw a coin into the fountain, the temple collects it and helps those who are in need.”

“The crime rate has plummeted sharply.”

“There was a Rehabilitation Brothers member hit by a carriage while saving a child. I’m glad that he was a cursed person.”

Aklan realized. These people weren’t hostile to Crockta and the orcs. No, they liked them.

The mayor continued speaking, “I explained this so that you would know. We in Maillard make all important decisions through the votes of the senators. Your request will be accepted if a majority of the votes agree. Then I will start.”

The mayor rose from his seat.

“Distinguished members of Maillard’s congress. The expedition is asking for Maillard’s participation and support. For more information, please read the details on the documents given to you. I believe you would’ve read all of it. All those in favor, please raise your hands.”

He called for people to raise their hands. The mayor looked around at the senators. Three people had raised their hands. They had devout expression on their faces. However, the remaining members were looking at Aklan with firm expressions.

“Three people. Any more? Three people. Three people are in favor.”

The mayor turned and looked at Aklan. Then he spoke again, “If you are opposed to this motion, please raise your hands.”

There was no need to count. Everyone save for three people raised their hands. Aklan dropped his head, unable to withstand their gazes.

The mayor immediately spoke to Aklan without counting the number of votes, “The proposal has been rejected. Maillard is a city that guarantees civil freedom, so I won’t stop citizens for volunteering for the expedition if that is what they want. You may recruit volunteers from Maillard, but Maillard won’t support the expedition at a city level.”

The senators clapped. As he listened to the applause that sounded close to booing, Aklan barely managed to open his mouth in reply, “I understand, thank you for your consideration.”

Thus, he had to turn around. He tried to recruit volunteers from

the square, but none of the Maillard citizens joined the expedition. Rather, he only received the glares of the citizens. The heavy steps of the expedition troops headed for the next city, after not gaining anything in Maillard.

Aklan examined a map. Beyond the small villages and towns, there was a place equal to Maillard.

“Let’s go here. The scale is quite big. We will try again there. Most of the residents are humans. There will definitely be results there.”

“What place is it?”

“A place called Chesswood.”

Chapter 193 – The Swamp (2)

The snake that was hit by Zankus' arrow disappeared into the swamp forest. Only a red blood stain remained where the snake was. Crockta's group gazed at the place where the snake disappeared and then looked at each other. It was a humid place that gave off an eerie feeling.

“Should we continue dot?”

“Where else should we go?”

“Call back the thunderbird...”

‘Chirppppppppp...!’

“.....”

Crockta cleared his throat and stepped forward first. He realized it when he took the first step. His boots sank down a little bit. It was slippery mud, but not enough to stop them from walking.

“We can walk.” He stepped into the forest with all his weight. “It feels bad.”

The air was humid. It felt like poisonous insects would appear out of nowhere. Crockta walked a few steps and waved his hand. He watched the place where the snake was hiding. The serpent's blood remained and the bark and vegetation that it touched was being corroded away. It was an awful poison.

“The serpent.” Crockta looked back at the party and said, “Let's pass through it quickly. Be careful.”

However, their expressions weren't bright. Rather, they seemed surprised. Tiyo pointed to Crockta with his mouth open. Crockta shrugged and said, “What? Is everybody scared? Only this much...”

Dduk.

Suddenly, something fell on his shoulders. Crockta raised his head.

Shaaaah-!

A giant snake's mouth was wide up open towards Crockta. Venom was dripping from the sharp fangs. Crockta was so surprised that he couldn't make a sound. The snake gradually approached. Poison dripped from its fangs. Crockta couldn't express his surprise but instinctively swung his sword.

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

The moment he wielded God Slayer,

Shaaaah!

The snake was frightened and twisted its head but it ended up slashed in half. Crockta hurriedly avoided it, but it was inevitable that some blood touched his body. Pain radiated from where the poisonous blood had hit.

Crockta hurriedly rushed away from the radius of the dying snake. He touched his shoulder. The skin was melted due to the poisonous liquid. The poison continued to cause pain. His face distorted.

“Kuk, this snake bastard...”

Pain and anger jumbled together. He lifted God Slayer and slashed the snake again and again. The snake was eventually cut into dozens of pieces.

“Pant, pant.”

Crockta took deep breaths. Tiyo carefully approached and asked, “A-are you okay dot...?”

“The place where the poison touched it a little painful.”

“Poison? I have no knowledge about poison dot.”

Zankus spoke, “Show me your shoulders.”

A hunter probably knew about different types of serpents. He looked at both the snake's body and Crockta's shoulder before

pulling something out.

“Oh, is there an antidote dot?”

“It isn’t an antidote but any experienced hunter would know...”

It was a potion.

“Potions are the best.”

Zankus sprinkled the potion on Crockta’s shoulder. Then the pain began. Potions were truly the best against poison.

“Indeed, potions are the best.”

“It is a good idea to buy a lot when there is a discount.’

“I will remember that.”

Crockta sprinkled potions on every painful spot on his body.

“Anyway, it isn’t easy.” Zankus looked at the forest and said. There were two huge snakes from the beginning. In addition, they had terrible poison. It would be dangerous. However, nobody said to go back.

“Break through the front. That is our way dot.”

Tiyo lifted General in a ready stance and moved forward. Crockta, Zankus, and Anor followed. After entering the swamp, the ecology had completely changed. The animals and creatures had disappeared, leaving only strange insects and plants that they saw for the first time.

“This is a more dangerous place than the ogres’ habitat in the great forest.”

The dangers in this swamp went beyond the level of being threatened by ogres. It wasn’t a physical threat, but the insects and unknown ecology weren’t something Crockta’s group had experienced before. A snake biting them out of nowhere was scarier than a dozen ogres.

“Be careful...”

Tiyo and Crockta took the lead, Anor was in the middle and Zankus followed in the rear. Crockta gazed at the shaded forest and walked carefully. The mud of the swamp grabbed at their feet with every step.

“Crockta, to the right!”

All of a sudden, Zankus shouted. Crockta immediately pulled out his greatsword and swung it to the right.

“Kuaaaang!”

This time, it was a leopard. Patterns covered its entire body. Once the surprise attack failed, the leopard landed on the ground and gazed at Crockta.

“A leopard is attacking me.”

Crockta laughed. He was a friend of the great tiger Simba, the king of the forest.

“Get lost. Then I will spare your life.”

Perhaps it felt the terrible pressure coming from Crockta, but the leopard started to flee. It was at that moment. On the floor where nothing seemed to be present, something bit the leopard. The long and fat body entwined around the leopard in a flash.

It was a snake. The leopard was unable to resist and became the snake's prey. The snake bit the leopard and then looked at Crockta's group. Crockta's mouth twisted as he lifted God Slayer. The snake realized it couldn't afford to go against them and turned away. The leopard's dead body disappeared somewhere along with the snake.

“This is a really dangerous place.”

A place where camouflaged enemies awaited their prey. That was this place, the swamp.

“Wait a minute.” Anor said, telling them to shut up. “From the snake who just left...”

Before Anor could finish speaking, the sparrow on his head flew to a certain place. It was the direction that the snake had disappeared in.

“What dot? Did you send it?”

“No. It is moving at will.”

“What dot?”

“Well, I can feel something from the direction that the snake left in.” Anor looked in that direction with a determined face. “There is something there. I don’t know exactly what.”

“It is something related to a necromancer, perhaps a dungeon or artifact.”

Zankus nodded. Tiyo shouted.

“Okay, then we should go there dot!”

“I wonder what will happen.”

“Kulkulkul, it is a new adventure.”

Anor was baffled, “No, I mean, it will be dangerous...”

“Anor! Let’s go dot! Lead the way!”

“I was saying be careful and don’t go...”

“Guide us dot!”

They went through the swamp for a while. Zankus examined the tracks on the ground; his hunter’s eyes found signs of snakes in many places. The snakes were heading in the direction that Anor felt the power.

“What will it be dot? Perhaps you are just imagining it?”

“No. There is definitely something.”

Crockta looked around. In fact, he also felt something. The Demon’s Mouth around his waist was rattling. It hadn’t woken up

in a while. The guy inside was still asleep, but the belt was dragging him in the same direction as Anor's feeling. It felt like he was being pulled. There was a feeling that something might be on the other end.

“There.”

And there really was something.

A stone pyramid greeted them. It was covered with moss and bushes, but it was definitely a pyramid. The scale was greater than they imagined. The snake they pursued was also near the pyramid. In addition to that, there were several snakes crawling around the pyramid.

“There must be something in that pyramid.” Zankus was already giving an interested smile. “The entrance is there. Is it locked?”

There was a doorway under the pyramid, but it was firmly closed. Crockta's companions exchanged glances and approached. The snakes realized there were intruders and raised their heads. Their forked tongues hissed at Crockta's group.

Crockta pulled out God Slayer. The snakes' heads reared back. As Crockta pointed the big sword at them, the snakes couldn't get closer.

“Smart guys.”

The serpents stared at them as they stood at the entrance. Zankus grabbed the door handle and pulled. It was firmly locked.

“It won't open.”

Tiyo and Anor also pulled once, but it didn't open. Zankus examined the door. It was built firmly and no gaps could be seen. Crockta went forward.

“I'll open it.”

Tiyo shook his head.

“It is a locked door. You can't open this...”

Sururung!

Crockta moved his hand and the door opened with a grinding sound. Everyone was surprised when it opened so easily.

“How...?”

“No way.”

Zankus nodded.

“The door seems to have magic that judges people based on whether they are qualified or not.”

“Qualified?”

“It might be a place for Crockta.”

They all looked at Crockta. His companions always forgot, but Crockta was a fearsome warrior who won against the great chieftain in the north and defeated the empire’s large army alone. He wasn’t an ordinary orc. The pyramid acknowledged Crockta.

Crockta coughed.

“Hmm, let’s enter.”

The admiration of the party continued.

“Truly Crockta...my companion dot!”

“Amazing.”

“Kulkul, this child has become like this...”

Crockta ignored them, moving forward while muttering, “If pulling doesn’t work, push the door...”

The pyramid was in the center of a humid swamp, but the interior was completely dry. It was rather dry. What was this place? The snakes had hovered around, as if they were guarding the pyramid. They had to be guarding something.

“Do you still feel it?”

Crockta asked Anor. Anor nodded. He looked around the pyramid, as if he were trying to pick up that energy. Crockta also felt the Demon's Mouth responding at his waist. Something existed here that had to do with both necromancy and the Demon's Mouth.

"There doesn't seem to be anything dangerous."

Crockta placed God Slayer back on his back. There were no snakes or insects inside the pyramid. The monsters guarding dungeons couldn't be seen. They kept moving forward.

Suddenly, Zankus said, "Strange."

"What are you saying dot?"

"We've been walking for a long time."

"That's right dot."

"Was the pyramid that big?"

".....!"

They had walked in a straight line from the entrance. The pyramid wasn't small, but they shouldn't have been walking so long. However, they had already been walking for a long time. Zankus placed the light he was holding on to the ground and measured something.

"Is it going downhill?"

Crockta asked? As he said, the ground was at a slight slope that was leading underground. If so, it was possible for them to walk that long.

Zankus shook his head. "It doesn't seem like it."

"Then..."

"Something is going on."

Crockta looked at the end of the passage. The Demon's Mouth at his waist kept pulling him. There was something at the end of this

path.

“Keep going. What will be in here?”

“Go dot!”

They kept walking. At the end of the passage, a large space appeared. The ceiling was high and something unknown was emitting a light. However, the glow wasn't blinding. The light source illuminated the inside of the space so that they could see clearly, but it was calm enough that they could open their eyes.

At that moment, “Who are you?”

Crockta's group turned towards the voice. A man was looking at them. The man was impeccably dressed and didn't seem to suit the pyramid.

“An orc and gnome. A dark elf...”

But Crockta could see it. There was a tail coming from the back of the man's suit. The tail resembled a scorpion's and the tip was sharp.

“I will start the introductions. My name is Abaddon. You are uninvited guests, but I would like to welcome you to this place.”

Chapter 194 – The Swamp (3)

“We are travelers passing by. What are you doing in this place?”

“It isn’t very polite, coming in here and asking this.” Abaddon said with a smile. Crockta didn’t miss the scorpion-like tail shaking at his feet. He was wearing a suit and pretending to be a gentleman, but he clearly wasn’t. It was dangerous to be in such a suspicious pyramid.

“We couldn’t come in?” Zankus stepped forward and said. “Nonsense. The pyramid accepted Crockta over here. It is hard to say that we’re uninvited guests.”

Crockta’s face turned red. They had pulled the door and he pushed it open. He ignored it because he liked the praise, but his companions still believed in ‘Crockta is qualified.’

Abaddon hesitated like he was confused. “The pyramid accepted him, what does that mean?”

Tiyo explained.

“Literally. The entrance to the pyramid was firmly locked, but Crockta appeared, grabbed the handle, and the door opened, as if it had accepted his qualifications dot! The sealed door opened dot! You are the one maintaining this pyramid, but Crockta was accepted by it! He isn’t an uninvited guest, but a warrior recognized by this place!”

Abaddon rolled his eyes. He met Crockta’s eyes. Crockta looked down.

“Well...that’s right.” Abaddon winked at Crockta with an ambiguous smile. “There is such a thing. Huhuhu...”

Crockta looked around.

The situation had cleared up for the moment, but he couldn’t feel at peace. In particular, he pushed the door when entering from the

outside. That meant they would have to ‘pull’ when leaving. It was a structure similar to a bank. It was designed so that those who ran away couldn’t go out smoothly. This pyramid was a structure intended to make things difficult for intruders. There was obviously something here.

“I haven’t received guests for a long time...” Abaddon’s eyes shone. “I suppose I should treat you...?”

He shook his cloak. Suddenly, a gust of wind blew at his cloak.

“Uninvited guests should taste something hot!”

“Hot dot...A spicy but unstoppable taste...!” Tiyo cried out while eating.

They were sitting together around a table in order to eat Abaddon’s special dishes. When Abaddon shouted about the hot taste, empty chairs and tables were suddenly created. After that, Abaddon told them to wait and went somewhere to cook.

As he said, it was a hot taste. Spicy and hot noodles they never would’ve thought of eating in a hot and humid swamp! However, the taste was addictive and they couldn’t stop. Tiyo suffered from the spiciness, but he ate the bowl with an expression full of anguish before asking for another bowl.

Zankus and Anor enjoyed the broth in silence. The addictive nature of the spicy food caused them to eat without stopping.

“It is okay.” Crockta muttered while wiping the sweat on his forehead.

He was accustomed to the spicy taste of Korean food, but he felt pain because Crockta’s body hadn’t adapted to this taste yet. However, he was able to enjoy Abaddon’s cooking because he was familiar with it.

I’ve lived alone a long time, so I’ve polished off my skills.”

“Did you cook alone?”

“That’s right. I cooked alone and ate alone. This was repeated until it eventually resulted in this spicy taste. The best spicy flavor removes even solitude. It raises pleasure from the depths of the tongue.”

“Umm...” Abaddon had been living alone for a long time. “How did you end up alone here?”

“Are you curious?”

“Yes. You don’t seem like an ordinary person...”

Crockta looked at his tail. His tail emerged from behind the chair he was sitting in and shook. The scorpion tail seemed creepier the more he looked. Venom seemed to flow from the tip of the tail.

“We didn’t happen to find a pyramid in the middle of the swamp. We came here because there was a strange feeling, then we met you.”

“A strange feeling.”

Crockta’s group came here following Anor’s senses. Anor felt an unknown energy with his necromancy.

“Do you deal with death?” Abaddon asked Anor. He seemed to already know what Anor had felt.

“Yes. I’m a necromancer.”

“Indeed.” Abaddon rose from his seat. He tugged at his cloak and fixed his clothing. Then he beckoned towards Anor. “Come over here.”

“Huh?”

“Come closer.” Abaddon stood next to the table and called to Anor. Anor, who wanted to figure out what was going on, scratched his head and approached Abaddon. “You have dark elf and human blood.”

“That’s right.”

Crockta, Zankus, and Tiyo ate Abaddon’s cooking while watching them. Abaddon examined Anor from top to bottom. Then he looked at the scars on Anor’s ears with a sad look. Anor flinched but remained in his spot.

“The more blood that is mixed, the more possibilities you have.” Abaddon said. “Your blood isn’t so deep, but it contains many things. You can be anything. The fragrance you smell is chamomile teasing your mind. You are probably one of us.”

He continued to say something but it couldn’t be understood.

“You have inherited ‘...’ blood.”

“Huh?”

Abaddon grinned.

“I guess you were right. You deserve to be my guests. One of our friends. One of the...” Abaddon looked at Crockta. “Apostle of the fallen god.”

A white star flashed on Abaddon’s forehead as he said so.

Crockta realized something. Maybe he was destined to meet Abaddon. He was one of those who knew the secrets of Elder Lord’s world. He was the same as Paimon, who they met at the Temple of the Fallen God.

This was why he called himself an apostle of the fallen god, not a person cursed by the stars. In other words, an apostle of the gray god.

“Huh?” Anor’s eyes widened. “The necromancer is a descendant of your species?”

“That’s right. Necromancy comes from our ability to deal with death.”

They had tea after finishing their meal. Abaddon kindly explained to them what he knew. First, Anor asked, “Then my mother’s necromancy...”

“Her distant ancestor was probably a member of my species.”

“What is this species called?”

“It will probably be hard to understand. The pronunciation is much different from the language of the continent.”

Then Abaddon said something. It was a pronunciation that couldn’t be understood.

“I don’t know it.”

“It is good that you don’t know it. My species has already been forgotten. If you want something to call us...” Abaddon smiled bitterly. “The gods have branded us as demons.”

Demons. They were demons.

Crockta understood. History belonged to the winners. The losers were criticized and buried in history. The gray god had probably fallen because of some sort of event, and the species that followed here were branded demons and turned into a forgotten existence.

Gradually, the entire outline became visible.

“Do you know Demogorgon?” Crockta asked.

“Demogorgon? He’s still alive? He likes to praise and boast of his strength.”

“He is doing very well, and has a very good contractor, too.”

“I’m glad. He is someone who gets sulky easily and has to be complimented once a day.”

“Kulkulkul, now he is hearing praises every minute.”

Crockta smiled as he recalled Iron and his partner Demogorgon. Demogorgon belonged to the same species. It was why Iron could raise the dead. Crockta looked at his waist. The sleeping guy in

here might also be their friend.

“Please look at this belt.” Crockta indicated towards the belt at his waist.

Abaddon cocked his head. “I can feel a familiar aura. Can I touch it?”

“Um...”

Crockta stood up and tried to go to him, but Abaddon shook his head. At that moment, Crockta felt something touch his belly. It was Abaddon’s scorpion tail. It crossed below the table and knocked on his steel belt.

Crockta flinched with surprise.

“Huhu, there is no need to be surprised. There is no poison. Now.”

Abaddon’s tail tapped the steel belt. It was at that moment.

Kwajik.

“Waaaaah!”

Abaddon moved backward. Crockta also stepped back. The teeth of the steel belt had chewed off Abaddon’s tail. Crockta’s companions moved away from Crockta.

Wagujak. Wagujak.

The steel belt continued to chew on Abaddon’s tail.

“Abaddon! Are you okay dot?”

“Ah...I will die soon...I enjoyed it...”

The fallen Abaddon crouched down.

Tiyo shouted, “You can’t die dot!”

“I...”

As soon as Tiyo grabbed his body, something emerged behind him. Tiyo looked back. It was the scorpion tail.

“Huhu, salty!”

Abaddon rose from where he had fallen. His tail had regenerated and returned to its original shape.

“You surprised me dot!”

“I wouldn’t die from this.”

But he looked pale, as if he had used a lot of strength.

“By the way...” Abaddon watched the belt on Crockta’s waist and touched his chin. “You have something really great.”

“Do you know the Demon’s Mouth? It is also called the Despairing Demon’s Belt.”

“It is called by that name?”

As Abaddon took one step closer, the steel teeth at Crockta’s waist clapped together. Abaddon immediately retreated.

“Take it easy.”

Crockta slapped the forehead of the skull part of the belt with the palm of his hand. The Demon’s Mouth rebelled but he just hit it even more.

“Huhuhu, it is true. I am familiar with this.”

“What is it?”

“I don’t think he wants you to know so I won’t say anymore...”

Abaddon used an honorific to refer to him. The demon sleeping in his belt seemed to be a greater presence than Crockta thought.

“He had a higher status among us.”

“At first glance, he looks like a kid.”

“He looks like a child, but if he opens his mouth, he can swallow the mountains and sea. The ‘voracious’...”

The steel belt clanged together, as if it was threatening him. Abaddon laughed.

“...It is up to here.”

It was as if the belt was staring at Abaddon. Abaddon shrugged. They sat down again.

“Is there anything else you are curious about?”

The conversation between Crockta and Abaddon was intriguing, so Zankus, Tiyo, and Anor focused on them.

“What is the identity of the fallen god and the curse of the stars...?” Crockta got right to the chase. “In addition, what is she doing now?”

Abaddon looked at Crockta. “What is she doing now?”

“Yes.”

“Are you saying she is currently in this world?”

Crockta was confused. “You don’t know? She seems to be plotting something. It is in this world.”

“You’ve met the gray god?”

“Of course. We met in the unknown ‘white world’.”

“Ahh...” Abaddon dropped his head. “Still...”

He seemed to be thinking of something. Then he said, “The gray god, the one who watches all deaths and the one we follow...”

Abaddon sighed before continuing.

“...It is a long story.” Then he stared straight at Crockta. “Have you seen the night sky?”

“Of course.”

“How was it? Beautiful?”

It was an undeniable question. Crockta nodded. There was no need to remember. He looked at the sky strewn with stars every night. The nights in Elder Lord were different from the cities on Earth, where only the moon could be seen. Numerous stars

embellished the night. The whole night sky cast a bright light. It felt like the world stopped when he stared at them. An enchanting scenery created by the gods.

Crockta smiled and replied, “Of course. The most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.”

However, Abaddon’s face was sad. “Crockta. If you listen to my words, you might not be able to smile like that when looking at the night sky.”

Abaddon’s face was serious. “Crockta. The star god is dead. Do you know?”

“I’ve heard it.”

“What does that mean?”

Crockta closed his mouth. An uneasy feeling filled his head. Suddenly, he recalled another night sky that he saw. It was in the gray god’s ‘world.’ A faint starry night filled with white dwarfs that were cooling down.

Abaddon spoke with a sigh. The information was shocking.

“The sky is fake. The gods are maintaining the illusion. The stars have cooled down a long time ago.”

The eyes of Crockta’s group widened. What did that mean?

“The last sun we have...”

The moment that Abaddon was talking... All of a sudden, a white light wrapped around Abaddon.

“This...”

Abaddon panicked. Crockta jumped up. The sight was familiar.

“Ahh, she has me...”

Then Abaddon’s figure disappeared.

This. It was what he saw when users logged out. The gray god intervened.

Chapter 195 – The Road To Orcrox (1)

Abaddon didn't come back after a long time.

“.....”

It was then that Crockta realized that the grey god didn't want him to know too much information. Abaddon wouldn't return while they were still here.

“The grey god won't send him back.”

Zankus, Tiyo, and Anor looked at Crockta.

Zankus spoke, “Those cursed by the stars, fighting something unknown.”

The group of four were rushing to Orcrox in order to defend the orcs from the divine message when they encountered the bizarre being called a demon and heard about the grey god. As if this wasn't enough, they also learned that the night sky was fake, an illusion.

Zankus glanced at Crockta, as if asking him for an explanation. Crockta didn't say anything. He didn't exactly know about the curse of the stars and the grey god had an unknown plan. The other gods probably spread such a strange divine message because of her.

Crockta didn't know the proper context, so it felt like the story was heading deeper into a labyrinth. Abaddon, who seemed able to explain it, had disappeared.

“It is similar to when Crockta sometimes returns to the abyss of the stars dot. Is he like you?”

“My case is different. Maybe the god called him directly.”

“Ummm...” Tiyo's mind was busy, his face scrunched up in concentration as he calculated different paths and outcomes. “There is no need to worry dot!”

He got up after a few seconds.

“First of all, let’s stop the gods’ plan for Orcrox dot. Then the answers will gradually emerge.”

The rest of the group nodded at Tiyo’s words. His loud voice loosened the tense atmosphere. It was better for them to move than to sit still and worry. Everyone got up. Crockta’s group hoped that Abaddon would return safely to study a higher level of cuisine. They left a note for Abaddon.

[We will come back someday, and we will be expecting spicier dishes.]

As soon as he was about to leave the large space, Crockta found something. There were faded letters on the wall. Crockta focused on it. The words were written long ago. The ink had melted but the contents could roughly be understood.

The contents were praising the star god. Crockta looked at the light illuminating this space. It was a comfortable light that the eyes could easily look at. Yes, like the stars. Crockta realized that this pyramid was a building for the star god. When he died, the temples serving him would’ve disappeared. This pyramid might be one of the few remaining traces.

Abaddon, he remained here in remembrance of the star god. The dead god.

‘The stars have cooled down a long time ago.’ Crockta stopped. ‘I always see death. Life is a process of convergence towards death. So I want to save everyone.’

The voice of the grey god flashed through his head again. The memory of that day was revived. It was the vision that she showed him before he confronted the imperial army alone. A desperate power that saw the last of all living things.

The sky of dying stars that she planted in her white world. Maybe that was the real sky of this world.

“You know the answer.”

Crockta touched the Demon’s Mouth that was exposed to Abaddon. The guy in it didn’t speak again. Crockta remembered the first time he met him. The demon, desperate from all the deaths and emptiness, had emitted his fears towards the outside world through the belt. Quantas almost became a land of death.

The grey god and the demons. If he kept fighting, someday he would get the answer.

“Crockta, what are you doing dot?”

Tiyo called out to him. Crockta stroked the blurred letters with his fingertips and looked at the luminous light again. It was a moment of silence for the star god.

The rest were eagerly waiting for Crockta.

“Crockta! We can’t open the door dot!”

“It is like when the pyramid recognized Crockta.”

“We need Crockta this time as well.”

They were pushing the door this time. Crockta silently pulled the door. Listening to their praises, Crockta imagined that he might be very clever. Anor’s bone sparrow was waiting for them at the pyramid entrance. Anor stroked its head and returned it to death. The snakes were no longer hostile to Crockta. Under their uncomfortable gazes, Crockta’s party headed north again.

Orcrox was getting closer. Many things had happened since he left. The previously immature orc was now a warrior shaking the continent. Somehow, it felt like the orc guards he saw at Orcrox would still be there.

Aklan looked at the army following him and smiled.

They might’ve been turned away at Maillard, but the size of the expedition was gradually increasing. Every town and city they

passed, ambitious youths volunteered while religious nobles led their soldiers. By the time they arrived in Orcrox, it would be a huge force to be reckoned with.

Humans, elves, dark elves, dwarves, and gnomes. While the members were mostly humans and elves, there were quite a few varied members from the other species. The orcs would be destroyed by the followers of the gods.

“The gods are watching us.”

“I don’t believe in the gods too much.” Adandator said. He wasn’t delighted by the scale of the expedition. “I just want to see a crazy guy who might kill a god.”

Adandator remembered the crazy orc warrior fighting the imperial army alone. People participated in the expedition to kill him, but it wouldn’t be so easy.

“Huhu, we will soon arrive in Chesswood. There will be many more joining. Adandator should have faith.”

Since the expedition’s departure, everything had been smooth going except for Maillard. Aklan was confident. He would attract more people at Chesswood.

“But what about the support of the business companies for the expedition?”

They needed supplies to sustain such a large number of people. Funds were sufficient due to donations not just from the empire, but from volunteers as well. They asked the business companies for a smooth supply of goods.

The first one they contacted was ‘Blacksmith’, the largest business company on the continent. The Blacksmith Company decided policies through a meeting of its senior executives. The decision would take some time due to this meeting, but Aklan wasn’t worried. Why would they refuse?

“They will make a decision soon. Once we receive the materials

from the Blacksmith Company, the expedition will become smoother.”

Aklan replied as passing volunteers bowed to him. The gods they believed in were different, but they all became one due to faith. It wasn't a mere conquest, but a struggle that would unify the continent.

“Once this fight is finished, the continent will become more peaceful.”

“Really...”

“Faith will bind people together.”

Adandator shrugged. He thought that if the expedition won, there would be a bigger fight over the distribution of profits. However, Aklan's mind was more of a flower garden than he thought. Aklan was a pure man, despite being a paladin of the war god.

“Look over there.”

Chesswood could be seen. It was named this because the villages scattered all the place looked like a chessboard. It wasn't a single city but many villages joined together, so the population exceeded a few big cities.

“Raise the flags higher.”

They raised flags in the name of the gods to recruit volunteers. It meant there was a flag for each god. There were also the patterns for the nobles. Colourful flags showed as they headed towards Chesswood.

“Let's go.”

They reached Chesswood. It was the first village. The sign said 'Dandelion Village.'

“It is a nice name for a village.”

A man dragging three cows found them. The three cows were identical.

“Wonderful cows.”

“Huhu, they are my pride. Triplets.”

“Can you call the head of the village here? You might already know, but we are the expedition trying to destroy Crockta and the orcs...”

But before Aklan could finish what he was saying, something came flying.

Cheolpeak.

It was an egg. An egg had been thrown at him.

“Oh my, what is this?” The farmer pulling the three cows looked around with surprise. A village resident was holding a basket of eggs.

“Bad people. There is no one left to kill, so you want to kill Crockta?”

“Have patience, patience.”

“Mister, why should I be patient? Didn’t you hear him?”

“No matter how angry you are, it is dangerous to do that to someone holding a blade...”

“Let him stab me! I would already be a dead body if it wasn’t for Crockta.”

Aklan wiped the egg flowing down his head. The volunteers tried to pull out their weapons, but he restrained them.

“Haha, just listen to our story. We aren’t going against the orcs for no reason.”

Aklan’s mind became complicated. It was the same atmosphere as Maillard. It was understandable that the Free Cities Alliance in the south refused to join them. They had waged war with the

empire and Crockta helped them.

But in Maillard, he came to know one side of Crockta that he had no idea about. In that city, Crockta was a great orc. Now his name had appeared again in Chesswood.

The man with the triplet cows walked over to Aklan.

“I’m sorry.”

“No.” Aklan said while wiping off the eggs. “As you can see, there are a lot of people. I would like to meet the village leaders of Chesswood.”

“Well...you won’t hear anything good but...” The man nodded. “Please wait a while. I will report this to Ingram, who represents Chesswood, and he will come soon.”

“Thank you.”

The man left and Aklan waited with his troops at the entrance of the village. Then he suddenly heard a song from the village. At first glance, Chesswood was a land of musicians who produced a lot of minstrels, and they seemed to like songs. Once the expedition ended, minstrels would turn their story into an epic.

At that moment. While waiting for the leader, a bunch of children ran up to the expedition members.

Aklan smiled. “Hello. Little friends.”

However, their expressions weren’t bright. The children glared at the expedition before one child stepped forward.

“Are you really going to kill Crockta and the orcs?”

“That’s right. We are...”

“Bad people!”

Aklan made an absurd expression.

The child shouted, “You aren’t worthy of our support! Concern for you? Get out of here right now! Stranger to language and

rhyme! Change your metal head!”

“.....!”

It was a type of rhyming song that recently became popular on the continent. A fresh form of music that criticized others. As expected from Chesswood, the children were booing them beautifully through song.

“Misters should be careful! I will say it with my stormy rhyme! Listen carefully, Crockta is our hero! You don’t know anything, just staring straight ahead with blind eyes!”

The other children cheered at the little boy’s impromptu lyrics.

“Yes!”

“The best!”

“Truly our village’s rhyme king!”

The child didn’t stop.

“A crisis in Chesswood, the raid of evil people! We didn’t have strength, like hitting rocks with eggs! Then he came, our friend Crockta! There was a fountain of blood every time he moved his greatsword! He is our savior! He always pursues justice! Don’t bother Crockta, you bastards!”

The song was over and the child turned around. Then he bumped shoulders with his friends and celebrated the impromptu lyrics. The children cheered.

“Yes! Historic lyrics!”

“The best improvised song!”

“Those uncles are going crazy right now!”

Aklan was speechless. After listening to the lyrics, he learned there was a crisis in the village and Crockta had rescued them.

“Misters, Crockta is our hero. Remember that.”

The child who made the impromptu lyrics looked at them. Then

a man appeared and tapped the child's head.

“This brat, what are you doing here?”

“Leader!”

“You can't do this.”

“If you just heard my lyrics...”

“You...?”

“U-Understood!”

It was the head of Dandelion Village. He looked at Aklan and the expedition troops.

“Hrmm...”

But his eyes weren't good. Aklan felt that things in Chesswood wouldn't turn out how he wanted.

Chapter 196 – The Road To Orcrox (2)

The expedition entered Chesswood. They were able to stay in a vacant lot in the center of the village. However, their expressions weren't bright. It was because of the insults that been poured their way.

Chesswood didn't welcome them. The residents went as far as throwing eggs.

"Ack! Eggs! These bastards...!"

"Be patient, patient!"

"Don't react to the residents of Chesswood."

Aklan and the commanders calmed down the expedition troops. As the representative of Chesswood, Ingram spoke to Aklan.

"I'm sorry."

"No."

"Crockta is a hero in our village, so people who want to kill Crockta will never be welcome here." Ingram was a man with a solid body. In the past, he might've been a mercenary or a soldier. "It is because Crockta saved our village, which was once on the verge of destruction."

"It is understandable. I'm curious." Aklan nodded. "What is he like?"

"Crockta?"

"Yes."

"Huhu, it is better not to know. If you know, you might want to disobey the gods' will."

"Is he that strong?"

"He is strong, but at the same time, if you know what a wonderful warrior he is, you won't want to be hostile towards

him. Rather, you would want to be friends with him.” Ingram added with a smile. “Of course, the orc warrior’s song he sang is terrible.”

Aklan discovered that Ingram really liked Crockta. Aklan smiled bitterly and looked around. He could feel the gazes of the villagers. Following Maillard, there were traces of Crockta here. He was the founder of the Rehabilitation Brothers in Maillard and the hero who saved Chesswood.

There was a song in Chesswood praising Crockta. It was an epic song about how the strong and honest orc fought against the people raiding the villages, calling his friends and achieving a brilliant victory.

People booed the expedition and sang the song. It was to the point where the expedition had memorized the lyrics. In particular, the ‘Bul’tar bul’tar bul’tar~’ refrain was so addictive that the soldiers of the expedition couldn’t help humming.

“The orc is more amazing than I thought.”

Adandator just shrugged and said.

“Our expedition is turning out worse than we thought.”

Adandator heard some expedition members shouting at the villagers and not following commands. The volunteers were angry at the reception from the village. If Aklan hadn’t swung his sword and set an example for a few people, there might’ve been trouble.

“Adandator. Please manage the soldiers.”

Aklan was a paladin who believed in the war god, so he wouldn’t spare his sword if necessary.

“If you need to, discipline them using military standards.”

If they caused problems for ordinary people, not Crockta and the orcs, their honor would fall to the ground. This had to stop. They were gathered for an honorable reason, not plunderers who

attacked villages.

The children they encountered at the entrance kept chasing them and calling out rhymes.

“Get out of Chesswood! We can’t sleep because of you!”

“I will stab you in the shoulder! Move your feet on the road!”

“You will never win against Crockta, you are a hammer that will be nailed in! Reflect!”

“These guys...”

Ingram chased the children away. The children screamed and ran away. He shook his head and told Aklan, “If you continue, you will see a wide open space. You can stay there for a day. If you need more space, you can occupy the path. I will let the villagers know.”

“Thank you for your consideration. And...” Aklan laughed awkwardly and said. “Can I recruit volunteers from the village?”

“Hehe, well... Are you really going to do it? I can’t stop you. Try it if you want.”

Looking at the atmosphere of the village, no one would come. Still, it was better to try than to do nothing. Aklan gathered the priests of each temple.

“People from each temple will recruit volunteers.”

“Based on this atmosphere, will there be any volunteers?”

The priests had already given up. Aklan had a bitter expression on his face.

“Let’s just give it a try.”

They traveled to the other villages of Chesswood to recruit volunteers. But in the end, there was only booing. They were priests who worshiped the gods, so the villages didn’t throw eggs or hurt them. However, they all had hostility in their eyes.

It was an unfamiliar sight for the priests. In the end, they

returned to the camp without recruiting one volunteer.

“The plan is going wrong.”

“First Maillard and now Chesswood.”

Aklan frowned at Adandator’s smile. He had expected a tremendous number of volunteers from Chesswood, but the result was zero. There were no volunteers whatsoever.

“It’s okay. We have plenty of troops now.”

The expedition army was already great in number. Too many was the problem.

“There are many cities in the future.”

“Yes. Let’s hope so.”

“Besides, good news will come soon.” Aklan said to comfort himself. “Once we get a reply from Blacksmith, the marching speed will increase. Materials will be supplied quickly.”

The Blacksmith Company’s headquarters meeting room, where only the heads of the Blacksmith Company could gather. There was a meeting going on there. It was different from the usual calm atmosphere.

There was one woman who raised her voice the most, “The life of the company is trust!”

“But this case is different!”

“It is different! Mister Pascal! Think closely. Crockta is our top rated member and has a great deal of money! In addition, the whole world knows it! Crockta is advertised as our customer! Crockta’s red headband is also a popular item! Besides, how many orcs are among our customers? Numerous orcs use our company!”

“But if we make a deal with the expedition, our profits will be enormous. There is a lot of money!”

“The trust of our customers is better than short-term profit! That is our cardinal rule! But what if we make a deal with the expedition? What will the customers think? That we consider customers as trash who can be sold to others?”

“It isn’t that bad!”

“So are my words wrong? Customers trust us. Orc customers! Crockta! They believed in us and dealt with us! The amount of money from the orcs is huge! It is a betrayal for them!”

“The orcs will be gone anyway!”

“How do you know that? Even if they do disappear, this history will be remembered! That Blacksmith betrayed its customers!”

“This is really...!”

“Does anyone else think like Mister Pascal?” The woman turned her head and asked, “What do you think?”

Black Smith, the chairman of the Blacksmith company, smiled as he watched the controversy.

“Huhuhu.”

The executive that he promoted was truly unique.

At first, she was a poor position as an employee who had a negative impression because she was cursed by the stars. However, the number of vegetables she sold in Anail was abnormal, causing her to become the selling queen of the market.

Stella. The youngest but most innovative executive of the Blacksmith Company.

“Huhuhu, Stella expressed my thoughts.”

“In the end, the most important thing is what the chairman thinks. Heheh.”

“I will express my thoughts.” Black Smith laughed out loud.

Innovation meant thinking different from others. However, she

didn't forget the cardinal rule of the Blacksmith Company. The root of everything. There were numerous talents from across the continent gathered beneath him, but it was rare that they had both innovation and this understanding of the fundamentals. Black Smith thought that this root essence absolutely couldn't be lost.

But Stella had it. The root. The chairman thought about Stella's words and opened his mouth again.

"The trust of our customers is better than short-term profit..." He looked at Stella and smiled. "Thank you for reminding me of something I had forgotten for a while. Miss Stella."

"It is nothing. Any employee of Blacksmith knows it. Chairman has proved it personally."

"Knowing it and putting it in practice is different. It looks like your colleagues who perform well have forgotten this fact. They don't see it anymore."

Some of the executives flinched at his words. They sometimes did dishonest things for the sake of Blacksmith's profits. It was how they had been able to raise their status. But the chairman already knew.

The chairman continued speaking,

"I agree with you. If we make a deal with the expedition, our profits will be enormous. The position of our Blacksmith, the top company on the continent, will be further strengthened. It will make up for the losses we recently got from the Thompson Company. But..."

The chairman looked at the executives.

"Miss Stella's words are significant."

"....."

"Didn't I tell you? If there isn't an answer, always look at the root. Our root that is always there."

Black Smith pointed behind him. There was a big framed picture. Above the picture was the motto of the Blacksmith Company, that made it what it was today. All executives fell silent as they saw it. It hung in every branch of the Blacksmith Company.

[The trust of the customers is heavier than your life.]

Even since Black Smith was a young man, he never broke this promise. Even when the staff miscalculate the numbers and the company received huge losses, he didn't withdraw from the contract. He opened a branch in remote villages and didn't close it down, despite the labor costs causing a deficit. It was because they were all promises.

As the size of the company increase, he couldn't manage all employees so he had this included as part of the staff training.

"We might see a loss now. But the world will remember that our company never harms its customers. The orcs might disappear in this war but their names will remain in our books. If we help the expedition, how can we open our books again?"

Stella's face brightened. The executives also nodded. The chairman's decision was made.

"Remember. Our company's mission isn't to make a profit."

The words that Black Smith always said, "What is our mission?"

The executives answered at the same time, "It is to benefit the world through distribution."

"Yes, that's right." Black Smith rose from his seat. "As a child, I wanted to eat fish. There was no fish available in a mountain village. Only pale chubs in the valleys...then one day, a company started trading with our village and I could eat the fish I like."

It was his origin that everyone in the Blacksmith Company knew.

"Thanks to it, my village could enjoy not only fish, but medicines, rare goods and new food. There are plenty of young

Black Smith in the world. Everyone. We aren't merchants who profit from war, but true merchants who benefit the people."

"I understand."

"I'll always remember this, Chairman."

"I will follow your words."

Black Smith's will was absolute in the Blacksmith Company. The executives who objected to Stella changed their attitudes quickly. Stella bowed her head. Black Smith smiled. It felt like he had a smart granddaughter.

"Then send the reply. Unfortunately, we can't agree to the deal."

The answer of the Blacksmith Company was decided. They would refuse the expedition's deal.

"Now they will probably try to make a deal with the Thompson Company," said an executive.

The Thompson Company was an emerging threat. It started from Anail and now its activities were spreading across the world.

"That's right. I guess so. What will Thompson do? Hahaha."

Chapter 197 – Like A Slave, Like A King (1)

Crockta's group left the great forest. They were in the territory of the orcs. Although the forest was still thick, it wasn't as dangerous as the great forest area. As they passed through the forest, animals like deer and rabbits stared at them.

"A nostalgic landscape." Crockta muttered.

This was the scenery he saw when he was on his way to Grant to defeat the mutant wolves, his first assignment from Lenox. If they kept heading north, they would soon reach Orcrox.

"It has been a long time since I've been to Orcrox, so it feels good." Zankus said. Crockta laughed.

"Don't be excited, we are going to war."

"That makes me more excited."

"Kulkul, me too. It is exciting!"

Both orcs expressed confidence in the following battle.

"An incredible number of enemies will probably come."

"It doesn't matter. If there are 10,000 people, hunt 10,000 people. If there are one million people, hunt one million people."

"If the gods come?"

Zankus smiled, "I will hunt a god."

An absurd remark! But they were Zankus, the hunter who penetrated the sun, and Crockta, the warrior who conquered the north and stopped the empire. It wasn't arrogant to say this. Crockta and Zankus weren't bragging, but talking about their aspirations in the future war.

"I see something dot." Tiyo shouted.

As he said, there was something. An adult's figure could be seen from behind the bushes. As they approached, the appearance

became clearer.

“This...?”

It was an elf. But it wasn't an ordinary elf.

“What the hell is this guy dot?”

“It isn't an ordinary elf.”

“A little... No, the elf is very strange.”

The elf, dressed in splendid clothing, was sitting on the rock and thinking about something. He failed to notice Crockta's group approaching him because he was deep in thought. The figure of the elf was clearly like Rodin's 'The Thinker!'

But unlike the naked sculpture, his outside was beautiful and colorful. The silk and gold threads made him look as luxurious as the emperor. It was a strange appearance that didn't match the forest.

“You over there.” Crockta said as he approached. But there was no answer.

“Hey dot!” Tiyo shouted. The elf didn't panic at the sudden yell. He raised a hand from his chin. It was a signal to keep quiet. However, Tiyo couldn't.

“What are you doing dot?”

“.....”

“Hey? Can you hear me dot?”

The elf, who had his eyes closed, sighed and got up. His clothing flowed downwards. “There are two kinds of people in the world. A person who interferes with someone's thoughts, and a person who leaves them alone.”

“Did we bother you dot?”

“I didn't say that. But at the very least, I can't let it go.” His quiet voice had an air of dignity. They met an unusual person in the

forest.

“What happened?” Then the bushes rustled and one more person appeared. An orc warrior. He stood next to the elf and faced Crockta’s group.

“No, who are you?” The orc asked.

“That is what we want to ask dot!”

An orc stood beside an elf. The combination of the luxuriously dressed elf and the orc warrior with the weapon was curious, like a nobleman and the servant who served him.

The orc rolled his eyes and introduced himself. “I am Arakunta, who is accompanying this person. A warrior.”

“The elf?”

The elf didn’t open his mouth. The orc explained. “We met in the forest. I don’t know his name.”

“What is your relationship dot? The combination of elf and orc is strange.”

“Your group is also strange but...” The orc shrugged. “I am on my way to Orcrox. I think that you are the same. Not long ago, there was an absurd divine message about the orcs being attacked.”

Crockta nodded. “Yes. We are on our way to meet the enemies of Orcrox.”

“I am doing the same. Although immature, I am still a warrior recognized by Hoyt and Tashaquil! I can’t stay still.”

Hoyt had become the warrior instructor after Lenox. In other words, Arakunta was a warrior younger than Crockta.

Crockta smiled warmly. “How brave! Truly an orc warrior, Arakunta!”

“Kulkulkul. It is nothing, Senior!” Arakunta already noticed that Crockta was a more experienced warrior than him. “Anyway, I was

going to Orcrox because of that, and was surrounded by ogres when passing through the great forest. It would be different if there was one, but there were too many for me.”

Ogres were classified as some of the most dangerous among the creatures. There weren't many monsters stronger than ogres, but they weren't the top predators because of their small numbers. Being able to face one ogre alone already made him a great warrior.

Of course, Crockta's group were an exception because they had already gone beyond the normal level.

“Then this elf saved me.”

“This elf dot?”

“Yes. He is a quiet person with many thoughts, but he has great strength. He defeated the ogres in an instant. He followed me once I said I was heading to Orcrox. I just took a few minutes to hunt.”

Crockta's group looked at the elf. There was something about him apart from his unique appearance. Crockta felt something unknown from him. There was a sense of familiarity about him. It felt like he had seen the gaze that penetrated inside him before. However, this was definitely the first time he saw the elf.

Crockta stared at him and asked, “Anyway, it is nice to meet you. What is your name? I am Crockta. As you can see, I am an orc warrior.”

The reaction came from the side.

“Crockta...!”

Arakunta's eyes widened. Crockta was the envy of all newbie warriors. The last person trained by legendary instructor Lenox, the apprentice warrior who grew up and quickly became the strongest orc. His name was all over the continent. In particular, the story that he attacked the imperial army alone and eventually destroyed it with his friends was heard in every ear.

“Are you really the ‘Northern Conqueror’ and ‘Empire’s Deficit’ Crockta?” Arakunta asked.

“It is the first time I’ve heard of ‘Empire’s Deficit’ but I am definitely the ‘Northern Conqueror.’”

“Ohh, Crockta! It is an honor to meet you!” Arakunta approached him for a huge and to shake hands. Crockta laughed and accepted him. “Then the people here...”

Arakunta looked at Tiyo and Anor in turn.

“The famous two people who are always with Crockta...! No wonder why the combination was strange!”

Tiyo and Anor pricked their ears. Arakunta pointed at Anor with shaking shoulders and shouted.

“Then this dark elf! You are the lord of the dead, ‘Death’s Ruler’ Anor!”

“.....!”

Anor looked awkward. He hadn’t used his necromancy often after coming down to the continent. Nevertheless, his reputation increased as he traveled with Crockta and such a great title ended up attached to him.

“If so, this small gnome!”

“Hehet, yes, I am that gnome dot!”

Tiyo shrugged.

“Magic Bullets Berserker!”

“W-What dot?”

“When a battle is going on, there is a rampage of magic bullets, ‘Magic Bullets Berserker’ Tiyo!”

Tiyo’s mouth twisted. He didn’t seem to like the expression ‘berserker.’

Tiyo cleared his throat and said. “Hum hum. Well, rather than

that expression...merciless shooter...storm bombardment..."

But Arakunta had already turned away. "These two I know, but Orc, what is your name? You look like a hunter."

He examined Zankus. His tone was polite because he realized Zankus wasn't an ordinary hunter after seeing the huge bow. "Is your name perhaps..."

Zankus shrugged at Arakunta, "Zankus."

"Z-Z-Z-Zankus!"

Arakunta was thrilled as he looked at Crockta's group.

"Crockta and his friends, as well as the legendary hunter who shot down the sun, 'Sun Killer' Zankus! That is a really huge arrow! I will have no regrets, even if I die today!"

He shook like Zankus' arrow was pointed at him.

"Calm down. I'm not that great of an orc."

"What are you talking about? Zankus and Crockta are legendary orcs. I met legends today!"

Arakunta's fussing continued.

"Hmmm..."

Crockta ignored Arakunta and looked at the elf. He hadn't heard the name of the elf yet.

"Anyway, so what is your name?"

"Name...I can't tell you my name." The elf replied.

Crockta raised his eyebrows.

"What an expensive person."

"We aren't going to stay together long, so there is no need to know my name."

"I see. Are you going to Orcrox?"

"No."

“Then where?”

“I’m not going anywhere.”

His words were like a zen riddle.

“Then?”

“Until when is the right question. I will walk until I find the answer.”

“Umm...”

“If you are heading to Orcrox, we should go together.”

The elf wanted to join Crockta’s group.

This elf had a strange head His clothing wasn’t that of a warrior, but he was a magician strong enough to defeat ogres. There were plenty of magicians who became strange due to their long research. The elf probably belonged in that category.

“Crockta! Let’s go to Orcrox together!” Arakunta’s eyes shone as he exclaimed.

Crockta looked back at his party. Everybody shrugged.

“Well...there is no reason to reject dot.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Huhu, I will show you my skills dot!”

Thus, Crockta was accompanied by the novice warrior Arakunta and the unidentified elf.

Aklan’s expedition was cruising. A few unexpected places declined but it was heading in a positive direction.

The number of volunteers increased as the faithful and temples continued to participate. Nobles and knights who wanted to build merits also joined the expedition. There were too many people, so he had to divide the command.

“The Blacksmith Company declined the deal,” Aklan said as he marched beside Adandator.

They were near Arnin, the city of elves.

“Why?”

“It is the result of the meeting they called.”

“It is about trust. The orcs.”

Aklan scratched his head. “Well, it isn’t a big deal. We can find another company before the battle. There is time. Ask the Thompson Company; its headquarters in Anail are right in front of Orcrox.”

“You should find out more.” Adandator said while swinging his blade through the air. “There are many unexpected things. Who knows what will happen in the future. Don’t you know? Perhaps Crockta has a relationship with Thompson.”

“.....”

Aklan imagined it. It seemed possible.

As he organized the expedition and moved across the continent, he had to face Crockta’s trail. In fact, Aklan didn’t know much about Crockta. Before appearing in the south, the gods had whispered ‘Northern Conqueror’ and he was ‘Empire’s Deficit’ after fighting the empire. That was all he knew.

However, Crockta had many achievements outside the south. The people praised him. It was an act difficult to imagine with a person colluding with the gray god.

“If that is the case...”

“Don’t worry about it.”

Someone said from behind him.

It was one of the nobles who joined the expedition. He ruled a small territory in the east. Rather than volunteering because of

faith, he wanted to increase his reputation and earn some of the profit from this expedition.

“Peros.”

“Anail has a very dangerous man.”

“Dangerous man?”

“He rules the underworld there. A man who runs Anail and exerts influence throughout the continent. The king of the back alleys.” He smiled. “Even Thompson can’t fight him in Anail. And I am familiar with the king of Anail. I did something for him before, and his work is thorough. I’ll ask him to stop Thompson from refusing the deal.”

“He is a criminal.”

“Of course, the worst villain and cold-blooded. But in this case, a villain is the strongest ally. Thompson can’t resist him.”

Aklan fell silent. While it would be better if the deal with the Thompson Company were successful, he was unwilling to hold hands with a criminal.

Adandator asked instead of Aklan. “What is his name?”

“Derek.”

“I’ve heard it somewhere before. Then, please ask.”

“Please leave it to me. I will send a messenger down. It will be a quick horse.”

A cooperation with Derek was established. Aklan declared, “But we are an expedition that follows the gods’ will. Holding hands with such a person...”

“You are a very stiff person.”

Peros frowned. Adandator also winked at him.

“Everybody...”

Aklan sighed, “Do you think so as well?”

Aklan looked back at the army following him. Numerous gazes were gathered on him, They were the heads of the expedition moving with them. The nobles and commanders, as well as Aklan and Adandator. They nodded as he listened to the conversation.

“If there is light, shadows have to exist. Please leave it to us this time.”

“We need to be as prepared as possible. The orcs are tough opponents.”

“There is a secular way of life. We need to use everything possible.: Even the priests of the other temples closed their eyes. It was unspoken consent. He couldn't go against the majority opinion. Aklan once again felt nervous about the expedition. There was an anxiety that kept stabbing at his stomach.

Yes, it was present since Maillard.

‘All of them admire Crockta.’

It was the same at Chesswood.

‘Listen carefully, Crockta is our hero!’

He once again deeply sighed.

“...I understand.”

Peros gave an order to his deputy, who headed to the rear. Within a short time, a messenger rose away from the army. Aklan felt heavier with every step. He wanted to stop this. But, he didn't stop. Numerous volunteers were following behind Aklan. Now he couldn't stop.

He moved forward like he was pushed. Adandator, Peros, the other nobles who were shoulder-to-shoulder with him. Aklan stepped forward like he was caught in their wave. The momentum of the crowd didn't stop. He couldn't tell whether he was leading them or being pushed by them.

Chapter 198 – Like A Slave, Like A King (2)

“What are you thinking about?” asked Crockta.

The furrowed lines on the elf’s face didn’t disappear as he continued simultaneously thinking, walking, and eating. Yet he kept looking at Crockta, Zankus, and Arakunta, as if he were observing them.

Crockta felt a monkey being studied by a zoologist.

“I don’t know what it is, but I might be able to help.”

The elf stared at Crockta with an intense gaze. However, his answer was a refusal. “No, it is a problem that I have to answer.”

“Then please stop. Do you have to look at us to find the answer?”

The elf nodded in agreement, “That’s right.”

“Then what’s the problem? I feel worried when you look at us.”

“I can’t tell you.”

“Ohh, how frustrating!”

Arakunta laughed as he watched both of them. “He’s a person with many secrets. Still, he isn’t a bad person so calm down.”

Crockta nodded as he chewed on meat. “I understand. By the way....”

They were eating the venison that Zankus hunted and Tiyo cooked. Their speed was a little slower after Arakunta and the elf joined, but they were steadily heading towards Orcrox. They would arrive soon.

“Setting aside the elf friend for now, what’s that noise?”

“Isn’t it someone passing by dot?”

“They seem to be hiding.”

Zankus chewed on the venison and said, “Sounds like bandits.”

They were talking about a rustling bush. While Crockta's group was eating, the bushes moved and a group of humans approached. They seemed to be sneaking around, but it was impossible to fool Crockta's group. They all knew about the approach of the humans and kept quiet.

"Y-You noticed quickly!"

"But that doesn't change anything, Orcs!"

The humans popped out from the bushes, all wearing the same equipment: leather armor, a sword, and a shield. Their posture was poor, but their willpower was good.

"In the name of the gods!"

"Punish the orcs!"

They rushed forward. Crockta's group exchanged glances, as if passing on the burden, before eventually settling on Crockta. Crockta couldn't hold up against their heavy gazes and stood up with God Slayer in hand.

"Annoying."

Crockta stepped forward and wielded the sword. The wind blew. The enemies were pushed away by the wind pressure and fell.

"Hup!"

"What?"

Their momentum was quickly dampened by his overwhelming dance. They couldn't come any closer and stared at Crockta. The fallen people raised their bodies. Their weapons trembled.

"What strength...!"

They grabbed their necklaces and prayed to their god. The group wasn't made up of bandits, but fanatics targeting the orcs. Apart from the expedition, there were also small groups raiding orcs. However, they found the wrong opponents.

“Follow the divine message! For the god of war!”

“We shall shed blood for the goddess of mercy!”

“For the divine message!”

They rushed towards Crockta’s group again. However, Crockta broke all their weapons using God Slayer. As soon as the greatsword hit it, the shields flew away from the shock. They weren’t his opponents.

“Do you still want to continue?”

Crockta headed towards the fallen humans. The humans wriggled as the shadow approached. Crockta smiled and placed his foot on the chest of one person, who let out a moan.

“Yes, the gods want to kill us?”

“Kuock...that’s right. The goddess of mercy, no one else, said that! How wicked must you be for the goddess of mercy and compassion to want to kill you! For the goddess!”

They wielded their weapons again but were forced to drop them due to Crockta.

“Keeeek...”

“The gods...”

Crockta shrugged and asked, “Have you ever wondered about the gods you are following?”

“What nonsense is this...?”

“I will let you know. They aren’t perfect. They lie as we do and deceive others for their own benefit.”

Crockta knew about the divine message. So he knew that the gods weren’t absolutely omnipotent. The gods believed that Crockta and the orcs were colluding with the grey god. This was false. Crockta had met the grey god. But they were closer to enemies than allies.

The situation was ridiculous in Crockta's eyes, so he thought that the people who believed in the divine message were pitiful.

"We aren't conspiring with the grey god."

"What nonsense are you saying?"

"We have no intention of causing a war."

"Shut up! We will get rid of you!"

"I see."

The humans had no intention of listening to Crockta's words. Was it because Crockta was pointing a sword at them? Or was their beliefs really that high? Crockta lifted God Slayer to confirm it. He moved the blade.

"W-Wait a minute..."

The greatsword slowly fell down. The struggling man caught the blade with his hand. He couldn't wrap his hand around God Slayer's huge blade.

"Kuoooooh..."

He also couldn't beat Crockta's strength. He closed his eyes as the blade of the sword pointed at his neck.

"W-Wait a minute...!"

"I'm going to kill you." Crockta grinned.

The man shouted as it was about to touch him, "S-Spare me!"

The blade stopped.

"Spare you?"

"Y-Yes. Stop for a second..."

"Didn't you say you wanted to kill me and the orcs?"

"I lost. I admit it." The man shouted with closed eyes. Moisture emerged from the tightly closed eyes. "I surrender! Spare me!"

His hands shook while holding onto the blade and he shouted.

“Do the rest of you have the same thoughts?”

Crockta looked around at the believers. Their breathing was rough as they watched Crockta and the man. Then they nodded. Crockta pulled God Slayer away.

“Understood.”

The man got up quickly and stood with his party. They all looked at Crockta.

Crockta declared, “Throw away your weapons.”

They exchanged looks before slowly dropping their weapons. The spears, swords, shields, etc were all dropped.

“And...” Crockta placed God Slayer on his shoulder. “Get out of here. The scared humans started to run away.

Crockta admired their quick movements before returning to the party. His face was calm because it was a natural victory.

“Daring to go against Crockta... humans are so stupid!”

Arakunta was delighted after seeing their movements. Crockta laughed as he sat back down and picked up the venison. It hadn't cooled down yet.

“Hey.” At that time, the elf opened his mouth. “Why did you just let them go?”

Crockta chewed on the venison and replied.

“Why?”

“They will come back again after running away. They will join the expedition or attack the other orcs.”

Crockta nodded. “I guess so.”

“Then why did you leave them alive?”

“That...” Crockta laughed. He swallowed the venison and said. “It is a good day.”

“What are you talking about?”

“The sunshine is good and the wind is cool, so I let them go. They are just following the gods’ divine message, and haven’t sinned.”

“.....”

“In addition, a warrior doesn’t attack unarmed people!”

The lines on the elf’s face thickened further. “Are you serious?”

“I’m serious.” Crockta got up after the meal. “There is one thing I want to say.”

“What is it?”

“I don’t know what you are so worried about. Anyway, all of us will die someday. Life is short so we should just focus on the present.” Crockta grinned. “You are alive right now.”

The elf’s eyes widened at Crockta’s words. At the same time, the wrinkles on his brow disappeared. His face was like a pure and bright elf youth. He looked at Crockta quietly before the lines reappeared. But there was a slight smile on his face.

“I see. Yes, that is your greeting.” He muttered.

Crockta’s group started moving again. Now Crockta knew the terrain. Orcrox was around the corner.

Anail’s king of the underworld. No one could go against him. It didn’t mean he terrorized the citizens. However, he penetrated into people’s psychology and deliberately seduced them into a contract. If they cheated and broke the contract, a pain worse than death waited.

That was his way. As such, he also kept his promises.

“Thompson.” Then he slowly called the opponent’s name. The opponent’s face was distorted with pain. “Your answer?”

“.....”

“It will just get worse...” Anail’s king teased. A pained moan emerged from Thompson’s mouth.

“Ugh..!”

The man grinned, “It would be easier if you listened to me.”

Thompson gritted his teeth and replied, “Don’t make me... laugh.”

“You don’t seem to know your situation.”

The man’s laughter rang out in the sealed room. Thompson’s body shook as he closed his eyes. He didn’t expect this man to be like this. He had been silent, only to suddenly push the blade towards Thompson. Thompson tried to resist as much as possible, but it couldn’t be helped.

He visualized many scenes in his head as the man’s hand moved again.

Then he cried out, “Stop.”

“Now give up.”

“Stop. I understand.”

The man laughed, “People are fun. You know the result yet still want to challenge it. Continue and continue. In the vain belief that one day you will win.”

“.....”

“It is human weakness. Thompson.”

Thompson couldn’t resist anymore and shouted, “Ah, don’t imitate that bastard’s tone!”

The man was surprised at the sudden shout, “W-Why are you shouting all of a sudden, Brother?”

“That’s it. You cheated! That’s right!” Thompson pointed at the chessboard located between them. “You were a novice before the bet, yet your skills suddenly improved? Isn’t this cheating in

chess?”

“Oh, I didn’t study. Brother, there is no need to be angry. I don’t study but my mind is good. I got better after a few matches. Brother’s mind is too stiff!”

“Eek...!” Thompson took deep breaths from where he was sitting. “Pant, pant. Ah, shit.”

The man laughed at Thompson’s voice and said, “The game is over. Then, I will enforce the contract...”

“Don’t follow Derek!”

“What’s wrong with that?” The man whistled. “He has already died.”

Jeremy grinned. “Isn’t that right, Kids?”

The big men in black outfits, watching the chess match, bowed their heads and shouted.

“That’s right! Brother!”

“That’s correct!”

“Dead!”

“Brother killed him!”

Jeremy shrugged. “Right.”

Thompson shook his head at the scene. “Derek didn’t do this but...”

“This fits my taste. By the way...” Jeremy coughed. “Doesn’t the expedition want you to sell supplies to them?”

“Ah, there was something like that.”

“Are you going to sell it?”

“What?”

“Sell goods...”

“You bastard, are you disregarding me? Eh!” Thompson jumped

up and overturned the chessboard. “I am Thompson. I’m not a man who will break faith. Crockta and Hoyt are my friends! I absolutely won’t sell to them!”

“Ah, no! Uh!” Jeremy’s face distorted. “Why is the chessboard overturned!”

“Eh? My mistake. Why did you say something like that? It is your fault.”

“This is completely cheating!”

“Aren’t you trying to swindle a merchant living on one credit?”

The two big shots of Anail. Thompson of the Thompson Company and Jeremy, king of Anail’s underworld, hollered at each other.

Chapter 199 – Like A Slave, Like A King (3)

The spires of Orcrox appeared in the distance.

The unidentified elf spoke, “Crockta.”

It was rare for him to speak first. Crockta stared at him.

“I have one question.”

“Ask me.”

The elf stopped. Crockta’s party stopped walking. At that moment, the party felt that this elf would leave soon. It was an unknown feeling. This would probably be the elf’s final question.

“What does this look like?”

The elf raised his hand and a strange thing happened. The dense tree above them started to bow down. The branches of the trees slowly lowered towards them in a courteous gesture, like the trees were living creatures. The mouths of Crockta’s group dropped open.

“Crockta. What do you think of this?”

A sparrow on the branch moved onto the elf’s finger. The trees and sparrow both moved for him.

“That...” Crockta looked at it. It was just a plain sparrow. “A sparrow.”

“That’s right. A sparrow.” The elf raised his hand. The sparrow flew off. However, it didn’t fly away and landed on the elf’s shoulders. “It looks and sounds like a sparrow. Maybe it has a yellow beak. The important thing is that at least it isn’t a crow.”

“That’s right. It certainly isn’t a crow.”

“Then...” The elf stared straight at Crockta. “If everyone calls this bird a crow, what will you do?”

Crockta looked confused because he didn’t understand the

question, “What does that mean...?”

“This bird is clearly not a crow. It doesn’t look like one. But everyone calls this bird a crow. Everyone in the world is saying so except for you.”

The sparrow once again landed on the elf’s finger. The sparrow turned his head and gazed at Crockta. This elf didn’t have a malicious mentality. Crockta could feel it. Otherwise, this little bird wouldn’t be able to be in the elf’s hands with a calm face.

The elf continued speaking, “The whole world except for you is calling it a crow. If you say this is a sparrow instead of a crow, everyone will turn away from you. Maybe they will tease you for being blind, or call you a liar. No matter how you shout, no one will listen. You will be labeled a maniac.”

“Ahh...”

“Crockta. Will you still call this bird a sparrow? Or will you turn away and say it is a crow?”

Crockta smiled. It was an easy question.

“Well, if everyone is calling a sparrow a crow... It is a big deal.”

“I see...”

“But that is it.” Crockta touched the handle of his greatsword. “Unless a sparrow tells me that it is a crow, I will call a sparrow a sparrow.”

“.....”

“If people were to paint the feathers black and call a sparrow a crow, I will do my utmost to stop them and say that it is a sparrow.”

Crockta looked at Tiyo, Anor and Zankus. They shrugged. Crockta smiled at the elf.

“A sparrow is a sparrow.”

The elf shook his head, “Then you will be alone. Nobody will want to be with you. Rather, you will become a strange being.”

It was a soft voice. Crockta burst out laughing. His laugh rang through the silent forest.

“You are a slave dressed like a king.”

“.....!”

The elf’s eyes widened. No one had ever called him a slave. It was the opposite. He had a power that no one could understand, dressed in gorgeous clothing and was elegant. Now this orc had called him a slave.

“You put on very nice clothes. But rather than your own beliefs, you think about the surroundings and other people. It is the mindset of a slave. If it is so scary, you can call the sparrow a crow-like everybody else. If they say something green is red, they are red. The night will become the day and the earth will be called the sea. If you give yourself up, everything will flow smoothly.”

“I...”

“However, if you want to be the master of your own mind, pay attention to this.”

Crockta reached out his hand. The sparrow stared at Crockta and jumped towards his fingers. Crockta gently cradled the sparrow.

“Even if the world is pointing at me in ridicule, I will say that this bird is just a sparrow.”

The elf looked at Crockta, whose eyes were filled with conviction and an unshakable integrity.

“I see.” The lines on the elf’s face disappeared as his distressed face gradually softened. He flashed a faint, yet beautiful smile. He declared, “I dressed like a king but thought like a slave.”

“Yes.”

“Now that I know, I should dress like a king and act like a king.”

“Yes.”

“Thank you for letting me know.”

The elf stared at Crockta. Then he looked at Zankus, Tiyo, and Anor. He spread open his arms. Then the forest changed.

“.....!”

A straight path to Orcrox opened up. The trees shook their bodies and twisted their roots, giving way to Crockta. It was an incredible sight.

“You...” Anor suddenly spoke. There was a look of realization on his face. The elf reached for Anor. Then a branch came down over their heads. As the elf moved his hand, the branch touched Anor’s cheek, as if it was an extension of the elf’s hand.

“You’ve had a hard time coming here. Child.” The elf looked at each party member one by one. “I saw you and tried to get an answer. An answer that I couldn’t find. However, it wasn’t that I didn’t know the answer. In fact, I was ignoring the answer all along.”

He looked at Crockta. “Like a slave.”

Crockta grinned. “Now you seem like a king.”

“Thank you.” The elf stepped back. It was time to leave. “I came here as a slave dressed like a king, and will be leaving a king.”

His body blurred. The vegetation of the forest leaned towards him. The wind bowed to him. The trees leaned down and worshipped him.

“I hope to see you again. The boy in the north wanted to say thank you. Crockta.”

Then the elf whispered. There was no sound. His whisper wasn’t towards them. Anor’s eyes widened. Crockta, Zankus, and Tiyo didn’t hear it. All elves in the world heard the whisper.

“The elves’ world tree has withdrawn from the war.”

“What?”

“I don’t know why. The elves have started to leave.”

“What is going on?”

“Those who came of their own will are still left, but the elves who came because of the divine message are returning home. More than half the elves are gone.”

“.....”

Adandator frowned before starting to laugh. “How interesting.”

Aklan sighed. The elves heard the whisper of the world tree.

‘The orcs aren’t colluding with the grey god, and they aren’t evil. Crockta is a hero.’

However, the other gods were different. Another divine message came down, encouraging the followers to believe them. They even blamed the world tree for poor judgment. This wasn’t the behaviour of the gods he knew. It was remarkably like a human’s behaviour.

“Arnin won’t turn out well.”

“I guess so.”

They reached the city of elves, Arnin. After receiving this news, Arnin was unlikely to give support.

“Try it once.”

But the result was as they expected. No, it was worse than that.

Aklan sat in Mayor Ennis’ office and felt a strange mood again.

“Do you see this vest?”

“Yes.”

“An orc used to wear it, also known as the first captain of the Plains Rescue Team, which is a landmark and the pride of Arnin.

He created the rescue team.”

There was no need to ask who he was.

“Crockta.”

“That’s right. He became an honorary citizen of Arnin and revealed the killers and mayor who used a false mask to mock the citizens.”

Crockta’s story was told in the textbooks at Arnin’s schools. He was an honorary citizen who represents Arnin.

“Above all, the world tree is stopping the elves from participating.”

“.....”

“It will be useless to propose the agenda to Congress.”

“I understand. Thank you.”

Eggs might be thrown at them, like Chesswood.

“I don’t know how the situation with the gods turned out like this, but I will tell you as a person who met Crockta, not the mayor. Crockta isn’t such an orc.”

“.....”

“I didn’t even know who he was then. He was just a plains officer. However, he helped the humans and elves with the triters on the plains. Despite being an orc, he is a light in the darkness.”

“Light...”

“He illuminates the surroundings. I wouldn’t be the mayor if it wasn’t for him. The travelers would still be losing their lives. They would die from the triters and that wicked girl.”

Aklan nodded. “I understand.”

“You can stay for a day to recruit volunteers. But please think about what I said.”

“Yes.”

He left without any results. Arnin was a beautiful city. Aklan was heading to the expedition's camp when he suddenly stopped at Arnin's square. A monument stood there. It was a monument to honor the day when Elsanad, Elwina and Ilya, the demons of Arnin, were expelled. It wrote about the honorary citizen Crockta, who came as a traveler but left as Arnin's hero.

“I am an honorary citizen!”

“I am the best citizen!”

“You just threw trash on the floor! I will accuse you!”

Children played around, pretending to be honorary citizens. Aklan stared up at the sky and muttered, “I don't know.”

He shook his head and returned to the expedition's camp. The expedition was camping outside Arnin.

“There was no result. I'm sorry.”

“It was expected.”

“Thanks for the hard work.”

He came back with nothing, but Adandator and the expedition leaders nodded because it was already expected. Now they didn't have any great expectations towards the elves. Some elves volunteered but there weren't many due to the world tree.

“How about stopping by Quantas?”

“Gnomes don't believe in the gods...”

“Let's just give it a try. Anyway, the elves are gone so we need to fill up the numbers. Quantas is on the way to Orcrox.”

“Okay.”

Aklan was silent during the meeting of leaders.

The next day, they headed towards Quantas. Shortly before leaving Arnin, they could see the famous Arnin Plains Rescue Team and the triters.

In the midst of it was a rock.

“This?”

Aklan stopped. Letters were carved onto the rock.

[A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people.]

It was a rock written by Crockta. Aklan never met him before, but he couldn't help feeling familiar with Crockta. He knew that Crockta was a great warrior.

“What are you doing? Let's go quickly.”

People shouted from behind Aklan.

“Ah, I'm sorry.”

Aklan held the reins. The march continued. Aklan turned and squinted at the rock, but he could no longer see it due to the army. Aklan looked at Adandator beside him. He saw the leaders, nobles and numerous expedition forces. Their faces were stiff. It might be because Orcrox was getting closer.

Aklan closed his eyes. He couldn't stop here. They had already come so far. It didn't matter what type of person Crockta was anymore. All the gods called him a villain. It was enough. The people had gathered here for the extermination of Crockta and the orcs. They were overflowing with willpower.

The decision wasn't made by him, but the enormous crowd. He erased Maillard, Chesswood and Arnin from his head. The vacancy was filled with the divine message, expedition army and the hatred of the random crowd.

Aklan opened his eyes. It was a short moment of worry. He returned to being Aklan, a pious warrior of the war god.

‘War God... Please bless our way.’

The horses, who started running the race, couldn't stop.

Chapter 200 – Dragon And Tiger Cave

As they approached the entrance to Orcrox, they saw two orcs in chain armor standing like stone statues. Their blades flashed in the sun. The guards found Crockta and laughed. They were laughing but due to the tusks and heinous appearance, their faces seemed evil.

“Hey. Are you alive?”

They hadn’t changed. Crockta stood in front of them. He was no longer an apprentice warrior. He returned to Orcrox as a great warrior.

“At that time, it didn’t seem likely...”

“The warrior who shook the continent has returned to Orcrox.”

The guards laughed and Crockta laughed with them.

“You are alive.”

“Of course. I’m not weaker than you.”

Crockta bumped fists with the two guards. It wasn’t enough for Crockta so he hugged them. The orc guards burst out laughing.

“Crockta has been doing great things!”

“It was great to hear.”

“How embarrassing.”

Crockta remembered when he first came here. At that time, he really hadn’t known anything. He thought they were just well-formed NPCs. But that wasn’t it. The orcs and the orcs of Orcrox lived in the world of Elder Lord, as well as all the warriors who died that day.

Grom, Kim Hyunchul who was now in jail, Lenox, Gulda and all the orcs he met crossed his mind.

“Anyway, I am glad to see you again.”

The guards laughed with their arms around Crockta's shoulder. Then they looked at Zankus.

"If it isn't Zankus."

"It has been a while."

There were no orcs who didn't know Zankus, the hunter who penetrated the sun. The guards bumped fists with Zankus.

"You are unchanged." Zankus explained to Crockta's group. "These guards have been protecting this place longer than Lenox. They were standing here when I first arrived."

"Really?"

They were very old veterans.

Crockta introduced Tiyo and Anor. "They are my colleagues."

"I've heard the story. Very brave friends."

Tiyo nodded.

"Huhu, my reputation has spread dot!"

Tiyo was several times smaller than an orc, but he was the epitome of a man. Tiyo imitated the orcs with the fist bumps, before entering Orcrox. There was a stir in Orcrox as soon as Crockta's group appeared.

Orcs passing by discovered them and opened their mouths, "Crockta and Zankus are together!"

"It is an honor to meet you. I am alive!"

"Welcome back!"

Crockta first came to Orcrox as a stupid newcomer. Now he became a great warrior who people respected.

"It feels like home."

Crockta headed towards the training ground where Hoyt was. As he came closer, he could hear the orcs. He remembered the old

days when he ran around the training ground under Lenox's command.

“First hit! First one! Focus every time you swing! Wield it like it is your life!”

“Uwaaaaah!”

“Is that lousy swing the best you can do? Is it? Burochwi!”

“Noooooooooooo!”

“Then swing again! Don’t be afraid to die!”

"Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrr————!"

It was a familiar voice. Hoyt, who was standing in the middle of the training grounds, shouted like Lenox. Crockta breathed in deeply and shouted.

“Are you alive, Hoyt?!”

Everyone stopped for a moment as Crockta's group appeared at the camp. Orcs were sparring, swinging their weapons in the air and building strength through push-ups.

Hoyt, Orcrox's instructor, just laughed. "You came back."

“Yes.”

It was Hoyt. It was the first time since the battle where Lenox died.

“You are alive. Bul’tar!”

“Bul’tar!”

Crockta and Hoyt bumped fists and embraced each other. It was a meeting of two great warriors.

“Is that Crockta?”

“Just like the rumors, he has a fierce face and a menacing greatsword.”

Even orcs felt fear at his appearance! In addition, his

representative greatsword was much bigger than the rumors. The orcs nodded at the sight of Crockta.

“Indeed, the warrior who fought the north and the empire.”

After Crockta finished his greeting with Hoyt, Zankus also extended his fist. They were familiar with each other.

“Stop running around and stop by Orcrox often.” Hoyt scolded.

“Kulkul, a hunter doesn’t settle down.”

Then it was Tiyo and Anor’s turn. Hoyt welcomed Crockta’s companions.

‘Magic Bullets Berserker’ Tiyo and ‘Death’s Ruler’ Anor were already famous as Crockta’s companion.

“We haven’t met in a long time, so let’s have a drink...”

“Good. Let’s go quickly!”

“But I don’t want these guys to relax.”

Hoyt looked around. This was the orc’s training ground. A place where men were created. He was no less harsh than Lenox. Hoyt scanned the area like he was uncomfortable.

Crockta went forward, “Leave it to me.”

“You?”

“I was once one of them, so I know their minds very well.”

All orcs focused on him as Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder. He was ‘Northern Conqueror’ and ‘Empire’s Deficit’ Crockta. He was already a legend. Countless orcs who wanted to be like him flocked to this area. In addition, it wasn’t just the orcs here.

“That Crockta...”

“Awesome...”

There were many users who became orcs because of Crockta.

Ever since the legendary broadcast of Crockta's fight against the empire, the influx of orc users greatly increased. Those who selected the warrior class were present on the training ground. Crockta's fans willingly came to the training ground where no one wanted to train before.

Crockta threw away their expectations.

"Your eyes are cloudy!"

Crockta yelled loudly. The sudden rant made everyone's eyes go blank.

"The eyes of the weak!"

Crockta grinned as he looked over at Hoyt. There was a time when he wielded the sword like these people. Crockta looked at every one of them.

"Can you be a warrior with such weak eyes? It is better to pull such rotten eyes out!"

The orcs in training looked at Crockta with a face filled with complaints. Their pride as an orc was hit.

"Is there a problem? Then let's make a bet! If you win the bet, there will be no more training for today! You can go to the pub for a beer and Instructor Hoyt will forgive you!" Crockta shouted.

The orcs were shaken. It was an opportunity to take a day off from harsh training and drink a cold beer.

"But! If you lose, you will have to sleep here. Train until the sun rises tomorrow!"

"L-Late night training?"

"That's right."

"Ugh..!"

A harsh bet!

"Then what is the bet?"

Crockta grinned. He placed the greatsword on the ground. Crockta raised a hand towards the orcs and gestured.

“Come at me all at once. Do whatever it takes. You will win if I fall to the ground once.”

“That...!”

In the end, it was a fight. The orcs looked at each other. They could win based on numbers, but the opponent was Crockta. There was no chance of winning, even with so many people.

“You can’t do it? All of you are cowards!”

“!”

“I am standing alone without a weapon! Look at you now!” Crockta moved forward and pointed to the nearest orc. “Carrying a blade! Carrying an axe! You are acting like this despite holding a hammer! You aren’t orcs. Humans! Elves! Not even dwarves!”

“Don’t insult us!”

“Insult? Do you feel insulted?” Crockta grinned. “Then come.”

“!”

The nearest orc snorted. His axe shook before he aimed at Crockta. As expected from someone who trained under Hoyt, it was a great blow despite him being an apprentice.

“Bul’tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!”

However, the opponent was Crockta. The axe didn't reach him. Instead, Crockta's fist hit his abdomen.

“Keheok!”

This was just the beginning. All the orcs on the training ground ran towards Crockta. A huge cloud of dust rose up as a massive number of orcs ran towards one person, concealing their appearance.

“It is hot.” Hoyt muttered as he watched the scene.

“Hehet, I remember when I fought 17 people in Quantas dot!”

“This is more like 40-50 than 17...”

There were punching and moaning sounds from all over the place. Orcs flew through the air. Then after some time had passed, Crockta stood alone. He raised his fist and declared, “You are lacking. Very lacking. Insufficient!”

But there were no longer any orcs who could challenge him. They moaned while clutching their wounds in pain.

“Is it hard? Painful? Nobody cares! Train! Get up and swing your weapon!” Crockta kicked the orcs to hurry them up off the ground. The orcs rose to their feet after Crockta’s kicks. “Stand up!”

“Keok, so painful...!”

“Training is practical! Will you stop fighting due to pain when going against enemies on the battlefield! Rise! Everything is hard! Nobody cares!”

“Ugh!”

“I will go to drink a cold beer with Instructor Hoyt. You keep training! Kuhahahahat!”

The orcs trembled at Crockta’s vicious appearance.

“This is the real Northern Conqueror!”

“I’m glad that Hoyt is the instructor...”

Zankus shook his head and said, “If that guy were the instructor, he would be an unparalleled demonic teacher compared to Lenox and Hoyt.”

“That’s right.”

Crockta finished arranging the training grounds and returned to Hoyt with an innocent expression.

“Now it is resolved. Kulkulkul!”

“.....”

Anyway, thanks to Crockta's work, Hoyt could leave his position with a relaxed mind. Crockta suddenly stopped before he was about to leave the training ground. There was a stick in a corner of the training ground.

All orcs knew what it was. The stick where Lenox's helmet had been. After he died, the steel helmet had always been watching the training ground.

"Hoyt. I should put the helmet back."

"No. You should continue to use it."

Immediately before the battle against the empire, he had received Lenox's helmet from Simba and Kumarak. Crockta had continued carrying Lenox's helmet.

"There is more work to do in the future." Crockta nodded.

The military expedition was on the verge of arriving. At that time, Lenox's helmet would cover Crockta's head again.

"Where is Kumarak?"

"He went out for a walk with Simba, and they will be back soon. Not just that, Anya, Wallachwi and other promising orcs have come."

"Promising orcs?"

Zankus said with a smile, "I've met them. They will be your competitors. They are still immature, but I am looking forward to them."

The orcs like Zankus had already built their achievements and became legendary, but there would be a new generation like Crockta.

"Tiyo and Anor, you are their targets as well, so be ready."

Anor jolted with surprise. "M-Me?"

"There are high-level shooters and necromancers who want to

prove they are better than you.”

Tiyo burst out laughing. “Stupid bastards dot! They won’t be able to think such a cheeky thing after they taste General dot! I want to see it!”

“Kulkul, you are a very spirited gnome friend.”

They chatted while entering the pub.

Crockta’s eyes became distant. This was the place where he met Gulda and asked for advice about how to become qualified to be a warrior. The cheerful warrior Gulda who laughed and talked a lot. Even when he was about to die in the dungeon, he didn’t lose his sense of humor as he laughed.

At that moment.

“Kuhalhalhalhal!”

Suddenly, Crockta heard familiar laughter. He doubted his eyes. There was an orc warrior resembling Gulda, who had the same laugh.

“That is Gurokchwi, Gulda’s son.”

“Gulda’s son...!”

Crockta grinned. His appearance seemed to awaken Crockta. He was an orc warrior. Orc warriors didn’t look at the past. He would enjoy this moment, like Gulda’s son.

“Drink!”

They started drinking beer with the orcs. Others soon appeared.

“What? The Crockta from that time has become so big? You’ve become a pretty big guy.”

“Everybody is gathered! Drinking beer without me! Drink! Grrung!”

“Kuaang!”

Within a short time, Anya, Kumarak, Simba and other orcs in

Orcrox were gathered.

“I’ll drink a beer as well...kuhul...hul!”

Wallachwi appeared in front of them and smiled while drinking a beer. Anyone who saw this sight would doubt their eyes. Here, in a pub in Orcrox, was a gathering of those lauded as legends.

Chapter 201 – Opening Of The War (1)

The military expedition also received a cold shoulder in Quantas. Crockta was a hero who saved the city from the cursed item called the 'Demon's Mouth', but Aklan didn't care, as he had now stopped worrying about Crockta.

No matter what Crockta did, he was an enemy. A saint could kill a saint, and a wicked man could kill a wicked man. He erased all previous doubts.

"Something's wrong."

Peros was a noble who knew Anail's back alley very well. His plan to put pressure on Thompson failed.

"The head of the underworld has changed, and the new leader is Crockta's friend. Rather, the messenger was beaten to death..."

"Friend..." Aklan laughed. "It is funny."

"T-That's right."

"Thompson said the same thing."

"Really? He has really wide feet. Hahahat..."

"....."

"Haha..."

Peros laughed awkwardly. The aura coming from Aklan was sharper and darker than ever.

"It doesn't matter. This is a little inconvenient, but having extra help is unnecessary. We have a sufficient number of troops and plenty of funds."

They had difficulties in some of the major cities, but there were enough volunteers. The scale of the military expedition was unthinkable, and was perhaps the largest number of people in history gathered under a single flag. The orcs would be trampled

on by this army and forgotten.

“The gods are helping us.”

“Yes...”

“The gods are still whispering. In the end, we will win.”

The expedition didn't need anything else. Aklan was convinced. No matter how strong the orcs were, they wouldn't be able to resist the wrath of the gods.

“Victory is only a matter of time. Please relax your mind.”

An unknown power emerged from Aklan as he said this. He gripped his fists tightly. His body shuddered as his whole body filled with an unknown strength.

“The war god has spoken.”

“Ah, I understand.”

Peros stepped back, confused by Aklan's changed appearance. The smell of fanaticism was coming from Aklan. Adandator watched Aklan and asked, “Are you okay?”

“I am as okay as ever.”

“You know...” Adandator studied Aklan and sighed. He could see that Aklan was in an unknown state. “Any more divine power will break your body.”

The power of a god dwelt in Aklan. It was an arrangement for the future war. Adandator didn't know what the war god was planning, but a tremendous amount of divine power was entering Aklan.

Aklan smiled and said, “It's okay. It is different from what you are concerned about. I am more powerful than ever.”

“...Yes. You would know best.”

Adandator shrugged. In fact, he didn't care about Aklan's condition.

“We are finally at Orcrox.”

“Yes. I can see the end.”

Aklan smiled. At last, this expedition was heading towards the climax. The expedition passed through Quantas and arrived in Anail. They also didn't receive hospitality in Anail. The king of the underworld, Jeremy, and Thompson were close to Crockta.

Everywhere they went, they saw people who saw Crockta as their savior.

He was the one who made the volunteer group, the hero who saved a village, the honorary citizen who exposed the ugly side of the mayor, the warrior who stopped the demon in a city, and the savior of many influential people.

But he had brought the wrath of the gods on him. No matter what Crockta had done, he was defined by the last line. Anyway, everything was decided by the gods. Human work was useless against divine matters.

The lead riders waved their flags. They reported something to Aklan and Adandator. Indeed, as they said, something could be seen in the distance. All the leaders were agitated. Aklan smiled.

They were orcs. They had come out, rather than hiding in Orcrox.

A battlefield suitable for the climax. It was the opening of the great war.

Ian looked at Yiyu with a mouth full of Burger King's extra large burger.

“Why do you look like that?” she asked.

“You're acting like a beggar.”

“.....”

Yiyu snorted before eating her hamburger again and drinking some soda with her straw. Ian picked up some fries and placed them in his mouth.

“Eat slowly.”

He had accessed Elder Lord for so long that he hadn't seen her in a while, so they went out together.

“You know what? There will be another great war in Elder Lord. Will Oppa be taking part? You have been living in the game lately.”

The fight between the expedition and the orcs was a hot topic in reality. This time, users weren't involved since it was a dispute between NPCs. Thus, it was difficult to predict who would win. On the gambling sites, the dividends for who would win were quiet even, while users who wanted to fight were waiting impatiently.

As well as the expedition, the orcs of Orcrox were fighting together, causing a lot of confusion.

“Let's see...”

Ian's voice trailed off. In fact, he couldn't not go. He was one of the parties involved in the war, but Ian couldn't tell her that. He started stretching inside the fast food restaurant.

“Isn't Oppa a ranker now? You aren't still a beginner, are you? A few of my friends are playing it full-time. Tsk tsk. They don't study and play games instead.”

“What have you been doing in the meantime?”

Yiyu laughed with the straw in her mouth. “I will receive a scholarship this semester.”

“I'm not expecting anything, so you don't have to.”

“Really.”

“Just work hard.”

“Wow, you don't believe your little sister.”

“It will be bad if you overdo it.”

The expression of her goal was good, but if she couldn't keep her word after declaring it so badly, she would be the most embarrassed.

“Hrmm...” Ian looked at Yiyu and smiled as he said, “Jung Yiyu.”

“Huh?”

“Can you do it?”

“Haven't I always done well?”

“Then I'm glad.”

Ian nodded. As he told Yoo Jaehan, he refrained from playing Elder Lord often and was going to stay away from dangerous events. But it didn't help the situation. His assimilation rate was still at 100%.

The grey god no longer spoke to him, but her words about dying in Elder Lord were still valid. He wasn't a game player anymore. His status window had also disappeared. There was no such thing as skill level or item rating. The moment he accessed Elder Lord, he became the orc warrior Crockta.

“Then once things finish, I should go...”

“What? Where? Why?” Anxiety filled Yiyu's eyes.

Ian shrugged and replied, “I was thinking about going on a trip...”

“Alone?”

“Yes.”

“I will go too!”

“You will?”

Ian laughed as he saw Yiyu's excitement. There was a battle ahead of him. He couldn't step back here. Elder Lord might be a game in the past, but he couldn't escape now that he knew they

were alive.

He was Crockta. Due to that, all the orcs were being threatened. He vowed to avoid dangerous situations but he couldn't do so. The moment he joined Elder Lord, he became Crockta and thought like an orc warrior. He wanted to consider Yiyu but the moment he became Crockta, living as a warrior became more important than anything else.

"I know all about your trip," Yiyu said.

Ian was confused.

"Huh?"

"You aren't going on a trip alone."

"Uhh..."

"Aren't I quick to notice?"

Ian rolled his eyes.

Yiyu grinned. "Don't you have a girlfriend?"

"...Eh?"

"Oppa finally got a girlfriend and you're thinking about marriage. So you say that you're going alone. It is great, so I respect Oppa's thoughts. Of course, you should introduce me to your girlfriend."

"No..."

"Is she perhaps younger than me?"

"That..."

"I'll still understand. Don't worry about me. I originally do well alone. I don't want you to sacrifice yourself because of me."

"Right now, I am sacrificing the value of those hamburgers..."

"Quiet!" Ian smiled as Yiyu pointed her finger at him and placed the last piece of hamburger in her mouth. "Anyway, Oppa should

do whatever you want. Have I ever been in an accident when Oppa wasn't with me? No?"

When Ian was a soldier, she had stayed with some relatives. They weren't relatives with a strong affection for their kin. Rather, they were more interested in Ian's money. It wasn't a comfortable place, but Yiyu never complained or caused problems. She behaved too well.

Ian smiled bitterly. He knew. Yiyu had endured some difficult times. People who experienced hardships would become tougher. Yiyu was probably stronger than he knew.

"I'm pretty and have a good head, so I live in a comfortable world. Oppa doesn't have to worry about me."

"Good head?"

"Oh, my grades are like this because I don't study! My mind is good."

"I see."

Ian laughed. His will had been written since he was a soldier. Between then and now, nothing had changed in the contents of the will. Furthermore, he could trust his teacher Baek Hanho. Yiyu hadn't known it, but Baek Hanho had kept watch to see if her relatives would harass her. He would protect Yiyu if something happened to Ian.

"Let's really go on a trip later. Where do you want to go?"

"The Maldives!"

"Okay. Let's go."

"Kyah, really?"

This was the most important thing. He couldn't die.

"When have I ever lied?"

"Indeed. I acknowledge that."

Ian had always survived. This time would be the same as well. He would become Crockta and defend Orcrox. When Crockta held God Slayer, he was confident that he couldn't lose to anyone.

Once this fight ended, he had the feeling that the grey god would appear. Then he would ask her the question he really wanted to ask.

-Hello. Thank you to the viewers who have always loved the Undergames Channel.

-Today is the day when the battle between the orcs and the expedition will occur. Everyone has been looking forward to it. Yes, that is today! Do you see the huge number of people? That is the expedition.

-Incredible.

-It can be compared to the battle with the imperial army. No, a lot more. Many times larger.

-It is true that many of the expedition members aren't trained, but that doesn't matter if so many people are gathered. Look. There are knights, soldiers, and many volunteers. Who can deal with all this?

-Still, won't the orcs show something?

-That's right! We are looking forward to it! The orc who always show us something! The Northern Conqueror and Emperor's Deficit! The idol of He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy, Crockta! A warrior who always achieves the impossible, so we can't predict the outcome. In addition, many of the legendary NPCs apart from Crockta are participating. The result still remains to be seen.

-Legendary NPCs?

-Yes. NPCs like Zankus and Kumarak... I will explain it in parts.

-Haha. You are very prepared today.

–As a commentator, I always have to study. That is my obligation. Huhuhut.

–How wonderful. Ah, right now!

The screen showed something. In the orc camp, a bunch of people moved to the front.

–What is that?

–Ah, that...!

‘Northern Conqueror’ Crockta.

‘Sun Killer’ Zankus.

‘Mountain Smasher’ Kumarak.

The three of them appeared first. However, that wasn’t the end.

The worst fighter who led a group of berserkers to massacre the human earl for Lenox’s revenge. ‘Mad Slaughterer’ Anya.

A magician who was like a madman but traveled to the ends of the world. ‘Abyss Seeker’ Wallachwi.

“Great...”

They appeared.

“Hehe, this battlefield suits me dot!”

“This fight...”

The ‘Magic Bullets Berserker’ Tiyo who used an artifact to launch a bombardment. The ‘Ruler of the Dead’ Anor, who raised the dead using necromancy. The orcs who recently started to make a name for themselves appeared in turn. ‘Bandit Slaughterer’ Keruta, ‘Purgatory Incarnation’ Malaka, ‘Drunk Fighter’ Asulchwi, etc.

“This is due to a divine message?”

“If you want to destroy the orcs, the whole world should come.”

“Kulkulkul, there is nothing better than fighting when drunk.”

The thrilling sight of those who were called one-man armies standing side by side. An army of one-man armies. The expedition members were scared. The strongest people with high fame or infamy were gathered in one place.

“Huh...they are really gathered together.”

“All the monsters...”

“Can we win...?”

The morale of the expedition began to fall. They had regarded this war as easy to win due to their overwhelming numbers. It was a thought that only a large army could have. The orcs looked shabby compared to the expedition.

But now...

They felt fear as they saw the orcs standing at the forefront. They had worried about Crockta, but the fearsome existences, whose names had been known longer, also appeared.

“Don’t be scared! Stay calm!”

Aklan frantically shouted. However, their shaking wasn’t easily calmed. The entire expedition stalled. Aklan urged the riders.

“The flags...”

At that moment, the orcs looked at each other and discussed something. Then the orcs laughed and pushed one forward. He came out of the camp.

It was Crockta. Crockta, with the huge greatsword on his shoulder and the silver helmet, walked in front of the expedition with a dignified appearance, just like when he fought the empire. He was calm in front of so many soldiers.

Crockta reached a location where his voice would reach the expedition members, and opened his mouth as the representative of the orc army.

“I don’t think there is anything to say, so let’s start quickly.”

His voice rang out through the plains. At the same time, killing intent rose from the orcs.

“All at once...” Crockta smiled as a huge aura was emitted from him. “Come.”

Chapter 202 – Opening Of The War (2)

–It has come again! Crockta’s patented words! Come!

–It is like how he provoked the empire in the past! Truly Crockta! The atmosphere is hot!

–Telling them to come! A small minority! The overwhelming expedition! I can’t stop looking! Ah! The expedition is moving! They’re going! Colliding!

–It is war!

People went wild at Crockta’s declaration. The inside of the bars displayed the video on a large screen. It attracted guests who watched the real-time Elder Lord relay.

“I’m a star too.”

Jung Yunji drank beer and laughed. In Elder Lord, her name was Stella, an elite player who became an executive of the Blacksmith Company at a young age. She watched the struggle between the orcs and the expedition with Yiyu, Yoon Bora, Ban Taehoon and Park Jungtae.

“Are you fighting?”

“Don’t forget the bet. The loser will pay. My stomach will burst tonight.”

“Don’t run away either.”

They were talking together in giddy voices.

Chwaaaaak!

There was the sound of liquid splattering. It came from somewhere else. From the big screen! The expedition collided with Crockta and a fountain of blood rose. Then Crockta’s roar rang out through the bar, bursting out from the speakers.

“Truly Crockta!”

“Crockta is the best!”

Those who supported Crockta started cheering. He was the head of a tsunami that aimed at the expedition.

“Hey, is this fun as well?”

Yoon Bora suddenly pointed to her tablet screen and asked. The sound wasn't heard due to the crowded bar, but she was watching a BJ who participated in the battle directly and was relaying the war situation.

He joined on the side of the expedition. He faced the orcs.

“It is overwhelming with realism.”

The BJ gasped and told the viewers.

–Heok, heok, Brother! Look at this! The orcs have such fearsome faces! It seems that BJ Jungmin will die today! Viewers, please shoot me some donations! I will die. I'm too scared to move my feet, but I will do it for you!

Yoon Bora started typing.

[Bora Doridori: Approach Crockta! Here is a donation! Show me Crockta!]

[Bora Doridori has shot 10 moon balloons] (TL: Forgot to mention this earlier. BJ= Broadcasting Jockey. They can get donations by viewers sending them balloons, which is equal to money).

–Heeok! Viewer! Thank you! Reaction! Hah!

BJ Jungmin tried to enter the war. The viewers watched BJ Jungmin as he was pushed over by the expedition troops running from behind. As the screen twisted, they were greeted by the sight of troops crossing above BJ Jungmin.

–Keheok! It hurts...but I still love the viewers! Bora Doridori, what should I do?

Yoon Bora cried out.

[Bora Doridori: Keep going towards Crockta!]

–I understand, Viewer Bora! Please keep watching! BJ Jungmin is going!

He rose again and started to move towards Crockta with his weapon. His weapon was a rapier.

–I can see Crockta! Look at that!

In the middle of the battlefield, there was a place where the heads of people kept exploding. The appearance of modern firearms in the world of Elder Lord! Every time an explosive sound was heard, flesh would fly into the sky. The terrified expeditionary forces didn't dare go near.

“Don't be afraid, fight!”

Aklan shouted from behind as he tried to raise morale.

-Oh, there are so many people! I can't just watch from behind! No! Viewers! BJ Jungmin will go forward, so receive me! I am prepared to die! I am a dead man living! So the balloons...!

[Bora Doridori: Stop chattering and go! I have sent balloons!]

–Yes! I'm going!

BJ Jungmin moved through the expedition troops and headed to the front of the battlefield, to the 'Crockta Zone.' Nobody approached Crockta so the space around him was empty. At that moment, Crockta's terrifying face as he killed people with the greatsword was revealed.

–Heeoook!

BJ Jungmin breathed in. It was the same for everyone looking at his video. Yoon Bora's friends gathered around her.

Killing intent. It felt like the sword was being pushed into their necks. Crockta's eyes were bloodshot. A light shone from beneath the helmet. His whole body was soaked with blood and the greatsword waved at the enemies. A messenger who dealt death

without any hesitation.

Thus, no one was able to approach him. Just one step. Death was confirmed if they took one more step. Everyone could feel it.

“He is alone...”

Yoon Bora muttered.

Everyone agreed with her words. Crockta was a surreal warrior who overcame many battlefields alone. It was a power that went against the knights and army of the empire. It was hard to feel when he was inactive.

Now, they could see the slaughterer of the empire as he faced the large expedition. This was Crockta: the overwhelming force that crushed the enemies, the realistic horror that caused the enemies' legs to weaken, the face of a demon.

“Scary...”

It was natural to be scared of Crockta because of his fearsome orc appearance. People were enthusiastic about him because the righteous behavior didn't match his appearance. But that wasn't the 'scary' they were talking about now.

They truly felt it. Everyone wanted to turn their heads away. The madness of a killer made them turn their eyes away. This was Crockta.

—Viewers...I will sense...Jungmin will jump forward now.

At that moment, the screen twisted. At the same time, a tremendous roar was heard in the bar and from the tablet.

—I am Kumarakkkkkkkk—————!

It was a catastrophe that happened elsewhere. The impact shook the earth and prompted an earthquake, causing everyone on the screen to lose their balance and fall. BJ Jungmin also groaned as he flopped to the ground.

—Viewers, I will die...eh?

At the last moment, BJ Jungmin realized it. The same was true for the viewers. The moment he sat down from the aftermath of the earthquake. BJ Jungmin entered Crockta's zone.

Chwaack.

At that moment, the screen turned red. Everyone was at a loss. Those looking at the screen all knew what it meant. Soon, the blood couldn't overcome gravity and dripped down as the decapitated head of BJ Jungmin was shown on the screen. Before long, the screen cut off.

[BJ Jungmin's broadcasting has ended.]

Crockta raised his greatsword and moved forward. There was an empty spot around him. When he walked, the enemies retreated. But this was a battlefield. The enemies were blocked by those behind them, leaving them no more room to retreat.

The soldiers started frantically thinking.

"Only this much?" Crockta asked.

Heat spread from the tattoos on his body.

"You want to get rid of us with just this much———!"

Crockta roared and struck with God Slayer. He twisted his body to make the most of his strength. His muscles prepared for a single explosion. The enemies in front of him already foretold their deaths, praying to their gods instead of fighting back. Crockta gave them one last mercy and delayed his attack for a moment.

One.

Two.

The prayers were finished. He swung God Slayer. A gold energy spread out in a fan shape.

Seokeok.

The troops were split apart.

Seokeok.

The ones behind them were broken.

Seokeok. Seokeok. Seokeok.

Chwaaaak!

The army broke down and a fountain of blood appeared. Crockta stared through the drops of liquid. In a still world, Crockta walked alone on the battlefield. He looked at the frightened faces praying.

It was the world of the Pinnacle. Crockta stood there and saw the enemies. It was time alone. But at that moment.

The world shook.

“.....!”

He looked back. Their eyes met. Kumarak. He laughed and raised his axe. In the world that stopped and converged infinitely, Crockta wasn't alone. It wasn't just Kumarak.

Kkiiik.

There was a pulling noise. It was Zankus. Then strange laughter was heard. Wallachwi.

Crockta's mouth rose, “I see.”

The enemies were endless and kept coming. They had the power of the gods to back them up. Nevertheless, Crockta wasn't afraid. Now he wasn't alone. It was a strange feeling.

“Hey!”

Suddenly, a brilliant light passed in front of him.

“Stop zoning out during battle, Crockta dot!”

Tiyo was smiling while wielding General. Crockta burst out laughing.

“My mistake.”

He raised his greatsword. Now was the time to fight.

Kkiiik.

The wheel of time started to turn again. The greatsword moved. At the same time, blood splattered all over the battlefield.

“Crazy.” Adandator said. He was smiling. “Orcs are really crazy guys.”

Why did he think they could win easily? The scenes in front of him were causing doubt. Every time Kumarak wielded his axe, the earth shook. Giant arrows flew from somewhere and pierced several soldiers.

“These guys...”

They were monsters who didn’t care about miracles. In addition, unknown orc warriors were also exercising fearsome power.

“Only this much!”

A blade stabbed the abdomen of an orc. However, the orc warrior smiled and his axe struck the enemy’s neck.

Puok.

This time, a spear was stabbed. The orc smiled and his axe descended. The master of the spear was split apart.

“Only this much!”

The orc burst out laughing and randomly wielded his axe.

“Only this much, humans!”

Blood flowed from his eyes, nose, and mouth, but his frenzy didn’t stop. The soldiers caught by him continued to die. Every time he acted, his body became covered in wounds. The orc slowly came to a stop when he became a hedgehog from all the spears and swords. The orc breathed deeply before raising his axe again.

“Bul’tarrrrr!”

The surrounding troops retreated with astonishment. However, the orc couldn't swing his axe and stood still with a smiling face. He fought like a warrior and died like a warrior. Human limbs and guts were scattered all around him.

This...

It was an orc warrior whose name wasn't even known. An army of these orcs was fighting. The orcs' battle cry irritated his ears.

"Aklan. At this rate..." Adandator looked at him. "...Aklan?"

Adandator paled. A faint light was pouring from Aklan's body.

Aklan declared, "The real fight begins now."

It was a calm voice.

Adandator realized. They were the army of the gods. This war wasn't just a fight between the expedition and the orcs.

"The gods are helping us."

It was a fight between the gods and the orcs. Aklan spread open his arms. At the moment, the sky opened and a brilliant light shone towards the ground. The gods touched the expedition. In an instant, their wounds healed and their strength recovered. A pious light that was close to madness flashed in their eyes.

It was a situation where the situation with the expedition was reversed. Now the expedition attacked the orcs. They attacked their enemies with a madness that was equal to the orc warriors.

It was pandemonium. A terrible sight of death and killing.

"Please keep this place."

"Aklan?"

Aklan got down from his horse. The priests and paladins of each temple followed him.

"We will be victorious."

The power of the gods filled their bodies. Aklan raised his sword.

A light flashed.

“In the name of the gods.”

The flags were raised. At this moment, the gods borrowed their bodies and participated.

It was the serious opening of the war.

Chapter 203 – War Of The Gods (1)

Kumarak's weapon was called Destroyer, an axe that was much bigger and longer than normal. He held it as he looked at the battlefield in front of him. Numerous troops flocked, but just as sheep were unable to deal with wolves, the expedition forces struck the orcs and broke apart. No matter how many enemies were present, there was nothing to fear.

“Did you smash a mountain?” Someone suddenly said.

Kumarak looked at his opponent. A man dressed like a knight and exerted a different force from the other soldiers. A moderately strong person, he possessed the power of a knight. He stared at Kumarak with challenging eyes and pointed his sword.

“You are acquainted with my reputation.” Kumarak responded with a grin. He would listen to what the knight had to say.

“I volunteered for this expedition to prove my strength. You are the warrior who made a mountain flat.”

“.....”

“It is a great honor to meet you. I will beat you and let the continent know the name of the Arteros family. The world will know that Arteros' sword is the best.”

Kumarak's mouth dropped open. This knight expressed the intention to increase his reputation by using Kumarak as a sacrifice. In other words, he was already thinking about after the fight. For him, Kumarak was just a means to an end.

It didn't make sense.

“I am the last descendant of the Arteros family, my name is Bede...”

However, Kumarak didn't listen any longer. He looked down at Destroyer. It drank the blood of his enemies. A demon who

covered away blood with blood, leaving stains on it. There were great warriors and knights he couldn't help admiring. Hunters, magicians, giant monsters, all of them were terrifying opponents that Kumarak killed.

Kumarak always risked his life. Kill or die. That was his principle. Things were never easy. At the end of a battle, Kumarak was tearful because he was still alive. Then he expressed condolences to the dead enemy.

Kumarak stood here instead of the strong opponents. Their lives were left there.

Then.

“This battlefield that the gods are watching is the best stage. Come, Mountain Smasher. Attack...”

What was this knight talking about? Increasing fame and spreading the name of his family? He was worried about compensation in a moment when he should be gathering his courage and swallowing back tears?

He seemed so trivial to Kumarak.

“Haaaat!”

The man moved his sword.

Fast.

Kumarak didn't move.

“.....!”

The man's sword stopped in front of Kumarak's chest.

“What is it?” The knight cocked his head and stared. “Aren't you going to fight, Mountain Smasher?”

Kumarak smiled. It was a terrible smile that distorted his face. The knight didn't stab him. Did he imagine a wonderful stage? Or did he think a quick fight was too boring to raise his reputation?

Either way, he abandoned the chance to take Kumarak's life. He had no idea about the opponent in front of him.

“Yes...”

Kumarak's chest swelled. He condensed his rage. His breath was sealed and the pressure in his abdomen rose. Then he roared.

“I am Kumarakkkkkkkk—————!”

The earth shook. The ground shook like an earthquake was occurring. For a moment, all the troops on the battlefield stumbled.

“My name is Kumarakkkkkkkk—————!”

Kumarak roared and swung Destroyer. The knight talking about his family was split apart. The sword was broken, the right arm severed and the axe pierced the middle of the abdomen. Blood poured from his mouth.

“You are a fool. Grrung.”

The knight's eyes stared at Kumarak. Kumarak pushed the body with his feet. The knight's body broke down. It was the end. People would forever never know the name of that family.

“It is starting now.”

Kumarak raised Destroyer. Far away, he saw Crockta descending on the great army. Their eyes met. Kumarak laughed. Then he attacked the surrounding soldiers. Once Kumarak started to advance, no one could stop him.

At that moment. The soldiers stood up. A light shone down from the sky, healing the wounds of the expedition army and filling their bodies with unknown strength. Despite the dominance of the orcs, the expedition troops started to push forward using the momentum of the gods.

“Annoying.”

Of course, it was only a little annoying for Kumarak. Kumarak

wielded Destroyer and his enemies flew through the air every time.

“Kumarak.”

Once again, someone called his name.

“Who is it this time?”

“I have been watching you for a long time.” He was a dwarf paladin with the mark of a god on his armor. His eyes glowed blue.

“Do you remember Almutad?”

Kumarak jumped. It was a name from his past.

“I grieved day and night when that child died by your hands.”

Kumarak realized who was in front of him.

“I will return that pain to you.”

Almutad. The great worm that swallowed his friends. Kumarak pursued it, turning the mountain flat and slashing at the worm that emerged with Destroyer. He pulled the remains of his companions out of the great worm’s stomach and buried them.

He received the title ‘Mountain Smasher’ due to this fight. If that name was mentioned, the person in front of him must be,

“Tartatod.”

The god of all underground creatures. The father of the creatures who squatted beneath the ground, a transcendental presence who favored dwarves and loved worms. The paladin, no the incarnation of Tartatod laughed.

“That’s right.”

The gods were intervening.

Kumarak laughed. “You are a nasty pervert who pampers those stinking worms. Grrung!”

The dwarf’s face stiffened. At the same time, a reddish brown aura covered the dwarf. The power of a god. Kumarak was able to feel the intangible energy.

Kumarak gave strength to his stomach and built up his willpower. He wasn't fighting just the expedition members who followed the divine message. The gods had come out directly.

“Stupid orc.”

Tartatod wielded his hammer. Kumarak blocked with Destroyer.

Kaaaang!

Kumarak was thrown back. The expedition members and orcs fighting were scattered. Kumarak rolled across the ground several times before recovering. He slowly got up. Those who were caught in the conflict groaned on the ground.

His whole body creaked. Kumarak had never been pushed back by a blow before. It was the first time. Kumarak was thrilled by the overwhelming power difference.

“Don't resist, mortal.” Tartatod said calmly. “Not just me, but the other gods will borrow their bodies. You can't beat us.”

“Don't be ridiculous. Grrung!”

“Resistance is useless.”

“Kulkul, everyone says that before they are beaten up!”

Kumarak grabbed Destroyer and leapt towards Tartatod. However, Tartatod's body blurred and disappeared. Kumarak stopped.

“.....!”

Tartatod appeared in front of Kumarak. Kumarak hurriedly wielded his axe. Tartatod blocked with his hammer. There was tremendous pressure. Kumarak couldn't compete when it came to strength.

“Uhhhh...” Kumarak pushed his forehead forward and shouted. His forehead hit the dwarf's face.

“Kuheok!”

Tartatod moved back from the sudden hit. Despite the power of a god, it was natural to receive damage after being hit in the face. Kumarak touched his forehead and raised his head. Blood poured from Tartatod's nose. Kumarak laughed. Tartatod's face was red.

“You!”

The power of a god exploded and hit Kumarak.

“Keooooook!”

Blood dripped from his mouth as he rolled across the ground. He barely managed to hold onto Destroyer.

“I tried to kill you nicely...”

“There is no such thing as a nice death. Stupid god.” Kumarak raised his body and laughed. Tartatod's face distorted. “Tartatod, you really don't know anything.”

“Shut up. Dirty orc. Vicious bastards.”

“Kulkulkul.”

Kumarak raised his body. It wasn't just Tartatod. The battlefield was now entering a new phase. There were those who showed the power of a god and every time they attacked, the orcs were greatly pushed back.

“I wonder why there is a god who takes care of those who crawl under the ground.” Flames burned in Kumarak's eyes. “If a god dies, will a new one appear?”

Kumarak was the one who smashed a mountain in order to kill a great worm. A slaughtering machine who moved with a commitment to tearing apart the enemies. If the enemy was a mountain, eliminate the enemy. If the enemy was a god, eliminate the god. Kumarak didn't choose the enemies.

“Now it is interesting.”

He hadn't experienced anything worthy since smashing the mountain. He hadn't met a good enemy since the time he dug at

the mountain for several months. But the enemy was a god. He would kill a god and change his title of 'Mountain Smasher' to something else.

Kumarak held Destroyer's handle.

"Tartatod. You will die to me today."

Zankus quickly sprang up and fired his arrow. He only aimed at places where the enemies were concentrated.

The arrows of an unexpected size pierced through the enemies. His arrows were never satisfied with one life. If one was killed, it would penetrate through the body and kill at least three more. He killed three or four each turn. The arrows became like a skewer.

"Aaaack!"

"Avoid it!"

"Sun Killer!"

He crushed the enemies. A single arrow penetrated through and crushed many enemies in a show of pure force. Every time he shot an arrow, it felt like the battlefield had been hit with a hammer.

"You're lucky we're fighting on the plains," muttered Zankus.

The open plains with no obstacles blocking the field of view was a disadvantage for a hunter. If this were a mountain or a forest, they would've died without knowing where the arrows were coming from.

Zankus scanned in front of him with a hunter's eyes. The expedition had overwhelming numbers, but the strength of the orcs dominated. In particular, the strategy of putting strong leaders at the forefront was effective. The enemy's power was crushed by the vanguard, while the scattered remnants were swallowed by the other orcs. In addition, Crockta was wielding his greatsword at the very front.

Zankus grinned. When he returned to Orcrox for Lenox's funeral, he learned there was an orc who survived alone. He didn't look reliable. The orc spoke about getting revenge for Lenox; however, however, Zankus doubted him and warned,

'I will hunt you down if you play stupid games. I can't trust a person who ran away alone.'

That orc was Crockta, who had made those words a shameful memory by now.

"We can't lose."

Zankus fired several arrows at the same time. Then he pulled his bowstring all the way back using his muscles. When the string was released... It was like the dew rolling off the leaves. Like feathers falling from wings or stamens dangling to the ground. Lightly.

Chwaaaaaaaack!

It tore through the battlefield. Everywhere the arrow passed, a large wound was dealt to the ranks of the expedition. There were only dead bodies and the wailing of those who lost their limbs.

"It is boring like this."

At that moment, something happened. A light shone down, healing the soldiers and pouring the power of the gods into the paladins. It was the participation of the gods.

Zankus' hands shook.

"It can't be helped."

He scouted the battlefield for his next prey. At that moment.

Chwaaaaaaaack!

An arrow flew. Zankus' body twisted. A beam of light passed by Zankus' neck. Blood flowed down.

"....." Zankus grinned. "How interesting."

Somewhere among the expedition members. There was a hunter

like him. He could feel the strength of a god coming from the wound on his neck.

Zankus' mouth twisted as he muttered, "If I kill the god of hunting..."

Zankus' body slowly blurred.

"I will be the god of hunting."

Chapter 204 – War Of The Gods (2)

The orcs and the expedition troops mixed together. Among them was Anya, who was randomly wielding her axe and screaming, “Die! Die! Die!”

They were two small throwing axes. It was the best tool for slaughtering in her hands. All the enemies around her were killed by the axes. She noticed the faces of those in the distance.

“Don’t run away and come here! I will play with you!”

She licked the blood on her cheek and giggled. Her shoulders trembled before she suddenly threw her axe. The backs of those running away were split.

“If you don’t come then I will kill you!”

She kept on throwing her axes. They accurately hit the heads of the expedition soldiers. She laughed loudly, “Hahahahat!”

It was a frenzy suitable for the title of ‘Mad Slaughterer.’ Her berserkers followed her.

“Come on!”

“If you don’t want to die then kill us!”

“Kakakakat!”

It didn’t matter about the power of the gods or their morale. The berserkers stabbed, cut and slashed. Blood sprang from the wounds and they died. It was sufficient.

“Let’s go, Kids. Follow me!”

“Yes!”

“Understood!”

She took out a new axe from her waist. She turned it round and round, wondering who to kill next. At that moment, the ground shook.

“Oh my?”

It was coming from Kumarak's direction. She looked around. The earthquake wasn't the work of Kumarak. It was caused by the dwarf paladin that he was going against.

“Hrm...”

Anya examined them. Kumarak was bloody and barely standing. On the other hand, the dwarf fighting him was unfamiliar. He wielded the hammer towards Kumarak.

“What, that person is a god?”

The light around the dwarf was proof of a god's power.

“I told you...”

She had never fought a god before. They were also hiding behind the temples, speaking a few condescending words and giving off a good impression. Those beings were coming down directly to get rid of the orcs.

“How interesting.”

The dwarf wielded the hammer. Kumarak blocked with Destroyer but was thrown back from the shock. Anya felt somewhat uncomfortable as she looked at Kumarak on the ground.

“Stupid guy.”

Kumarak was a powerful warrior. However, that strength he was so proud of was losing. The dwarf kicked the fallen orc. Anya spoke to her subordinates.

“You fight here. I will be going somewhere for a while.”

“Yes!”

She jumped forward. She trampled and killed the soldiers in her way. Her goal was Kumarak.

“Kumarak!”

However, her voice didn't reach. Kumarak ran towards the dwarf

again. He looked terrible but he didn't lose his fighting spirit. Rather, he wielded Destroyer with crazy eyes. The hammer and axe collided. Kumarak and the dwarf glared at each other.

Kumarak suddenly swung his fist. It hit the dwarf's face. The dwarf's face distorted and he swung his fist as well. Kumarak's teeth were broken.

“Grrung!”

Kumarak swung his fists again. Thus, they continued punching each other. It was a struggle against a god. They dropped their weapons and tangled together. Kumarak's fighting spirit was contagious as the god cried out in a loud voice.

“Kumarakk! I will kill you!”

“Come on, Tartatod! God of the worms!”

Tartatod.

Anya understood the whole situation. Kumarak had smashed a mountain and killed the great worm, gaining the title of ‘Mountain Smasher.’ So this god must be Tartatod, the one who loved those who dug under the ground. He appeared in front of Kumarak to get revenge for Almutad.

“The gods are the same as us.”

Anya's mouth twitched.

She didn't believe in those who called themselves gods. Look, they were no different from the creatures on the ground. How could she join her hands together and say a prayer when the god was shrieking and swinging his fists.

They were just beings with mighty powers. Just that.

“Are you going there to intervene?” Someone asked her.

Anya recoiled. A woman approached her. It was one of the rare elves who joined the expedition, wearing the clothing of a priest.

“You must face me first.”

It was a woman she had never seen before. Anya instantly knew who she was. She burst out laughing.

“Ahaha. You?”

“.....”

“It is an honor for a celebrity to look for me. Do you know how to fight?”

The opponent smiled. A god who always showed mercy. The god everyone praise, who gave the powerful of healing and passed on teachings to help the poor. The goddess of mercy.

“You are the most notable.”

“It is an honor.”

“There is the blood of many on your hands.” The goddess of mercy said. Mad Slaughterer Anya. She was in direct opposition to the goddess of mercy. “Now it is time to stop the tragedies you created.”

“Stop the tragedies.” Anya laughed.

She pointed to the battlefield. Orcs and expedition members were killing each other and dying. Both sides were engulfed in their own madness and didn’t hesitate to attack. They wielded their weapons until they stopped breathing.

It was pandemonium.

Anya continued, “You also created this battlefield so you are just a hypocrite. If you combine all the things I’ve done in my life, it will look like a comedy compared to the tragedy that you committed today.

“.....”

The god’s face shook before calming.

Anya smiled. “It can’t be helped. Let’s start quickly.”

Kumarak's roar was heard from behind her.

“God, is it up to hereeeeeeeeeee———!”

Then something exploded. It didn't stop there. The earth broke and collapsed. She didn't know where and how it happened, but there were screams from those caught up in the aftermath. Anya laughed as she twirled the two small axes in both hands.

“Don't you have to help your friend soon?”

Zankus limped. The hunter, hidden somewhere on the battlefield, continued to fire. Zankus also responded, but the opponent's shooting was faster and more accurate.

It wasn't a large difference. However, it was the divide that separated life and death. Zankus gritted his teeth and bandaged the wound on his thigh. Even now, the enemy was still aiming at him. Zankus could feel the killing intent.

Truly a god. Zankus didn't know what to do.

“Dammit.”

Thus, he decided to borrow someone else's opinion. He closed his eyes. In the middle of the battlefield, an invisible hunter was aiming for his life. He stared at the darkness behind his eyelids. A man was standing there.

Shakan. The best hunter he knew, Shakan. In this moment of urgency, he only had the chance for one question.

Zankus threw a question towards the man, ‘How can I hunt this enemy?’

Shakan replied.

Zankus' eyes opened. A light was heading towards him. It was quite close. Just before it hit his head...

Zankus twisted as an arrow grazed his cheek. Zankus muttered as

he stared at where the light had come from, “I understand, Shakan.”

Then he loaded an arrow. The iron was distorted. In the gap between the expedition troops, there was a shadow standing alone between flapping flags.

That guy.

Zankus fired an arrow. The shadow that fought with him disappeared, but the bodies of the expedition members nearby exploded. Zankus wasn't satisfied and quickly pursued the enemy with his next arrow.

The arrow's tip aimed at the enemy's figure. He pulled back the bowstring as he recalled Shakan's answer.

‘You can't hunt him.’

He borrowed the image of Shakan and asked for an answer. Zankus couldn't hunt down the enemy, as the other person was a better hunter than him. So he decided to give up hunting.

“Today, I'm not a hunter...”

Zankus' arrow went straight through some passing soldiers. The soldiers were killed. The knights who faced the orcs were caught in the aftermath. The knights were killed. The shield of a noble was pierced. The noble also died.

“Today... I must be a killer.”

Soon after, his ‘death shot’ hit the enemy. He avoided a fatal wound, but it was unavoidable to receive a shallow hit. The enemy sat down and shook with hostility. However, he didn't die.

“You will die soon enough.” Zankus laughed and aimed his arrow again.

His title was ‘Sun Killer.’ It wasn't about hunting. ‘Killer’ was another name for Zankus. This wasn't an ordinary arrow, but one that contained the archer's will. It was placed in the arrow. How

far was his limit? Zankus had endlessly practiced with the bow, to the point where he was able to place 'death' in the arrow.

"Die."

Now he was in the area of 'killing', rather than 'hunting.' Zankus's arrow aimed at the black shadow again. Zankus was unable to move properly in the aftermath of 'death.' Zankus was convinced that the enemy would die by this arrow.

But at that moment.

A brilliant light erased his arrow.

".....!"

Everyone on the battlefield looked up at the sky as they saw a flash of brilliant light. It came from an old man with wings of light. The staff in his hand shook. Then rays of light surrounded the expedition members. Light shone from their weapons and the wounds were restored again. The heat from deep inside their body erased their fatigue.

It wasn't just the expedition members affected, but the other gods fighting the orcs. The god of hunting, who had been on the verge of dying from Zankus' arrow, ended up vanishing. His body recovered and he avoided 'Death.'

Sasasasak!

Once again, the beam of light flew towards Zankus. Zankus barely avoided it as he muttered.

"That is cheating."

He didn't know the identity of the old man in the sky, but it was a different influence from the other gods. The power of the old man dominated the battlefield. The light kept encouraging the expedition members, interrupting the orcs.

Zankus looked around. The situation was starting to tilt. The orcs were dying. Kumarak, Anya, Wallachwi etc, were also pushed

back. The gods gained strength from the light in the sky. Defeat was obvious. And defeat meant genocide. Zankus' face distorted for a moment.

Then someone spoke.

‘.....’

Zankus was stunned. The voice spoke again.

‘...!’

Zankus' eyes widened.

“Kulkulkul...”

Zankus started laughing. He lifted his bow and loaded an iron arrow on it. Then he pulled back the bowstring and aimed for the sky. From far away, a beam of light aimed at Zankus' neck. It was a stronger power than before.

But Zankus didn't care.

“I understand.

The light. It disappeared before reaching Zankus. The rays of light from the old man in the sky also flew towards Zankus. However, they disappeared in front of him, as if they had hit a wall. Zankus didn't care about all that. He concentrated all the strength of his body to one point. It was the best ‘Death’ arrow he could do.

“Kuooooook...”

His muscles screamed. The overloaded muscle fibers started to break down one by one.

“Kuaaaaaaah...!” Zankus shouted.

He squeezed out all the power in his body. It didn't matter if his muscles were breaking. His arms burned. His bowstring was pulled back to the maximum extent possible. Just before Zankus and his bow broke...

Zankus had a feeling that it was time.

“Go.”

When the string was released... It was like the dew rolling off the leaves. Like feathers falling from wings or stamens dangling to the ground. The death arrow was launched towards the sky.

“Goooooooooooo—————!”

It flew upwards. The old man tried to stop the arrow but it flew on, ignoring everything. The arrow. It passed by the old man. It rose to the end of the sky. The target at the end. The sun that illuminated the world.

‘Sun Killer’ Zankus. His arrow went beyond time and space to penetrate the sun and kill it. A black stain appeared in the center of the sun. It spread gradually and the entire sun became black. Darkness fell over the world. A world where the sun disappeared. It was complete darkness.

Even ‘Sun Killer’ Zankus couldn’t stop the sun forever. The world would only sink into darkness for a few minutes. But that was enough.

In the darkness where no one could see, the flapping of wings was heard. A man’s voice resonated on the battlefield, “I am the hawk of the north.”

Zankus fell to the ground, no longer having the strength to even lift a finger.

“The blue guardian of the sunrise. The pale blue standard bearer who guides the shamans.”

Now it was his turn. The orc shaman mentor, the strongest shaman of this age.

“Tashaquil.”

A bizarre whisper was heard from underneath the ground. With the death of the sun, the hungry demons of hell were being

summoned in the darkness.

Chapter 205 – War Of The Gods (3)

It took only a few minutes for the sun to turn dark. During that time, everyone on the battlefield was terrified. In the darkness where nothing could be seen, something was walking around.

“Kuaaaaaah!”

“Heooooook!”

Terrible screams rang out. Everyone turned to look in all directions. In the aftermath, some people stabbed randomly with their swords. The magicians of the expedition tried to create light, but it fell absurdly short of lighting up the world without the sun. Rather, the dim lighting caused fear to fill the hearts of the people.

Fearful faces appeared every time the light shone. The light illuminated bloody and tearful faces.

“Aaaaaaack!” The screams continued.

Crockta could hear them whisper, ‘Hungry, hungry, hungry...’

His eyes pierced through the darkness and saw strange beings climbing from the ground onto the battlefield. They had a terrible amorphous appearance which suited hell. However, they all had the same terribly big and ugly mouth.

‘Hungryyyyyyyy...’

A demon of hell passed by Crockta, and it smelled bad. Suddenly, Crockta met its eyes. Then it licked its lips. However, instead of aiming at Crockta, it turned and bit the body of an expedition member.

Those who couldn’t see in the darkness were bitten without knowing what direction the demons came from. The only things left behind were the blood stains and parts of the limbs which couldn’t be swallowed.

These guys were filling up the battlefield.

‘Eat, chew, swallow...’

‘Hungry...’

Tashaquil was a shaman who always smiled and blessed the orc warriors. However, he was furious. So, his blessings had now become the evil souls which embodied hell.

“This is war.”

Crockta looked up at the sky. This was a world where the sun had disappeared. The ‘Sun Killer’ Zankus, he really was a hunter who penetrated the sun. Now that the sun was sleeping, all types of demons attacked the expedition members in the darkness.

The fearful soldiers waved their weapons randomly, killing their companions and stabbing themselves.

“Uwaaaaah!”

Suddenly, a blade flew through the darkness towards Crockta. Crockta blocked with his greatsword. It was a terrified expedition member. He was swinging his sword in every direction.

“Uwaaaaack!”

“Tsk.” Crockta reached out and grabbed the neck of the expedition member.

The demons were certainly frightening. In particular, for the expedition members, this was a situation where their vision was blocked, and they didn’t know where the horrible beings would appear, so it was natural to go mad.

However, this one had found the wrong opponent. Slowly, the light returned. The ‘death’ which swallowed the sun disappeared, allowing the sun to regain its strength. Dim sunlight shone on Crockta’s face.

“Ahh...” The expedition soldier’s eyes widened. He had fled from the jaws of death. However, he was now met with Crockta’s terrifying face.

“Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!” He screamed.

“Noisy,” Crockta remarked and gave strength to his hands. He broke the soldier’s neck instantly. The soldier’s body dropped down to the ground. However, Crockta thought the soldier was lucky to die now. This was because...

“It is better not to see this.”

The sun had returned halfway. That alone was enough to reveal the scenery on the ground.

It was hell.

Not everyone had been fully eaten by the demons. The demons had bitten the expedition members on a whim. People were groaning on the ground with their bodies half torn apart. There were corpses with the contents of their heads missing. There was one human corpse with all the skin chewed off. There were also soldiers with torn stomachs and their contents flowing out.

These scenes filled the battlefield. And...

‘I hate light, I hate light, I hate light... Hungry, hungry, hungry...’

The eyes, nose, mouth, and limbs of the demons were revealed. The expedition members screamed.

“What is thisssss!”

“Monsters!”

“Spare meeeee!”

The demons carried out their feeding until just before the sun fully returned. They didn’t stop, even when the sun burned their bodies. They bit, chewed, and swallowed. The demons acted like vultures and drove the formation of the expedition into complete chaos.

“How horrible,” Crockta commented from where he stood at the front lines, where orcs and humans were mixed together. Behind

him, there weren't many demons. However, beyond him, the camp of the expedition was filled with demons eating indiscriminately.

Every time a demon's teeth moved, an enemy's body was torn. The demons shook, and the expedition members' limbs flew into the sky. Even to the orcs, this was a frantic scene of madness. It was a necessary but cruel scene which Tashaquil had produced.

"The sun is back."

The sun had returned wholly. The demons melted down completely. They had swallowed the expedition members, but after melting, there were no traces left of them except for a handful of ashes. If someone looked at this place, they wouldn't know what had just happened.

However, their bodies trembled at the fearful memories. Zankus had only turned off the sun for a few minutes...

And in those few minutes, many of the expedition members had been slaughtered. The gods turned their eyes to the disastrous landscape.

"Tashaquillllllllll!" The elderly man in the sky screamed Tashaquil's name. His wings were like an angel's, but his distorted face was like that of a devil.

"You shouldn't have summoned the demonssss! I won't let it goooo!" His voice rang through the battlefield. Then light exploded from his body, shining down on the entire expedition. The fear caused by the demons disappeared, and the expedition returned to being the faithful army of the gods.

However, the blessing wasn't given to those who had already lost their limbs and couldn't participate in the battle. They were dying as they watched their peers march with the light of the gods.

"The gods are the same as us." Crockta's lips twisted as he laughed. "There is no difference between them and the emperor."

The expedition army marched forward with no emotions on their

faces as they followed the gods' will. They ignored the fallen allies whom they stepped on. Just like that, the wounded were trampled on by the expedition army and died.

The expedition army had become puppets of the gods. This was a war between the gods and the orcs. At that moment, Tashaquil's voice whispered in their ears, 'Everyone, be prepared.'

All orcs on the battlefield heard the voice.

'The next attack is dangerous.'

As soon as he spoke, the expedition army stopped moving. Then they raised their shields and set up a firm formation. It was like a barricade.

"This..."

Then at that moment...

Crockta saw it. In the rear of the expedition army, magic power was boiling up towards the sky.

Tashaquil warned again, 'The goddess of magic has come out.'

Crockta was a warrior, but in the past, he'd met the northern magician, Jamero, and he'd obtained 'Introduction to Magic.' Along with the instincts as a warrior, Crockta was able to clearly observe the flow of magic power.

Thus, he could see it. The magic power boiling at the rear of the expedition rose to the sky and penetrated the atmosphere. Then that magic power took shape. It looked like a net.

"It can't be..."

It went beyond the sky, beyond the atmosphere of the planet, and headed towards a distant space. Then it grabbed the asteroids floating in space. The net of magic dragged the asteroids down one by one.

The universe...

The vast space...

The rocks drifting through it...

The goddess of magic gathered such things together and pulled them down to the ground. They slowly accelerated and burned white as they moved through the atmosphere.

“Scatterrrrrrrrr——!”

‘Great magic.

‘Meteor Shower.’

The asteroids burned as they passed through the atmosphere but survived persistently. Then they became weapons of slaughter. The fragments of white meteors hit the orcs.

“Kuaaaaaaah!”

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Hurtsss!”

The flames and impact destroyed the orcs’ formation. Soon, there were craters here and there, as well as burning orcs. The meteor shower continued.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Uwaaaaaaah!

Screams were mingled with the sounds of the bombardment.

“Oh my god...”

The magic only told of in legends was actually produced by the goddess of magic. Crockta avoided the meteors which fell, but the aftermath caused the earth to shake and flames to burn his body. Crockta roared and shook off the flames.

“Pant...pant...”

His face filled with anger as he held God Slayer and glared at the enemies. The formation of the expedition was still intact. They

maintained their formation while watching the pandemonium with cold eyes.

“Son of a bitch...”

There had been the demons, and now there was a meteor shower. They weren't delighted at all. Crockta laughed and stepped forward.

“Crockta, are you okay?” A familiar voice suddenly spoke.

“Kulkul, don't be concerned.”

It was Hoyt. He was in charge of commanding the orcs from behind. However, in the end, he hadn't been able to bear it and had moved to the front.

“Is it okay to come out here?”

“Kulkul, I couldn't stand watching you alone.”

Meteors poured down from the sky the ground was filled with flames as the two warriors stood at the forefront of the army. Hoyt shouted, “Everyone wake upppppppp—————!”

It was the same as when he shouted at the training grounds.

“Is it painfulllllll—————?!” Hoyt's roar overwhelmed the battlefield.

Then orcs started to walk out of the flames. No one was okay. They all had terrible injuries or were burned. Even so, they raised their weapons.

“Not at all.”

“It just tingles, Hoyt!”

“The body is fine! Kuhulhulhul!”

“Now, it is nice and warm!”

The number of orc warriors gradually increased.

Hoyt grinned, “Then...”

He exchanged a glance with Crockta. God Slayer and Mountain Slasher... A greatsword and a hammer were raised towards the sky.

“Come————!”

Two warriors charged towards the expedition army.

“Uwaaaaaah!”

“Bul’tarrrrrrrrrrr————!”

“Heooooook!”

“Killlllllllllll!”

The orc warriors ran along behind them. The battlefield where demons appeared and flames fell from the sky... From there, the orcs charged forward as always.

The elf user, Yurika, was taking a rest after hunting monsters. It was noisy due to the war between the gods and the orcs, but she was more interested in exploring the world of Elder Lord alone.

“I leveled up today,” she confirmed after checking her status window.

However, her status window suddenly became dark. “.....?”

She realized that a large shadow was being cast on her. Then she looked up and jumped back with a startled expression, “...Eh?”

Yurika had thought it was a big monster due to the size of the shadow. However, it wasn’t like that. It was an orc.

“Uhh...”

The orc was a monster and NPC. They were in the middle. Orcs clearly had a civilization, but they were ambiguous beings who were sometimes killed for quests. Her perception had changed a lot since Crockta appeared, but she was still unfamiliar with orcs.

“Excuse me... What...?”

Additionally, the atmosphere around this orc was different. She could feel a tremendous power coming from him. He was certainly stronger than her. So, she prepared to escape.

“.....” The orc looked at her quietly and then opened his mouth, “I want to ask for directions.”

It was a low but loud voice. Faced with his sunken eyes and the pressure coming from him, she thought it was fortunate that no fight would take place.

“Yes, a-ask. I’ll tell you if I know.”

“Perhaps...” He thought for a moment before asking, “Orc... Do you know which way Orcrox is?”

“Orcrox?”

Orcrox was in the middle of a war right now.

Maybe this orc was going to help them. She felt sorry for him. This respectful orc seemed strong, but she didn’t think the orcs could win. The expedition was large, and the gods were with them.

She explained in a soft voice, “If you keep going that way, a road will appear. Continue along the road and you will reach Orcrox. There are signs... There will also be people heading there. If you get confused, ask them.”

“Thank you.” The orc swept his gaze over her with sharp eyes. Then he thanked Yurika once again, “Really, thank you. Then I’m going now.”

He walked in the direction that she had told him. As Yurika looked at his back, she prayed for the orc.

Then...

“...Eh?”

Kung. Kung. Kung. Kung. Kung.

Shadows emerged from the bushes and followed the orc. Their

figures were soon revealed. They were orcs who were following the first one.

“Uh...uhhh...”

The number continued to increase. Yurika’s mouth fell open. All of them were wearing steel armor and helmets, as well as carrying huge weapons on their shoulders. They weren’t like the orcs she knew.

All the orcs she had seen were free-spirited. She had never seen orcs equipped like this and moving like an army. However, an endless number of them marched forward.

“Where...?” She wondered where this army had come from.

This was the Forest of Creatures. It was a land blocked by the limit line. Flags were flying above the orcs’ heads... The patterns were all different, but the letters below them were the same. She muttered, “The Great Clan...?”

Chapter 206 – War Of The Gods (4)

The orcs crashed into the shields of the expedition army. Once Crockta and Hoyt hit the front, the formation collapsed. They dug in. As flesh was exposed, the soldiers beyond the shield were crushed like tofu under the two blades.

“Only this much!”

“Bul’tarrrr!”

The orc warriors followed them. The weapons of the orcs hit the armor of the soldiers. Some killed and others died. These actions were repeated time and time again. The orcs that stood up in the end had brutal looks in their eyes.

“I’m going this way.”

“I will take that way.”

Hoyt and Crockta turned away from each other. Crockta broke through the enemies like he was digging a cave. God Slayer killed the enemies. The moment he was about to enter the interior and start a full-scale massacre.

“Crocktaaaaaaaaaa!” Someone charged. “It has been a while!”

A blade flew towards him. Crockta moved his greatsword and blocked the storm of swords. The face of the person wielding the blade was somehow familiar.

Crockta laughed, “Adandator.”

Adandator was the genius of the empire who joined the expedition to kill Crockta.

“It has been a while. You came here?” Crockta asked.

“I wanted to kill you.”

“Do you have dentures?”

“What?”

Crockta pointed to his teeth. “Last time, my fist knocked them out. Now they look fine, so are they false teeth?”

Adandator’s face turned red. “This bastard...!”

“They are dentures. Whoa whoa, calm down.”

“Die!”

The outraged Adandator carelessly wielded his sword. When they first met during the duel, it was a tight match. Crockta had been on the defensive against Adandator’s attacks, which seemed unstoppable. But now it was different.

Constant progress. Crockta progressed every day.

He always fought by himself, so he had to grow on a daily basis. After he risked his life and won, he faced a stronger opponent and his life was in danger again. He faced the northern great chieftain and the empire alone.

He didn’t have a limit.

“Manage it well; it’ll be ugly if the colors are different.”

“Uwaaaack!”

As Crockta touched on a sore spot, Adandator raged and wielded his sword. An opponent who lost his composure in battle was easy. There were too many loopholes in Adandator, as Crockta became immersed in his thoughts.

They once experienced some good times together.

‘That light, you will know what it is if you keep training. You were just afraid.’

‘Nonsense...’

‘We are creatures who like using our fists and stumble when the temple is hit. Don’t choke.’

‘Talking nonsense...’

Adandator was a cute kid who came to him after being defeated

by the sword and wanting to learn from Crockta. He was an enemy and a friend, but now he was once again an enemy on the battlefield. Crockta thought they wouldn't see each other again, but Adandator came to kill him.

This might be the final destination of their relationship.

“Adandator!”

Crockta erased his thoughts and wielded God Slayer. The greatsword attacked Adandator's gaps. At that moment, the world slowed down. Crockta and Adandator's eyes met in the realm of the Pinnacle.

Adandator gritted his teeth. His body accelerated. Acceleration and acceleration. However, it wasn't enough to avoid Crockta's blade that was already at the Pinnacle. Crockta's sword slid towards his body.

“.....!”

Crockta's attack was clean. Then the speed of the world returned to normal. The silence from the realm of the Pinnacle was broken. The noise of their battlefield entered their ears again. Adandator looked up with stupefied eyes.

Crockta's greatsword. Instead of going through Adandator, it slashed his side. Crockta had saved Adandator's life.

“Hu...huhuhu. Hahahat. Hahahahat.” Adandator laughed.

Now the gap between the two of them had become too wide. He couldn't understand it. How did Crockta become stronger so quickly? It was understandable that a talented person would develop rapidly when first holding the sword, but a miracle exceeding the limits in such a short amount of time went beyond common sense.

“How did you become so much stronger?” asked Adandator, dropping his sword..

Crockta smiled and replied with a question, “You really don’t know?”

“Tell me.”

“You came to kill me. It is impossible to lose with the vast army and the power of the gods.”

“That’s right.”

“If you want to be stronger, stand on a battlefield that you can’t win.”

Adandator’s expression changed.

“Go to the battlefield that needs you, not your desired battlefield. Go to the place where the lament of the loser is scheduled, not the roar of the winner. Walk towards the guillotine instead of the laurel. Wield your sword until you fall. Do that..” Crockta grinned and said, “If you don’t die, you will become stronger.”

Adandator closed his eyes. He remembered the orc who stood alone against the great army of the empire. And now, Crockta was fighting an impossible war against the gods.

“I hope to see you again.” At the end of the speech, Crockta passed by Adandator. Adandator slumped down. In the middle of the battlefield, he stared up at the sky.

“Aklan...”

The name of a colleague who walked a long way with him. Then he laughed.

“What about you...?”

Olympus, the residence of the gods. There were as many gods as there were people’s beliefs, so no one knew exactly how many different gods existed. No one could say exactly who had a higher status.

But it was clear that the most dangerous one was the ‘war god.’ He was someone who great his strength in times of slaughter. The scream of the battlefield was his breathing and the final ending was his heartbeat.

“God.” Aklan grabbed his sword and shield. “Victory.”

Then the war god responded. A red energy blazed around Aklan’s body. The power of the gods fell on the bodies of their believers and the air shook. This was the real start.

“It might be elevated by a little propaganda, but everything is weak before the power of the gods.”

The orcs’ momentum slowed after the meteor shower from the goddess of magic. Many orcs were killed in that blow. Their formations were broken as fires burned and the earth melted. The god of light was still blessing them in the sky. The goddess of mercy might be busy with a female orc, but her healing power raised the expedition army.

In addition, countless gods participated in this fight and were helping the expedition. The orcs’ assault was simply a last hurrah to escape from that hell.

“Please do your part.”

Suddenly, he looked at an orc warrior walking towards him. Aklan smiled.

“This...”

A steel helmet. A giant greatsword. The belt that looked like a demon. Full body tattoos. A heinous face.

“I’ll kill you.”

The orc locked eyes with Aklan. The orc laughed. Aklan raised his sword. It was the first time the two of them met, but as soon as their eyes cross, they knew. Today, one of the two would die.

“Kuaaaaaaaaaah!”

Aklan roared. At that moment, a red light surrounded his eyes. The descent of a god. The war god.

At the same time, the paladins and priests standing with Aklan ran towards the periphery. Their goal was to help the other gods and destroy the orcs. The movements containing the power of the gods broke the rhythm of the battlefield and inspired a new wind.

Amongst all of this, Crockta didn't take his eyes off Aklan.

"Crockta...grey god..."

But the voice didn't belong to Aklan. It was a voice that was as rough as iron. This was the war god.

"Die."

At that moment, Crockta was able to see the war god approaching him. However, his body couldn't move.

Fast, strong.

Crockta only managed to grab God Slayer by the time the opponent had crossed half the distance to him. Once the war god reached him and attacked, Crockta had barely lifted his greatsword. As soon as his sword cut Crockta's chest, Crockta's greatsword moved through the air.

"Keheok!"

Blood splattered as he fought back, but the war god was already far away. The war god held the shield and sword in front of him, revealing only the flashing eyes under the helmet. His eyes glowed red.

"You can't win. I am the war god. The god of invincibility."

Crockta laughed as he glanced at the wound on his chest. He looked around. All the gods were exerting their strength. The orcs resisted but were gradually crumbling. The flames swallowing the battlefield were burning at a higher temperature.

He might not win. However, his mind had already pushed such

concerns far behind him. He was Crockta, the ‘Northern Conqueror and Empire’s Deficit.’ Winning or losing, living or dying, they weren’t his domain.

His body, the greatsword, and ‘Bul’tar’ that was always burning within him. That was his way.

“Did you say the god of war?” Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder and grinned. “You might cause the war, but I will end it.”

At first glance, he seemed to be standing casually but his body was continuing to accelerate. He stared closely at the enemy’s face. The outline of his blazing fire, the traces of dust floating in the sky, they all grabbed his senses.

He could see everything. On this battlefield of life and death, lives were continually blinking out. Numerous deaths circled around him. The overwhelming net of causality whispered of his death.

“Good.”

It was suitable. This was just the right amount of tension. Crockta met the eyes of the war god. At that moment, the two blades hit each other.

“Bul’tarrrrrrrrr————!”

Crockta’s battle cry was filled with physical strength. The earth shook. Crockta wielded his greatsword at the war god several times. Either the shield of the war god or his sword blocked Crockta’s attack.

Kwaang! Kwaang! Kwaang!

Kwaang! Kwaang! Kwaaaang!

A loud sound was emitted with each hit. Every time they collided, the body of the war god shook like there was an electric shock running through his body.

Kuaaaaang!

The shield was distorted.

Kuaaaaang!

The war god was pushed down towards the ground.

Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaang!

His feet were buried in the ground.

“Garbage orc————!”

The war god swung his sword angrily; however, due to the strength in Crockta’s sword, his reaction was one beat too late, causing a gap to appear. Crockta grinned and said, “Settle down.”

Then he used all his strength and brandished the greatsword again.

Chapter 207 – War Of The Gods (5)

“Isn’t it better to go there?”

“I will only interfere if I go.”

A bandaged man was lying down in the room.

“The scale is different.”

Then the person sitting next to him spoke while cutting an apple. They were watching the war coverage of Elder Lord on the screen. The screen showed light, flames and disturbing sights. It was filled with deaths and slaughter.

The screen was focused on an orc. The esteemed warrior, Crockta.

“But you...” The man lying in the room scratched his head and asked. “Is it okay for you to come here every day?”

“It’s fine.” The apple cutter shook their head. “I don’t have any schedule. Why? Do you dislike my presence?”

“That’s not it...”

The atmosphere was awkward. There was only the sound of fighting from the screen and the apple being cut. At that moment, the door opened and visitors appeared.

“Hey! Shin Jahu! What are you doing?”

“Exemplary citizen! I can’t match you!”

“Jahu Jahu...eh?”

They hesitated. They were coworkers at Shin Jahu’s Chinese restaurant. As soon as they entered the room, they found someone quietly sitting beside Shin Jahu while cutting apples.

Black hair flowed down to the neck. It was in contrast to the pure white skin. Long eyelashes and beautiful double-lidded eyes were revealed when the beauty turned towards the visitors. A beautiful

woman they were seeing for the first time was sitting next to Shin Jahu.

“W-Who...?”

“Girlfri...end...?”

They were tough men who did heavy work in the kitchen, but they became mild sheep in front of this beauty. They couldn't even meet the eyes of the unidentified beauty.

“That...”

“Uh...”

Shin Jahu stared at them and asked, “Uh, you came?”

“Yes, it has been a while...um...”

The beauty seemed to sense the awkward atmosphere, setting the apples on the table and standing up. “I'll be going now.”

“Yes...”

“I have to go. Everybody, please have a pleasant conversation. “

The beauty left with a faint smile, leaving a sweet fragrance behind. As soon as the door closed behind her, Shin Jahu's colleagues quickly fired off questions.

“Who is that, who? Who is it? Quickly!”

“Hey! This bastard was hiding everything!”

“Girlfriend? Girlfriend? If she has any relatives, introduce me...”

Shin Jahu sighed, “That's not it...”

“What isn't? Why did she come to your hospital room and cut apples?”

Instead of answering, Shin Jahu changed the channel with the remote control. The war video of Elder Lord changed to a music program. Well-dressed idols were dancing and singing.

“What are you doing all of a sudde...”

Their faces stiffened as they saw the beauty that they just saw in the room dancing and smiling on screen. Idol. It was the identity of the beauty who was just here.

“You, you are hanging out with a celebrity?”

“What is going on...?”

Shin Jahu stretched out his finger and pointed to the bottom of the screen. His coworkers followed his hand and fell silent. In front of the strange group name, the tag ‘bishonen group’ was attached. It wasn’t a girl group but a bishonen group. (TL: pretty boy)

“.....”

“Uh...”

“Hmmm...”

The room became quiet. Shin Jahu changed the channel again. Footage of Elder Lord. Crockta was swinging his sword at a man. According to the commentator’s noisy explanation, the opponent was the war god.

Crockta and the war god, two big figures were confronting each other. Every time they exchanged blows, the battlefield shook.

“.....”

“.....”

On the other hand, the room was still calm. Shin Jahu broke the silence and shouted, “Hooray Crockta!”

The idol youth was a friend Shin Jahu had met through ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy.’ After Shin Jahu got into the accident and was unable to access Elder Lord for a while, he had written the address of the hospital he was in.

Then ‘he’ came. Him... the idol.

“Crockta, beat him!” As Crockta’s greatsword descended towards

the war god, Shin Jahu raised his hand again. “Hooray Croc... cough!”

Who knew? Gilgamesh was an idol. A beautiful young idol! He came to Shin Jahu’s room every day, and as time went by, Shin Jahu couldn’t focus on Crockta’s video. He couldn’t get immersed in the dangerous fighting.

Why?

Shin Jahu closed his eyes. Suddenly, he recalled a phrase from the Korean classic ‘A Bittersweet Life’, which he enjoyed.

「On a clear spring day, the disciple gazed at the tree branches moving in the wind and asked,

“Master, is the branch moving or is it the wind moving the branch?

The master looked at where the disciple was pointing and smiled.

“It isn’t the wind or branches moving, but your heart.”」

Shin Jahu shook his head and glanced towards Crockta. Crockta’s greatsword hit the war god several times. The feet of the war god dug into the ground. An enormous strength. The fight became rougher.

Shin Jahu shouted desperately, “Crockta, fighting!”

Tiyo avoided the enemy’s attack and silenced the enemy with rapid shots.

“Today is going to hurt a little dot!”

Tiyo’s General wasn’t meant for killing. Instead of killing the enemies, it played a secondary role in stopping the enemy using temporary electric shock, paralysis, and numbness. But today was different.

“I warned you in advance dot,” Tiyo muttered as he looked at the

fallen enemies. Now General's output was at its peak. Tiyo would bring death.

“They are appearing with no end!”

Nevertheless, the opponents continued to come. Rather than fearing his attack, they felt anger towards the little gnome. It was a misjudgment.

“More than this...”

Tiyo gripped General tighter. At the same time, the shape of General started to change. The rifle shortened and the number of muzzles multiplied. Two became four; four became eight. It was no longer a gun.

It was Vulcan. Vulcan started to spin fiercely in Tiyo's hands. He would give the greatest mercy to those who were running towards him. A quick death with no pain!

“Aaaaaaah!”

Magic bullets were fired from General. They bombarded the running expedition troops without mercy. Every hit caused the expedition soldiers' bodies to shake, as if they received an electric shock.

Thousands, tens of thousands of such attacks! General's output was overloaded and Tiyo was tired, but he kept aiming General at the enemy. Vulcan's spinning didn't stop. Then General's rotation soon stopped.

No one was standing in front of him. All the enemies were crumpled on the ground. They occasionally twitched, but Tiyo switched General to shotgun mode and killed them. However, more expedition members soon rushed over those slain by Tiyo. They had the power of the gods and felt no fear. Everyone was a puppet.

Tiyo's mouth twisted. It was an expression of disdain.

“I can’t trust the gods who are controlling them this way dot.”

More and more enemies were approaching him.

“Tiyo! Please step aside!”

“Leave it to us!”

Orc warriors rushed to Tiyo’s side.

“I’m fine dot...” Tiyo shook his head. “That friend will act dot.”

The orcs turned their heads. There was a dark-skinned elf with his ears cut off. He hadn’t shown his strength once on the battlefield. Therefore, the expedition members felt no sense of crisis from him. What type of strength did this slender dark elf have?

“Hoo...I didn’t want to do this.”

Anor closed his eyes. Dark energy boiled around his body. His power swelled before entering the ground. That power spread through the battlefield. It was like a plague spreading through the earth. Corpses were infected by that power and twitched.

The dead. They started to wake up.

“W-What is this?”

“Kwaaaack!”

“Corpses are rising! Blessings, the blessings!”

The expedition troops panicked despite the power of the gods. Their dead comrades and dead orcs rose again, grabbing their ankles. The dead sought life, looking for the bodies of the living.

“Bite! They’re biting!”

“Kuaaaak!”

Weapons were used to cut them down, but the dead kept on biting. The expedition, that had been scared by the demons called by the joint actions of Zankus and Tashaquil, once again were frightened by the strange beings that appeared. Even the blessings

of the gods couldn't overcome their fundamental fears.

“Using such a dirty power!”

The face of the old man floating in the sky distorted. His rays of light aimed at the expedition members as well as the undead. Once the divine light reached them, the undead instantly fell down.

“Darkness can't beat light!”

The old man shouted loudly before scattering the light again. There was a moment of confusion, but all the undead eventually returned to the soil. But at that moment. His vision turned dark. The face of the old man distorted.

“Who?”

Who was it?

“Tashaquil?”

Someone had the power to isolate him in another dimension. An answer came from below.

‘Not Tashaquil...’

He lowered his gaze. At that moment, he flinched. There was a deep darkness below him. How deep it was and how dark, no one knew. The infinite abyss. In it, the sound of wicked laughter could be heard.

‘Kuhul...hul!’

The god of light, the sun dying, the demons appearing, the meteors falling and the dead waking up to bite the living. Flames that didn't stop swallowing people, while immortals and mortals mixed on the earth. It was an unbelievable battlefield.

But the most intense battle here was between two swords.

“Garbage orc———!”

The war god tried to counterattack, but was one beat too late. A

gap appeared.

Crockta grinned, “Calm down.”

Fine cracks appeared on the sword and shield, while God Slayer descended towards the war god’s helmet.

Kuaaaaaaang!

There was a blast. As God Slayer struck the war god as searing hot flames appeared as part of the power of the weapon created using the last fire from the temple of the sun god. Crockta retreated after the fire appeared.

“.....”

He had clearly felt the war god being cut. But the fight wasn’t over yet. He could feel it instinctively.

“You are good.”

The war god walked out from the flames. His helmet had flown off and his flesh was split vertically from the crown to the abdomen. However, flames burned on the cut instead of blood. The fires of war.

Aklan had died from the blow, but the war god had tied the broken body together using the fires of war. The body was dead, but it continued to fight under the control of the war god.

“Crockta.”

The body of the angry war god burned even hotter. Now he looked like a fireball in the shape of a human. A brilliant light flashed in his eyes.

“I acknowledge you.”

At that moment, something flew towards the war god. It was an arrow. The war god lifted his hand and snatched it. Then he broke it.

“You and I. One of us must die.”

He reached a hand towards the sky. An unknown power started to wrap around him and Crockta. The expedition members and orcs around them were pushed back. It was an intangible power that turned this area off-limits. The power of the god of war.

The Colosseum. Now no one, not even a god, could intervene in this fight. Everyone in the world was the audience.

Crockta grinned, "This is an interesting ability."

No one could interfere. Only the inevitable sword and sword confrontation remained. In this intangible prison, the two of them couldn't leave until one of them died.

"In short, can I kill you?"

"You understand it well."

Crockta and the war god looked at each other. The war god's expression was blurred from the flames, but Crockta could tell that he was smiling.

"If it wasn't for the grey god, I would've made you my apostle."

"As you like. I would like to follow a guy like you."

"Mortal. Don't think of this as an honorable fight." The war god lifted his sword and shield and said, "You are fighting to protect your people."

"That's right."

"We..." At that moment, the war god seemed somehow tired. His body seemed to shake for a moment, as if the sword and shield were heavy burdens. He continued speaking, "We are fighting to protect this world."

The war god tightened his grip on the sword and shield before charging forward explosively. Crockta wanted to ask what his words meant, but he needed to stop the shield. His sword hit the shield. Sparks flew. It was a tremendous pressure.

"Kuaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

“Bul’tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!”

The two opponents pointed their swords towards each other.
Blood splattered.

Chapter 208 – War Of The Gods (6)

The Colosseum.

It was the power of the war god that pushed a designated opponent into an intangible prison. The prison wouldn't disappear until one of them died. In this intangible prison, Crockta and the war god were in a frenzy.

The clash between the two was now at the level of a cannon. The Colosseum meant that the aftermath didn't spread out beyond the intangible wall, but the fight between the two affected morale. The situation changed depending on who was superior between the two.

When Crockta took the offensive, the orcs slaughtered the gods and the expedition troops. When the war god had the advantage, the power of the expedition members rose and he killed the orcs.

The war with deaths and killing continued.

"If the current situation continues, we will be destroyed." Hoyt muttered as he smashed the bones of a knight in front of him.

Miracles difficult to see were happening in succession. This was truly the battlefield of the gods. Even now, the dead were rising and blindly attacking the expedition forces.

However, the number of expedition troops was still more than the orcs, and they were being assisted by the gods. The gods, who he saw for the very first time, were strong and the expedition had swords and magic. The morale of the orcs gradually declined.

Hoyt smashed the chest of the soldiers running towards him.

"Why are the gods doing this?"

At that moment, someone appeared before Hoyt. It was an unidentified person wearing a robe.

"This is due to the grey god."

Hoyt reflexively raised his hammer, but he didn't feel any hostility from the man. He asked instead of attacking, "What do we have to do with the grey god?"

"She came back and the power of death was detected. Is there really no relationship between you and the grey god?"

"The grey god, that's such bullshit."

"Is it a smokescreen, or are you serious? If you are really serious, then are you her puppet without even knowing?"

"Huh, you don't even know properly yet you are trying to get rid of us!"

"It doesn't matter if it is a premature guess." He smiled faintly as the mouth revealed under the hood curved upwards into a smirk. "The gods don't want to leave any possibility that the grey god can be resurrected. They don't care if innocent deaths occur in the process."

Hoyt's mouth distorted, "I have a rough idea. They think we have a relationship with the grey god and started this war?"

"That's right."

"I don't care about the grey god and I don't know why they think we have a relationship with that god."

Hoyt emitted killing intent.

"I have no intention of participating in the play of the gods."

Then he tried to rush forward. At that moment, the robed man lifted his hands.

"Slow down, I'm not a god."

"Then?"

"I am just a bystander."

"I don't understand your words."

"It is better for you not to know." He stepped back and said. "The

day that you understand, it will be the end.”

The expedition army was approaching. They hesitated because they didn't know the identity of the man. Therefore, they surrounded Hoyt and the man at the same time. One of them was a powerful warrior, and the other had an unknown power.

A soldier shouted, “Are you a friend or an enemy?”

“Friend or foe...” The man laughed. “Maybe that is causing the problem.”

When the man didn't answer, the soldiers exchanged looks and one of them sprang forward. The man's robe was pierced by a spear.

“Die...!”

But that only lasted for a moment. The man ended up behind the soldier and cut the soldier's neck. A huge attack! The soldiers fell and scattered blood everywhere. A believer among the soldiers responded immediately. A divine power emerged from his body.

However, the man seemed fine as he avoided the attack and stood beside Hoyt. Then he whispered to Hoyt, “I will watch this fight to the end. Hopefully, you can win. The gods aren't well.”

“They aren't well?”

“Aren't the gods weaker than you think? Enough for you to hold on?”

“Their power...”

“It shouldn't be just this much.”

The opponents were all the gods of the world. They organized an expedition to invade the orcs, but they couldn't easily win. The power of the gods was limited and the power of the orcs was incredibly strong. A long battle didn't match the gods' expectations.

“The gods are fighting for themselves. Everyone believes that

they are right and that the result will be judged by the world.”

“Who are you?”

“You asked me that twice already. As I said before, I...” The man looked at the expedition members surrounding him and said to Hoyt. “I’m no one’s friend or enemy, just a bystander.”

The expedition members exchanged looks and attacked Hoyt and the strong man. The man didn’t stay here and ran away from this place. He disappeared somewhere into the battlefield. He was like the wind.

Hoyt watched his back while holding his hammer.

“The gods and the grey god...”

He didn’t know the man’s identity, but he had some idea of why this fight started. In the end, they were dragged into the matter of the gods.

“Don’t make me laugh.”

Hoyt wielded his hammer. The heads of the expedition members were smashed all at once, with blood and brain matter scattering. Hoyt looked at the scene and snorted. In the end, the orcs and expedition members were merely a means to an end for the gods.

Thus, his anger turned towards the gods. The world slowed. He saw the face of a powerful believer staring at him among the flying brain matter. The believer flashed Hoyt a ridiculing smile, as if he knew Hoyt’s fate.

Hoyt snorted again.

“The gods aren’t normal...”

The masterpiece of the Golden Anvil Clan, Mountain Slasher cried out in his grasp.

“Kill.”

Hoyt jumped towards the believer. His hammer aimed at the

head of the god's soldier.

“Huup!”

But Hoyt's attack stopped just above the enemy's head. The god's power pushed at him with a strong pressure. Hoyt was forced to step back. The god walked towards Hoyt and said.

“Look at your friends.”

“.....”

“They are all the same.”

Hoyt took a deep breath and looked around. As the number of casualties increased, the visibility did as well. The battlefield situation entered his eyes. The orcs were still confronting the expedition members, while others were desperately resisting the gods.

However, they were at a disadvantage in the battle.

“Kuaaaaahhhhh!”

Kumarak shouted and rushed at a dwarf. Both of their bodies weren't intact. But Kumarak was exhausted, while his opponent was still going strong.

He aimed at Kumarak, causing Kumarak to fly through the air and roll against the ground. The dwarf's hammer descended. Kumarak blocked with Destroyer. However, he was unable to counterattack.

A little further away, Anya was bound by the goddess of mercy. When the goddess possessed hostility towards someone, it became chains that bound Anya. Anya cursed while resisting, but the goddess of mercy just looked down at her with a cold expression

Zankus, who killed the sun, was rising again and fired his bow. However, his body had two wounds on them.

Then a light beam flew from somewhere and penetrated his thighs. Zankus fell down. There was a loud sound as his iron bow

struck the ground. He tried to stand up again, but his body flinched like it wasn't listening to him.

The god of light, who had been swallowed by Wallachwi's abyss, opened the space and emerged. Wallachwi was caught in his hands.

Wallachwi thrashed against his hand as he was dragged across the ground. The god of light also wasn't in a normal state. He kicked Wallachwi with an angry expression, causing Wallachwi to roll across the ground.

Everyone was losing.

"Just a little bit more."

If only they were a little bit stronger. The results might be different if they had a bit more strength. However, the lack of one inch meant they would lose. As soon as the battle tilted to one side, the orcs couldn't overcome the difference and started to break down, leading to defeat.

"God..."

Hoyt paused as he was about to pray. The gods were their enemies. The gods gathered strength to kill them. Something close to despair filled his chest. However, Hoyt laughed instead of dropping his head.

"Are you looking for a god now? Then kneel down before me. I might forgive you because I am a merciful god." The god in front of him laughed.

Hoyt replied to him, "Shut up. You don't deserve the title of the gods."

"Dirty orc scum."

"You can never be our god. Our god is here."

Hoyt raised his hammer.

Yes, he was there. Their god was watching Hoyt from the

hammer.

“I had forgotten for a while.”

Anyone who became a warrior would face him. Hoyt then realized that he was always there, and always watching them. They didn't offer gold or treasures, or have huge temples for their god. Just... the seven commandments that they followed.

Their honor. That was the most valuable thing they could offer. Everything they had. The death in front of him was so small that he didn't need to be afraid or sad.

Hoyt took a deep breath. He looked at the orcs dying, the warriors dropping their weapons and falling down. Then he shouted.

“Warriors, listen to me————!”

Hoyt's shout shook the battlefield. The orcs raised their heads. Hoyt, the warrior instructor of Orcrox after Lenox died.

“You can die today————!”

The orcs laughed. At that moment, this was Orcrox's training ground instead of the battlefield. The harsh instructor Hoyt was giving them an order. It was so severe that they could die. The orcs listened to his next words.

Hoyt yelled again, “So, prove yourself————!”

The orcs nodded. Prove themselves. Indeed, he truly was a harsh instructor.

Orcs only had one certificate. It was the skin and blood of their enemies. This was the contents of their life, until their deaths. It was a privilege for warriors who proceeded without cowardice, and there was only one reward.

Honour.

Hoyt raised his hammer. The orcs raised their weapons.

There was the sound of Kumarak's Destroyer hitting something. Zankus got up again and aimed his arrow. Anya's axe rose into the air, while Wallachwi fell into the abyss again. All the warriors raised their axes or swords towards the sky.

[illegible]

Even the gods stepped back at this moment. The orcs started to resist with their indomitable spirit. The battlefield shook.

Hoyt smiled at the sight. His role was over. There were no regrets. Anyway, he should've died that day. Lenox would be waiting for him. The moment he was about to carry out his final assault against the gods and enemies in front of him...

Suddenly. There was an echo.

Buuuul'taaaaaar...

Hoyt flinched. Then he looked towards the north. This was a vast plains area. There was no echo of the echo. But then the sound continued again.

Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr...

Bul'tarrrr..."

Bul'tar...

The sound gradually came closer. The ground started to vibrate.

“This...!”

“What?”

“Crazy!”

From the horizon, there was a huge cloud of dust and hundreds of flags filled the sky. They all had the same equipment. Orcs wearing steel armor and a helmet. They were approaching. The orc at the forefront raised his hand. Then the flags stirred at once. It was tranquil conduct with no yelling. The orcs started their

assault on the battlefield, moving as one body according to the command.

The expedition was shocked by the unexpected assault. The orcs gradually got closer. Their momentum was like a tsunami heading towards the battlefield. The expedition army, who were stranded in battle with the orcs, fell down forcefully from the clash.

They ran like crazy and crashed like a tank. Their goal was clear. It wasn't the orcs. Their blades stuck into the weary expedition members. The tired enemies were slaughtered without resistance.

The angry gods exercised their divine power. It was an unreal sight.

Hoyt was able to find an orc walking towards him. He was the one who led the army at the front. There was a long scar across his face.

Hoyt asked, "You are?"

"I came from the north. The great chieftain."

Hoyt now understood the situation. He heard about it from Crockta. The northern orcs. The orcs with a different culture from the continent, who followed 'Northern Conqueror' Crockta. They rebelled against the divine message, crossing the limit line to come here.

Hoyt nodded. He extended his fist. "My name is Hoyt. Thank you for the help."

The man stared for a moment before beating his chest once. Then he reached out his fist to Hoyt.

"I am Surka. You're welcome."

Against the backdrop of the battlefield where gods and mortals converged. The two fists touched.

Chapter 209 – War Of The Gods (7)

“Is it up to here dot...?” Tiyo laughed bitterly while aiming General “Anor, are you okay dot?”

“No...”

Anor was staggering after consuming his strength. The undead he summoned were destroyed by the persistent resistance of the expedition forces and the power of the gods. The remaining enemies headed towards Tiyo and Anor, the necromancer who summoned the dead and the gnome who slaughtered the soldiers with a magnificent weapon.

They were approaching. General made a dull clang as it turned round and round. However, Tiyo didn't have the strength to control it anymore.

“Crockta...” Anor saw Crockta fighting with the war god far away. Every time the swords collided, fire flashed.

“He is fighting well dot...”

It might be because the god was in a human body or because he was overwhelmed by Crockta's power. Crockta was slowly pushing the enemy back. Ordinary human eyes wouldn't be able to see their movements.

“Kahahahahat!”

Tiyo fired General. Now it was in an ambiguous shape that wasn't a rifle or pistol. It felt like Tiyo's current condition. However, he raised his gun once again.

“Come on dot! Tiyo won't run or hide!” The expedition members withdrew at the shout of the small gnome. There were some lower gods, but Tiyo's momentum overwhelmed them all. “Anor dot! Are you ready?”

“R-Ready for what?”

“Of course dot! Ready to die!”

“I don’t...”

“How wonderful dot! Fight until the end!”

The expedition members rushed.

Tiyo rolled to the side, evading the attacks and firing General. The obviously weakened magic bullets struck them, and while they couldn’t kill them, they were capable enough to make the enemies fall to the ground.

Tiyo pulled something out, a dagger, and aimed it at the necks of the fallen enemies. Blood splattered every which way.

“You are lucky to see the knife fighting of Quantess’ Gnomes Division dot.”

Tiyo wiped the blood off his face and grinned. The expedition members rushed angrily. Then those who were just killed by Tiyo jumped up and started attacking. Anor exerted his power. However, the power of the gods disturbed the necromancer’s energy. The corpses fell back to their rest.

“Kuuack! Tiyo. Attack!”

Anor shouted. Tiyo’s General struck them before the enemies could rearrange themselves.

“There are many enemies. The other orcs...”

Now Tiyo and Anor were the only ones in the area. The other orcs had died. Both sides suffered irreparable damage from the fierce fighting, but the expedition had more numbers and survived until the end.

“This...”

More members encircled Tiyo Light filled the eyes of a believer as a god entered. The god wanted to finish off Tiyo and Anor.

“Gnome and half-dark elf...you made a foolish choice. Standing

on the side of the orcs.” One god said. “In particular, the necromancer is a dirty bloodline.”

“.....!”

Anor’s face turned sour.

“You aren’t associated with the grey god but... I see you well. You guys are worthy of death.”

“What the hell are you saying, you bast...”

The moment that Anor was going to furiously curse... A spear of light flew from the god’s hand. It headed for Anor’s heart.

“.....!”

Anor stared blankly at it. A light flashed. There was a moaning sound.

“Hoh...”

“Tiyo!”

Tiyo pushed Anor away and was hit by the spear instead. It wasn’t a mortal wound but blood was flowing from his abdomen. Tiyo fell to the ground and coughed up blood.

“Kuhuhuhut... Cough, cough! Kuhut, kahahat! Cough!” Tiyo jeered while coughing up blood at the same time. “Only this much dot...?”

Tiyo stood up on trembling legs. Anor tried to stop him, but Tiyo pushed his hand away. As Tiyo stood up, an expression of admiration appeared on the god’s face.

“Who are you? I’ve never seen a gnome like you.”

“Me dot?” Tiyo raised his chin. He was bloody but his expression was still confident. “I am the son of the great adventurer Hedor, the former captain of Quantess’ Gnomes Garrison and a friend of Crockta and Anor, Tiyo dot!”

“Tiyo...” The god nodded at his dignified declaration. “I’ll

remember it.”

Then he created a light spear again. It flew in a clean line towards Tiyo’s heart. It was an unwavering trajectory.

“Tiyo!” Anor screamed.

Tiyo closed his eyes. All things born were meant to die in the end. The important thing wasn’t when he died. It was where and how he died. He had no regrets in that regard. He didn’t want to die in a place that wasn’t worthy. Therefore, he was able to laugh at the last moment.

“Adios.”

The light spear headed straight for Tiyo’s heart. It flew straight at him. It would split his body apart in one blow.

Kwajik.

The spear was crushed. An arrow had pierced through it and entered the abdomen of a soldier surrounding Tiyo.

“.....!”

The soldier coughed up blood. But that wasn’t the end. The arrow started to rotate fiercely in his abdomen. It became a storm that sucked in the soldiers around it. The bodies of the soldiers were shredded and flew through the air.

“Kuaaaaah!”

“What?”

“This...!”

Everyone looked at the flying flesh with shock. It was an incredible sight.

There. A goblin was holding a bow.

“Goblin...?”

However, the goblin didn’t care about them. His eyes were only focused on Tiyo, who was ready to die.

“Hey kyak!”

Tiyo’s eyes widened.

“Y-You...!”

“Hedor’s son kyak! Captain of Quantess’ Gnome Garrison kyak! Crockta’s follower! Why did you omit one kyak?” The goblin pointed to his chest and laughed. “Tiyo, the goblin Kiao’s disciple kyak!”

The goblin who pursued the path of the strong, the shooter who wiped out the enemy by causing a spatiotemporal storm, Kiao.

“How did you come here dot?”

“Don’t complain kyak! You were yelling at me to save you kyak!”

“I never said that dot!”

“How funny that you’re trying to deny it kyak!”

“B-Bullshit dot!”

“Adios kyak? Adios kyak! I will play alone kyak!”

“This bastard!” The face of the god with the light spear distorted as he watched Tiyo and Kiao fight. “Where did this monster come fro...!”

The answer came from elsewhere.

“Say it again.”

The god flinched. A huge shadow covered his body.

“Monster, cancel, what you said.”

The god turned his head. A giant cyclops was looking down at him.

“We aren’t! Monsters! Cancel it!” The cyclops shouted and swung his fist. The god barely escaped but had to roll across the ground in an ugly manner. “I am Hawkeye! He is Kiao! We aren’t monsters!”

It was the giant Hawkeye, who fought with Crockta.

The expedition panicked at the sudden appearance of the monsters. It wasn't just Kiao and Hawkeye. There was a variety of species, a centaur, a lich, an unknown robed person, and a terrifying ogre.

“How are you...?”

“Came with the orcs! We! Go together!”

The cyclops pointed to another direction.

There.

The northern orcs were charging forward. The enemies were easily broken when the orcs attacked the expedition. The divine message spread in the north as well. Gushantimur's friends heard about it and came down with the Great Clan orcs to help Crockta.

The balance was reversing again.

“You guys...” The faces of the gods watching distorted. “Taste the true wrath of the gods!”

Their bodies shone white. Then their power started to wriggle. The expedition members were screaming from the pressure but they didn't care. Tiyo, Anor, and the creatures retreated with an alert expression. They could feel that the gods were really angry.

A storm of power headed to them.

Kumarak laughed at the appearance of the orcs he had never seen before.

“I don't know what is going on, but I will crush you!”

He looked up at the dwarf holding the hammer.

“We won't lose!”

The dwarf, the father of all underground creatures, Tartatod looked down at him with cold eyes.

“It doesn't matter. It is obvious that you will die right now.”

“Kulkukul! Kill grrung! Warriors aren’t afraid of death!”

“I will get revenge for Almutad today.”

The dwarf raised his hammer. Then he brought it down with no hesitation. It was an intense blow that would split anyone’s head apart. It contained enough power to every cause an earthquake.

But just before the hammer hit Kumarak. The dwarf felt something targeting his neck and heart at the same time, and reflexively twisted his body.

“What?”

Sharp blades passed by him. Blood dripped down. Tartatod backed away, but the double swords continued to chase him. The source was a dark elf with black skin and grey hair.

“There will be many interesting people on the continent. Those words are true.” He waved his double swords and stared at Tartatod. Killing intent was emitted from his body. “Gods, are there any better opponents?”

“Who are you?”

He smiled faintly. Then he briefly replied, “Driden.”

Soon after, he disappeared. Tartatod felt something aim at him from behind and leaned forward. Then a blade stabbed his side. It was a whirlwind linked attack that was hard to stop. The genius Driden, who competed with Crockta, had come down to the continent with the Great Clan.

Tartatod shouted. Now Tartatod’s opponent was Driden The two of them wielded their weapons towards each other.

“They are the north...” The goddess of mercy frowned.

She was overpowering Anya in a place not far away. She was covered with multiple stab wounds from Anya’s axe. The goddess treated herself with her own power, but she was stained with blood.

“I have to help. The battlefield is becoming strange.”

The northern orcs were destroying the expedition. The goddess of mercy’s expression soured. Her mind was troubled.

Anya laughed, “Where do you want to go? It is an honor to die by the goddess of mercy.”

“.....”

The goddess of mercy’s lips firmed. Then she started to put strong pressure on Anya’s neck. Anya’s complexion changed. Her face turned white as she ran out of air.

“Kuooock...”

In the midst of it, Anya scoffed. She wouldn’t yield to the enemy under any circumstances. There was a warrior who admired that.

“There are female orcs with spirit on the continent!”

The goddess of mercy looked around. An old orc with a giant hammer stood there.

Wallachwi collapsed on the ground and sighed. He used all the magic he had, but it wasn’t enough to overcome the power of the gods.

“Foolish guy.” The old man declared. His body was half eaten by darkness due to Wallachwi’s magic. “Did you really think you would win?”

“Kuhul...hul!”

“That laugh makes me feel bad to the end.” His face twitched. “Laugh a lot. If you want to laugh underground, you can never laugh at all.”

Wallachwi laughed again, but the god’s hands grasped his neck. Wallachwi could no longer make any noise.

“Die.”

Light emerged from the god's body. Vitality began to disappear from Wallachwi's body. His eyes became faint. Wallachwi wanted to give one last laugh.

He had to laugh. He was the abyss seeker, the shaman who wanted to touch the bottom of the endless darkness. He looked deep into the abyss and the abyss looked back at him. He always laughed so that he wouldn't be swallowed by the unknown darkness, and so he wouldn't choke on the fear.

Kuhul...hul!

But there was no sound. Too bad. In the distant, invisible darkness, the abyss was licking at him. The moment his mind was about to become faint.

Suddenly, a loud laugh rang in his ears and woke him up.

“Kyulkyulkyulkyulkyul!”

Chapter 210 – War Of The Gods (8)

“Kyulkyulkyulkyulkyul!”

It was different from Wallachwi’s laugh. The god looked around. There was an orc shaman standing there. However, his teeth were broken and his size was small, like a dwarf.

But the god instinctively realized. This wasn’t a normal shaman. The traces of power that the shaman in front of him emanated drew the eyes. If Wallachwi was the master of the abyss, this orc was in charge of unorthodox magic. And that type of power was at its peak. It was the most fearful type of enemy.

“It has been a long time since the gods have been concerned!”

The god used his power without any worry. The power went straight through and pierced the orcs. It would’ve been nice if he had fallen straight away. However, nothing happened. The orc was standing next to Wallachwi.

“The abyss. You use a dangerous power! Fight! Kyulkyulkyulkyul!” He couldn’t pronounce words properly but this orc was dangerous. “So let me borrow your strength!”

He reached out to Wallachwi. Then Wallachwi’s magic power started to be absorbed into the unknown orc. He had very little magic power compared to his high status. The magic power he had in the past was broken. It was due to the aftermath of a fight, or maybe an overload of magic.

But once the orc absorbed the magic power from Wallachwi, he overcame his only weakness. Magic power swelled in his body. The same tool would have completely different results depending on who used it. It might be the same magic power, but once held in the hands of an unknown orc, it became a more formidable force.

“It has been a while! Kyulkyulkyulkyul!” As the magic power entered his hands, the orc closed his eyes like he was savoring the

aroma. “This is the first time I’ve had so much juice since hitting the ‘demon king!’”

The god tried to destroy the orc before the magic was used, but the attack disappeared into the air as if it had hit a wall.

One.

Two.

Three.

In addition, countless magic spells maintained a defensive position around him. The magic surrounded him and blocked all attacks.

“You!”

The god didn’t know what the orc would do, but he desperately used his remaining power. The strong blow aimed at the orc. However, rather than disappearing in front of the orc, the attack returned to the god.

As his own power swept towards him, the god hurriedly evaded in order to avoid hurting himself. It was the first time he had been hit like this by an enemy. A chill went down his spine.

“Kyulkyulkyulkyulkyul! What a funny show!”

The god was angry at the ridicule, but he no longer had any power to attack.

“You dare...!” Due to his anger, light emerged from the god’s eyes. “I will show you the full power of the gods!”

“Kyulkyulkyul! Be patient!” The orc shook his head. “The gods don’t have anything else to show! I noticed!”

“.....!”

“I knew long ago. If the gods can use all their strength, how can us mortals survive?”

Now Wallachwi regained his spirit and rose.

“Kuhul...hul!”

His nasty laugh had returned.

Besides.

“This is enough, so how about we end it here?” A voice was suddenly heard.

An elf wearing luxurious clothes and an elegant expression appeared. Once he appeared, silence fell on the battlefield. The fighting stopped. There was a grass-like smell. The hearts of those fighting calmed. Anger, hatred, fear and struggle, they all faded away. Their wounds and pain were healed.

The gods knew who the elf was.

“You!”

It was the embodiment of the world tree. The world tree who looked after the elves. He refused to enter this war just before it started. Now he showed himself.

“What do you mean by that?”

He was very high among the gods, so the voice of the god who questioned him was polite.

“Stop now.”

“The fight has already begun. Someone must lose.”

Whether it was them or the orcs, someone had to get results.

“But it seems like you are losing strength.”

“.....”

“There might be a problem when you use more power.”

As the world tree said, the battlefield was currently in a confrontational stage and the other gods were slowly being pushed back. The power of the orcs was great. The gods’ power was limited so their attacks were being prevented. After the army from the north appeared, the gods started to be pushed back.

If this was the case, they truly might lose. Many gods agreed with the world tree's words and nodded.

"Do you want us to step back now? We can't do that." But some gods, like Tartatod, never thought about stopping the fight.

The world tree said, "Then let's do this."

He pointed to a distant place. It was the middle of the battlefield. It was the fight that hadn't stopped since the war began.

"They won't be able to stop anyway, so the result of that battle will decide the war."

Crockta and the war god. They were continuing their fierce fighting without looking around. Every swing tore up the inside of the Colosseum, a part of a series of attacks that could scatter the earth.

"They..."

The proposal of the world tree wasn't just towards one god. It was passed onto all the gods on the battlefield.

"....."

The expedition was also in such a severe state that they didn't want to fight anymore. His proposal was really tempting for them.

"The war god won't lose."

"Crockta will win."

Both sides said at the same time. Tired of fighting, they nodded at the world tree's offer. This flow spread throughout the battlefield. The gods discussed it in their own language before agreeing to the world tree's offer.

They were also tired of this war. Under the circumstances, they might really receive an irreversible blow from mortals.

"I understand."

The great war, which started with the collision of the expedition

army and the orcs, would be ended by Crockta and the war god. The war stopped. Once the act of dying and killing ceased, the battlefield became still.

Kung! Kwaang!

Kuaaaaang!

Only the sound of the war god and Crockta fighting was heard. All eyes turned to them. They gathered around the Colosseum. In a harsh space where no one could escape until one of them was dead, Crockta and the war god attacked unceasingly. Everyone watched them.

“Kyulkyulkyulkyul!” The shaman, Caburak laughed.

“Our great chieftain is strong. A warrior who isn’t pushed when facing the war god!”

The northern orcs had nothing but praise for Crockta. The expedition army cheered for the war god.

And the parties involved, Crockta and the war god.

“You are good, War God.”

“Impertinent fellow.”

They didn’t pay any attention to the people around them. Their focus was on the enemy.

Crockta’s attack didn’t reach the war god. At best, he struck the shield.

After the Colosseum formed, the war god revealed his fighting skills and it was phenomenal. Indeed, this was the god of war. There was no waste in his movements and every move had a clear purpose.

Kwaang!

He struck Crockta with the shield, then wielded his sword.

Crockta was unable to avoid it due to the aftermath of the shield hit, blocking with God Slayer instead. Iron hit iron and sparks flew.

“A great sword. These flames are good.”

The war god said.

Crockta's sword God Slayer was something that Zakiro, blacksmith of the Golden Anvil Clan, had smelted with the last fire. It was a masterpiece that was at least the legend rank. The scariest thing about the sword was that it contained the power of the sun god.

A strike from this sword could severely damage the godhead. Maybe a god would even die. The war god could clearly feel it from within the sword: that he shouldn't take a hit from this sword. Therefore, he had to protect himself. He covered his body with the shield and aimed the sword towards Crockta from behind.

“How long will you be on the defensive, War God!”

Crockta's body surpassed the Pinnacle. Now he had reached a transcendent realm. It was unclear how it would work against the gods. However.

“Ugh!”

The sudden and transcendental attack broke one arm of the war god, causing flames to sprout from the blunt injury. The war god was furious.

“Insolent!”

He certainly blocked the attack, but causality reversed and he was hit by God Slayer. The war god's power meant that flames already burned around his body, but God Slayer had a divine attribute and damaged the god of war. It was shameful, experiencing such humiliation from a mortal.

“Crocktaaaaaaaaaa!” shouted the war god, throwing his shield.

Crockta stabbed with the greatsword, but the strength was tremendous and his balance was twisted. The war god approached and stabbed his sword in the gap. Blood splattered from Crockta's body.

“Ugh!”

Crockta stepped back. The war god kept approaching.

“I made a mistake.”

“.....”

“I was arrogant, trying to win against you without receiving any damage. Now I recognize you as my real opponent.”

He picked up the shield that fell to the ground. However, he didn't hide behind the shield as before. Rather, the shield also attacked Crockta.

“This is the real Colosseum.”

The war god gestured around him. Crockta's gaze followed his actions. The war had stopped. The orcs, expedition members and northern orcs, they were all standing on the battlefield and watching the fight between the war god and Crockta.

“Kulkulkul...”

Crockta laughed. He didn't know the details, but the northern orcs had come to help him. There were familiar faces. There was Caburak who was laughing, Surka who placed a hand on his chest, Driden with his calm eyes and the old warrior Hammerchwi.

“The fight is now ours.”

Now the war god and Crockta were the only ones holding a weapon.

The war god said with a blazing face, “The gods have expressed their opinions. The result of the war will be determined with our fight. We will withdraw if you win.”

“Kulkukul, the packaging is done well. In the end, you were just scared of us.”

“Impertinent fellow.” The fires of the war god became even stronger. “If we really used all of our power, this place and Orcrox would disappear forever from the map.”

But Crockta wasn't concerned about his anger. He just closed his eyes. A cold wind chilled the sweat on his body.

“A fight that has to be won...”

Once again, everything was on his shoulders. Tens of thousands of lives depended on him. His defeat meant everyone's defeat, and his victory meant everyone's victory. The audience of those dangerous duel was the entire world.

He could feel the gazes staring at him. There were countless eyes. The orcs, gods, and people watching through the screen. All the gazes were pushing at Crockta's back.

Crockta grinned, “Not bad.”

His opponent was the war god. The master of war, born for war, tempered by war and someone who looked forward to war. He was literally the god of war. The most honorable foe.

“Hey.”

Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder and called out. But there was no answer. Crockta continued speaking.

“Are you alive right now?”

“...Impertinent fellow.” The war god chuckled in a low voice. He also knew the saying of the orcs. “Yes, indeed.”

“I'm glad.” Crockta grinned.

There was no need to say anything else. The two people turned slowly, gazing at each other. The war rushed towards the end.

Chapter 211 – Last Stand (1)

There was a loud bang every time the shield and greatsword met. In the meantime, the war god stabbed at him. There was a slight gap in his defense as the shield and greatsword hit each other. It was simple for the war god to squeeze his sword through the gap.

Kwaaaaang!

The greatsword descended, causing the war god to hold up his shield and sword again. It was the sword of the war god, who had waged many wars. It cut Crockta's neck. Blood was scattered. Crockta flexed his body and moved God Slayer. There was a blast of wind.

Crockta turned his head. Crunch, there was the sound of bone breaking. Crockta extracted himself and got back into position. It was a small thing that the audience couldn't see properly.

The two of them stared at each other before moving again. The war god and Crockta disappeared, leaving only the explosive sound of weapons colliding and after images.

Hwaruruk!

The sword and shield hit, causing flames to break out. The flames from God Slayer struck the body of the war god and filled the Colosseum. The flames encountered an invisible wall and faded. Such a phenomenon was repeated every time the two people exchanged attacks.

The body of the war god was burned by the fire. The battlefield was filled with flames of the sun god and the war god.

The fierce battle continued.

Crockta grabbed the shield and struck at the war god's sword. Then he kicked the staggering body of the war god. The war god was pushed back before fixing his posture. Crockta wielded his greatsword again. It hit the shield. The war god lost his shield.

Once the shield covering his body was gone, he was full of gaps. He could stab anywhere he wanted. Crockta wielded God Slayer. The blade tore through the air and headed towards the war god. Two flames burst out at the same time.

The two people were engulfed by the flames and became less visible.

At that moment. The world stopped.

.....

.....

The sound of footsteps was heard in the silence.

Thump, thump, thump.

The war god was walking through the still world. It was an extreme acceleration that changed the concept of the Pinnacle. An unknown terrain that couldn't be called the Pinnacle. He walked forward and looked at Crockta.

The orc's hands grasped his greatsword, wielding it with his entire body. In a world where everything was static, Crockta moved. Slowly, slowly, the sword moved so slowly it seemed like it would take a day to move forward.

It seemed like he would cut the war god at any moment. However, the war god jumped out before the blade touched. He jumped out of the world of the Pinnacle, expanding the moment into eternity and becoming the master of time.

It was such an absolute acceleration that Crockta couldn't understand what happened. This force would behead Crockta.

“Phew.”

There was no strength in his hands. To exert such a power, the war god overloaded his body. In addition, the gods were distributing their power to maintain this world. Thanks to that, the orcs could fight against the countless gods.

The war god lifted his sword and recalled the past: a disastrous fight where numerous gods had died.

He then realized that sympathy and compassion were feelings that shouldn't be allowed. They were gods and had to maintain the order of this world. If they allowed any gaps in order due to emotion, the ravenous wolves would pounce and the world would collapse.

'I'm sorry. But I have to do it.'

The grey god had whispered to him as she wriggled on the ground. The world was collapsing. If the other gods didn't risk their lives, the world would've perished at the hands of the grey god. Therefore, he would kill this warrior and destroy the orcs. At a minimum, he would take away their power so they couldn't fight as the grey god's servants.

Perhaps they really didn't have a relationship with the grey god.

"It can't be helped."

It was better to not take any chances and give her room for her to return. He would make certain to eliminate all uncertainties, even if it meant genocide of an entire species.

He looked at Crockta. A great warrior. Based on Crockta's deeds, he truly was a great warrior. However, this guy had the scent of the grey god on him. He was associated with her. The scent of ashes was unforgettable.

"Great warrior."

The types of warriors most favored by the war god, those with the willingness to die in order to complete one's ambition. The greater the will, the greater the strength, and the greater the fight would be.

That was war. He had been present throughout history. What a waste.

“Great warriors will eventually die on the battlefield.”

It was regrettable if the grey god was just taking advantage of Crockta. Mortals caught in the circumstances of the gods always died tragically. Therefore, the war god would end him directly. That was the best honor he could give him.

“I am alive.”

His blade descended. The poor orc warrior who believed he had cut a god. The great warrior would experience death during his triumphant moment.

“.....!”

The moment his blade was about to reach Crockta’s neck...

Crockta’s eyes stared back at the war god.

He wielded God Slayer towards the body of the war god who lost his shield. The war god had a confused expression.

Crockta cut off all possibilities by exerting the power of causality in the Hero realm. All possibilities converged towards the war god’s death. Therefore, this blow would undoubtedly split the war god apart.

God Slayer slowly moved towards the body of the war god. Above all, this was the fastest realm. A realm of transcendence that replaced all possibilities with his own will. There, the enemy was waiting for his blade.

A strong feeling of victory passed through him. But at that moment. Crockta suddenly saw something. Darkness started to descend from the top of his eyelids. It slowly invaded from outside his field of view until everything became dark.

It was dark. Crockta was aware that it was death. He struggled to control his body, but he couldn’t control the power of this realm. Crockta’s blade converged towards the enemy, and this would lead

to his own death.

Causality was running amok. The world reversed. Right and wrong in the world became scrambled. In it, only one thing was clear.

Death.

It was something no mortal could avoid. Crockta realized it. His sword wouldn't reach the war god. The enemy was a god who watched the world through numerous wars. Crockta believed that he could beat the war god, but that wasn't the case.

Death was approaching.

'Are you alive?'

Someone asked. He didn't know whose voice it was. No, it wasn't a sound. It was something beyond his five senses, from his soul.

'Honor.'

The voice stopped. His vision was now completely dark. But Crockta suddenly found something. It was beating with a slow tempo.

A line. It was a color that was hard to describe. The color of a faraway world that he had never seen. That line was penetrating the world. It penetrated the spot where he boiled coffee as Ian on Earth, or when Crockta was chatting with his colleagues.

It maintained its slow pulsing even when the world was accelerated to the extreme in the realm of the Pinnacle. Despite being in the domain of transcendence where the laws of the world were tangled, the line kept its constant state and connected the worlds.

Past and present were on the line, and even the future was dancing on the line. What was that line? In addition, the color as well. Why was it so radiant? Crockta realized that the line was penetrating everything, even himself. A slow beating sound was

heard.

Duguen.

Duguen.

A brilliant color that didn't need light. The color shone brightly in the darkness, disturbing Crockta's eyes.

Duguen.

Duguen.

The line slowly tilted. The world tilted. He was in Elder Lord as well as watching the landscape of the Hero realm. He saw the reality of death coming down as a black curtain. The past was zooming by. The potential futures appeared in front of his eyes.

Escaping from the world of death, death and death. There was one rotation and he returned. It was to the present day.

'Hey Apprentice.' A familiar voice was heard in Crockta's head. 'Where are you looking? Warriors never take their eyes off the enemy.'

He grabbed Crockta's hair and slowly turned his head. Crockta had no strength as his head turned.

'Remember it carefully.'

There. The blade heading towards him and the face of the war god looking down on him.

The blade sliced Crockta. Blood splattered. Crockta twisted and avoided the attack, but the blade still sliced his face. A part of the helmet was split and a stab wound occurred on Crockta's face.

At the same time, God Slayer struck the war god's chest. Flames and blood appeared on both sides.

"Why?"

The war god was shocked by this situation. He healed the wound

on his chest and withdrew. Crockta also wiped out the blood flowing down his face. Crockta laughed at the war god through the broken helmet. He didn't care about the wound on his face.

“This is one more medal of honor.”

“How did you avoid it?”

They were still in the domain of the Pinnacle. In this still world, the two of them faced each other.

“How can a mortal accelerate up to that point? This is the ultimate realm.”

“Let's see...” Crockta shrugged.

He had seen death. Then he saw something in there. It was something he only witnessed when he fought Adandator. That was when he was alone against the empire. Today, it saved him again.

A line of indescribable color that beat slowly. Crockta could still see it.

“Let's talk about it after the fight.”

Slowly, the world returned. The stationary world started to turn again. The last thing that audience saw was Crockta getting rid of the war god's shield and pointing the greatsword towards him. Even the gods couldn't properly recognize what had happened.

Something flashed and they were both standing separate again. There was a wound on Crockta's face and one on the war god's chest. Setting aside winning and losing, the fight alone made people feel awe.

Outside of the Colosseum, someone was watching the fight from beside Hoyt. It was Tashaquil who summoned the demons to massacre the expedition troops.

Hoyt nodded lightly at him, “Are you okay?”

“It has been a long time since I've used such magic, so I'm just tired. However...I have to acknowledge it now.”

“What?”

“That Crockta.” Tashaquil grinned. “That silly apprentice is now the strongest warrior of this era.”

Hoyt nodded. Not just them, but all the orcs and beings here felt it. Crockta was the only one capable of fighting against the war god, no one else.

“What will happen if Crockta is defeated?”

“Maybe the orcs will be trapped in an underground purgatory, under the surveillance of the gods. It will be in a place where the grey god can’t reach. The gods will resist the collapse of the world and kill us all.”

“Can he win?”

“I don’t know and the gods don’t know. Just...”

Crockta and the war god raised their weapons again. This was now a battle filled with damage, as blood and fire flashed every time there was an attack. Increasingly deadly blows were being exchanged.

Tashaquil continued speaking, “A pleasant wind is blowing.”

Chapter 212 – Last Stand (2)

There were only two channels streaming the fight between Crockta and the war god: Undergames and the Youvidser Laney. All other BJs were killed in the fight. On Youvids, the last videos of the BJs who participated in the expedition war were cleaned up and uploaded.

All the scenes were overwhelming.

「Hall of Fame: I am blessed to be the first BJ killed by Crockta. I won't ever wash my neck.

Captain Tsubasa: It is really scary when we actually meet □ □ □ □ □ What force.

Radagast: How many people have died from his blade by now? 」

The first one to die was the BJ that was famous for trying to convey the realism at the frontlines. He stood among the ranks of the expedition, was caught up in the rush, and finally reached Crockta.

Crockta wielded his greatsword and pointed it at the expedition forces. The video conveyed the feeling of urgency and also showed the fear that people facing Crockta would feel. Crockta stared at them with his terrifying face and instantly wielded his greatsword. The atmosphere around him was threatening, like the heavens suppressing the earth.

The BJ's screen was upended, revealing the sky, before it was then covered in blood. He was one of the first casualties of the war, including the expedition members that died with him. The second was an unknown broadcaster, BJ Jungmin, who begged for more balloons before being killed in a single strike by Crockta.

After that, scenes that seemed like they were pulled from movies played out in succession. A BJ's skull was broken by Kumarak's hammer, terminating the broadcast. Others were wiped out by the

tremendous power of the gods.

The videos of the ones slaughtered by Anya were like scenes from a horror movie.

「Orc is the Best: I had to change the pants I was wearing.

Morocco Prince: Crazy;;; He really shot the sun.

Cristiano: That hunter is crazy.

Orc Waltz: I'm going to make a Zankus fan club」

People were thrilled at the scene where Zankus shot an arrow and killed the sun. Then the demons appeared, causing the BJs and other television broadcasters to be frightened by the unknown presences in the dark. The viewers lost their breath. The invisible beasts ate people in the darkness before their horrific appearances were revealed to the expedition members under the faint light.

「Capslock Turned On: I was so surprised that I cracked my phone
ㄒㄒ

Paris Time: The scale of this was isn't a joke. The sun is gone and monsters are summoned.

Yurururala: The users can't keep up.」

The best scene was the goddess of magic's meteor shower. The appearance of meteors falling from the sky was more exciting than any other movie. The meteors fell beyond the ranks of the expedition army who had set up their shields, eliciting terrible screaming from the orcs.

The rare people filming this from the side of the orcs died. The scene of flames falling from the sky was electrifying. It was different from the wars where magic and weapons faced each other.

Earthquakes and meteors falling from the sky; this was a war of the gods.

「Gnome Yururula: The gods are so strong.

Analyst: The orcs are strong, but... It is hard to go against the gods. But they fought well. This should be enough.

Horn Destroyer: Why are they hitting the orcs? ⇒ Monsters ⇒ Run ⇒

Sinner Against Gods and Humans: The gods are strong... The gods!!」

As the power of the gods filled the battlefield, it became disadvantageous towards the orcs. The orcs ran out from the flames caused by the meteor shower and attacked the defensive ranks of the army, but their numbers weren't enough.

The orc heroes, who people admired, fell one by one. Crockta was caught in the Colosseum with the war god, so he was unable to exert his influence elsewhere. Everyone thought it was the end.

On the horizon, thousands of flags were seen. An unknown orc army. As the leader waved his hand, the orcs behind him started the assault. Unlike the free-spirited orcs, these ones rushed like trained soldiers! They surged toward the expedition members.

「I Like Movies: Reverse reverse reverse... How will this war end?

My Name is Saladin: I believe that Crockta is the best!! Orcs will win!!

Pro Gambler: I bet on the expedition's victory so please...

La Clair: Shout!! Orc!! Bul'tar!!」

The fight stalled. Both sides were tired. Now, all eyes turned to the war god and Crockta. Everything depended on the two of them.

The video was over. Those watching the video who didn't have much interest in Elder Lord, and those who didn't place much meaning on this fight, they all realized.

「Speed Wagon: For reference, this war is still being broadcasted live. If you are wondering about the ending, watch the

Undergames Channel or Youvidser Laney now! The rest have died! I'm also curious about the end of this fight! Then I'm going now!」

This war was happening in real-time. Everyone changed the channel.

There.

All eyes were on two people fighting on the battlefield.

Crockta held God Slayer.

They were competing with everything on the line. The notion of time flowed differently for them. Causality kept on reversing as they struggled.

If someone stepped into the Colosseum, their limbs would be crushed and they would become a pile of blood. Crockta and the war god focused on killing each other, causing the inside of the Colosseum to become a land of death.

The war god threw his shield and struck with his flaming sword while shouting, “Die, Crockta!”

“Huaaaat!”

Any weapon other than God Slayer would've shattered from this fierce battle. Conventional weapons wouldn't be able to deal a blow to the gods. At best, the flesh of the believer would be killed, with only the power of the god left behind.

However, God Slayer was smelted with the last fire and could deal a direct blow to the war god's divinity. The body of the war god screamed with every hit landing on his body. If he were to be hit hard enough, he would be destroyed or would take a long time to recover.

“I will kill you! The orcs will be thrown into purgatory!”

“.....”

Gods and orcs, the result would be decided by who won in this duel.

If Crockta won, the gods would retreat. If the war god won, the orcs would stop their resistance and stay in prison until the grey god was destroyed. An underground purgatory that didn't allow light.

"I will ask. War God." Crockta spoke as he blocked the war god's attack. "If it turns out that we aren't related to the grey god, what will you do to apologize? A lot of people have already lost their lives."

"Apologize?" He chuckled. Aklan's body was already torn apart, only the war god's power holding it together. Now he was no longer a person, but flames with the appearance of a person. "We are the ones who maintain the world. Shouldn't you be thankful for all we have done? This world will collapse without us, the gods that you so proudly don't believe in. You should apologize and thank us."

"What do you mean when you say you maintain this world? Without you, will the world perish?"

"That's right. Our bodies are holding up this world, and the grey god is a parasite. You have the smell of the grey god on you."

Crockta shook his head as he said, "It is quite the opposite. I want to stop her."

"I don't know, maybe you're telling the truth, maybe you're not. But it will be irrelevant if I kill you and throw them into purgatory."

"Innocent people will suffer."

"It doesn't matter. The grey god is trying to resurrect and destroy the world, so I will kill you all if it means stopping her."

The two glared at each other. Crockta smiled and raised God Slayer again.

“Now I understand.”

“What do you mean? Are you saying that you deserve to die?”

“You aren’t doing this to protect the world.”

“What nonsense are you saying?”

“It is to protect yourselves. The cowardly gods are fearful of being killed by the grey god, so they swing their swords at everywhere else.” Crockta walked towards the war god. “Those gods are you.”

“Nonsense!”

The furious war god walked towards Crockta. Their swords struck at each other like thunderbolts. The world’s time stopped, accelerated and slowed down. Life, death, and causality reversed.

The possibility of death was stopped by the sword passing by the tip of the nose, while causality stopped the blade that was thrusting at a neck. It was a fight between monsters that disturbed the laws of the world.

“Take away the hypocrisy of protecting the world. You are cowards trying to destroy a whole species due to the delusion and fear that the grey god will be revived. War God? Kulkulkul, how funny.”

“Shut upppp!”

The war god furiously swung his weapon. Flames burst out. Death flew towards Crockta. The blow that contained the real fury of the gods was absolutely fearsome. It was the most critical moment among all the risks that Crockta faced today.

Crockta’s entire body had cuts and burnt skin.

“Kuooooook!”

However, he persisted in emanating the power of the Hero realm. His tattoos burned as he watched the war god. Crockta fell to one knee. His legs weren’t moving properly. He grabbed God Slayer on

the ground and used it as a stick to raise himself.

“Kulkulkulkul...” Crockta laughed before continuing to speak, “Do you know what orcs call people like you?”

“If you make fun of me...”

“Milksop.” Crockta grinned. “Milksop god.”

The god of war stopped shouting. However, the flames around him flared up as he lifted his sword. His strength filled his entire body and burned the sword. At that moment, the world started shaking.

He used some of his strength that had been used to support the world. His anger towards Crockta was huge enough to risk the world. The gods who saw it were shaken, but the war god used the power with the thought of killing Crockta.

Crockta staggered and grasped God Slayer. Crockta wasn't afraid of the war god anymore.

He could see it. It wasn't for some great reason or cause, the war god's true intent boiled down to one thing in the end. Fear of the grey god. And at the end of it, a fear of death. They might mock mortals but they were scared of that more than anything else. They were worried about their fate, not the fate of the world. The reality of this war was that the gods feared the grey god coming back to destroy them.

Therefore...

“You don't know what it is to be alive.” Crockta raised God Slayer. “I don't want to lose to a milksop god.”

The war god was now a burning giant, looking down at Crockta with burning eyes and clutching his sword from a high height. The war god's sword gradually heated up. His target was clearly Crockta.

But Crockta took a step forward. Because.

“I’m a warrior.”

Crockta could see someone standing beside him. Lenox. He grinned as he saw Crockta wearing his helmet. Crockta felt Lenox’s hand touch his shoulder. A refreshing aura came from there. Fatigue left and strength filled his body. The shaman Kinjur was laughing behind Lenox.

Someone banged on the ground. It was Gulda. He was laughing with excitement as he hit the ground a few times. Gradually, the number of shadows increased. There were vicious orcs like Crockta, with tattoos and scars of battle all over their bodies.

Those who became warriors and died as warriors. They stood side by side with Crockta. Crockta didn’t have a chance to fight properly with them on that day, but this was the final struggle involving the fate of the orcs.

Crockta was now able to fight with them. He wasn’t alone. An army was with him.

“Bul’tar.”

Crockta raised his eyes. The god’s sword was slowly descending towards him as an overwhelming force that would split the world apart. But something else also entered Crockta’s eyes. The giants of the world, surrounding him and the war god.

The great warriors from the Hall of Fame. They were watching Crockta.

Crockta nodded and pulled out a knife.

‘Hey, Apprentice!’

Someone yelled at him.

‘Swing it properly!’

Crockta smiled. Then he followed the voices and wielded it as best he could. He swung God Slayer. The flames washed over him.

Chapter 213 – WARNING (1)

Hoyt remembered when he first met Crockta.

At the time, Crockta was an immature apprentice warrior. But he had the most necessary qualification for a warrior. Crockta heard about the circumstances between Hoyt and Thompson and raised his fist without any hesitation.

‘So young orc, will you help me?’

‘Yes. I will do my best to help.’

Hoyt had a hunch that night. So he told Crockta the most important knowledge he knew. Endless repetition would cause one to be the best in battle. Wielding a perfect strike that couldn’t be reached with dazzling attacks.

A strike that only a warrior who struggled could achieve. A miracle created by tens of thousands, tens of millions of repetition.

‘Go towards the pinnacle. And beyond me.’

Today, Crockta responded to that question. Beyond the Pinnacle, beyond the Hero, to a realm that nobody reached, Crockta’s greatsword swept towards the war god in a beautiful curve. It was a dazzling trajectory.

“Beautiful.”

The fire of the war god was raging, but Hoyt smiled. Everyone died in the end. In the end, everything born would sink into death. That was why warriors risked their lives and jumped into death. Great warriors would never be erased.

“Imperishable.”

Hoyt could see it. On Crockta’s back, he could see the great warriors that he knew.

That wasn’t all. The images of many warriors were superimposed on Crockta. Crockta’s weapon was a greatsword, an axe, and a

halberd. Their willpower, which had never disappeared, was now manifested through Crockta's hands.

The trajectory broke through the flames. The flames of the war god were destroyed, and the things he constructed with his power diminished. The call of war, which never went out, was separated.

Crockta's blow continued without stopping. The gigantic body of the war god fell to the ground. It was split in two. The war god sank down.

"Ah...!"

"Oh my god...!"

"No way!"

The gods cried out. The expedition members dropped their weapons. They watched carefully. The war god's upper and lower bodies separated, falling to the ground. The massive body slumped to the ground. The power of the Colosseum disappeared. The power of the war god, which could burn the world, faded away.

The body gradually shrank and became the same size as a human.

"Kuwaah..." The war god returned to the shape of Aklan with serious damage. He tried to repair the wound, but the divine power in God Slayer was biting him. "Keheok...this is ridiculous..."

Even the war god didn't know what had happened. He had pulled the power he used to support the world and tried to destroy Crockta. It was a blow to the heart. However, he was defeated by Crockta's blow. The wounds on his chest would affect the body that lived in Olympus. His divinity was cracked.

"Hah, heok..."

The war god raised his upper body. He sat up and stared at Crockta. Crockta was looking down at the war god from the position of a winner. The war god, who controlled war and struggle, was defeated by a mortal. It was a humiliation that

wouldn't be forgotten until the world was destroyed.

“Congratulations, Crockta.”

However, he spoke graciously. He was the war god and knew the honor involved in a duel. The loser needed to maintain his honor.

“Kill me now.” The war god threw away his weapon. He held out his neck. “I have lost the duel, so finish me.”

He had never once experienced defeat. He had worked to stop the grey god, but now he lost the duel. Therefore, it was much more painful. He strained his eyes to remember his opponent's face.

“War God.” Crockta opened his mouth. Crockta also wasn't in a perfect condition. His whole body was in tatters due to injuries. He staggered over to the war god. “War God. Admit your defeat.”

“I admit it.”

“I see.”

Crockta slowly lifted God Slayer. If Crockta dealt the final blow with God Slayer, the war god would take a long time to restore the divinity. Some might even be lost forever. The war god closed his eyes.

“.....”

However.

Nothing happened. The war god soon opened his eyes again. God Slayer was placed on Crockta's shoulder.

The war god asked, “What are you doing?”

“Let me tell you one thing.” Crockta replied with a smile. His voice rang out through the battlefield. “A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people.”

An unprecedented, massive war was triggered by the divine message. It was a racial war where the expedition and the gods aimed to destroy the orcs.

Now.

It was stopped by Crockta.

Elder Lord's community user, with the nickname 'Evening Game.' He previously made a post claiming that Crockta was a user.

"Definitely suspicious..."

He was still trying to prove his theory. It was a type of sixth sense. Crockta was obviously a user. So he watched closely when Crockta's steel helmet was damaged during the battle. However, it was only half broken and his forehead wasn't revealed.

"Ah...that...how?"

The war god's final blow. He appeared as a giant and his flaming sword descended towards Crockta, like a great king about to destroy the world. Evening Game believed that Crockta would die and that his body would scatter into white particles, revealing himself as a user to the world.

By the way, Crockta won. The war god was blown apart.

".....!"

It was such a dazzling scene that he couldn't open his mouth for a while. It was a simple swing towards the flames, but the sequence of movements was more beautiful than anything he had seen before.

In these simple movements, Crockta showed everything that a warrior needed. Looking at the scene, even a person who knew nothing about Elder Lord would know what type of warrior Crockta was. It was a great blow.

He muttered, "Nothing...he is the real thing..."

He grabbed his head. He might be a persistent conspiracy theorist but even he couldn't claim that Crockta was a user after seeing this

scene. No human could do it.

In the video, Crockta declared to the fallen god.

[A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people.]

A real hero. It was the figure of a warrior who showed mercy to the one who wanted to exterminate him. Who was the god and who was the mortal?

On the screen, the orcs raised their weapons and roared. The orc army, who appeared in the latter half of the battle, bent to one knee and bowed to Crockta. Even the gods and expedition members saluted him.

Evening Game stopped watching for a while and shook his head, "Now I need to stop..."

The moment that he thought so.

His phone screen shook.

"Uh...?"

In order to confirm the information of the ranker 'Mystery', who he presumed to be Crockta, he turned on the Elder Saga information window provided by the company. After the fall of the Heaven and Earth Clan, Choi Hansung's momentum fell and Mystery became ranked number one.

At one point, Mystery's level was marked as 'MAX' and didn't rise any more, with only the incredible amount of achievement points being renewed.

The moment that Crockta's victory over the war god was confirmed, the achievement points of 'Mystery' rose at an incredible rate. Eventually, it rose to an amount larger than that of the achievements points he accumulated so far.

Double, triple, several times the number, until the achievement points reached MAX.

A private user. Level: MAX. Achievement Points: Max.

“Uh...uhhh...”

It was a phenomenon he had never seen before. He formed a fist.

“Indeed...Crockta...!” Crockta defeated the war god. This compensation was natural if Crockta really was Mystery. “Crockta is clearly Mystery. Soon, people will...”

He wondered what he should do. Should he post it on the community boards or sell it to Undergames Channel? He was thrilled by the scene he witnessed and his anxieties about the future. The sum total of achievement points displayed at the top of the ranker information window also became MAX.

This was the sum total of achievement points that the users gained since the launch of Elder Lord. There were users who questioned why this was displayed, but no one knew the answer. Right now, it was at its highest.

“Oh my god. This...!” The moment he tried to take a screenshot, the ranker information window was turned off. “Uh...what is going on?”

He manipulated the phone. The phone connection wasn't a problem. Everything else was fine. Only the ranker information window was messed up. Then he discovered that the homepage of the Elder Lord statistics provided by Elder Saga Corporation was down. He tried a few times but the site didn't refresh.

He burst out, “What is happening all of a sudden? Shit!”

However, the result was the same when he tried again. Despite the huge number of users, the server management ability of Elder Saga Corporation had never been limited. He stared at it for a while before looking at the Elder Lord connection capsule installed in the corner of the room.

“Crockta...”

Then he looked at the screen showing the broadcast again. Crockta, who brought an end to the war, was talking about

something in front of the war god.

“I should connect.”

His character was near Orcrox. He placed his character there because he thought that he would find evidence that Crockta was a user. His character wasn't strong so he would be in danger if he entered the war. However, now would be fine.

“I'll go and ask directly.”

He couldn't be killed.

His body entered the Elder Lord capsule. So, he made a decision he would end up regretting.

After the battle of the war god and Crockta ended, the war was concluded. There were others who watched the ensuing post-war relay, but the users impressed by the battle hastily entered their capsules.

From the Orc Users Brotherhood to the He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy members, those who participated in the battle and those who didn't, the users connected to Elder Lord to celebrate this victory.

Those who disconnected to watch the war entered Elder Lord again to continue their quests. Those who weren't interested in the war from the beginning also continued to play Elder Lord. All those who connected to Elder Lord in different circumstances suddenly faced a system message.

[Everyone has suffered a lot.]

A free city in the center of the continent, Appalachia. There was a place where users gathered to exchange information and trade goods, called the user market. Many users enjoyed Elder Lord for its variety of possible gameplay, whether it was selling equipment, partying together to hunt monsters, or simply relaxing.

And all of them faced the same system message.

“We suffered? Am I the only one seeing it?”

“I see it as well. What is this?”

“Is this a user-wide notice? Like the previous achievement points cataclysm?”

The previous achievement points event was popularly called the ‘Cataclysm.’ It was over now, but the benefits they got at that time was huge. The users were filled with expectations for the next messages.

[The total sum of achievement points has exceeded the final goal.]

[This is all thanks to the participation of all the users. Everything in Elder Lord is abundant thanks to you. I would like to express my gratitude to all the people who have loved Elder Lord so far.]

Up to here, it was similar to the old ‘Cataclysm’ message. The users started to feel curious. Then their expressions changed at the ensuing messages.

[Now, the adventure in Elder Lord will end here.]

[Virtual reality game Elder Lord’s service is shutting down.]

[Once again, thank you for loving Elder Lord.]

[Please close all connections.]

[I’ll say it once again.]

[Please close all connections.]

[I am warning you.]

[Please close all connections.]

[That is all.]

It was a prompt to shut down their access to Elder Lord. It was an unexpectedly bizarre system message. Elder Lord was currently the

best entertainment on the planet. The revenue that Elder Saga Corporation earned was enormous. The popularity of Elder Lord continued to rise and it was enjoying the greatest boom.

Now the game was suddenly ending. There wasn't even advance notice.

The users' face distorted as they complained, "What, did Elsaco go crazy?"

"What is this nonsense? Who will stop the game?"

"Hey, I think I'm going crazy."

"Don't make me laugh!" the confused users yelled out.

However, the system messages no longer responded. Instead, something else appeared in their field of view.

[01:00]

It was a timer.

[00:59]

[00:58]

[00:57]

The timer was counting down towards '0.'

Chapter 214 – WARNING (2)

[00:56]

[00:55]

There were two choices given to the users: terminate the connection or ignore it. Most users chose the latter.

“All of a sudden, they’re telling us to stop the connection? Are they crazy?”

“They are forcing us. Elsaco is crazy.”

“Have they been hacked? This is too much.”

[00:48]

[00:47]

[00:46]

All the users in Appalachia’s user market were nervous. Elder Lord was a virtual reality game that functioned using the human brain as a control medium, but there had never been an in-game incident resulting in injury or death.

Furthermore, the core system ‘Albino’ that maintained the game was perfect. They believed that there were no problems. At most, they believed that the connection would be forcibly terminated.

[00:33]

[00:32]

[00:31]

So once there were 30 seconds left, people started talking about what would happen if the timer reached ‘0.’

“Hey, are they going to give us compensation when it’s over?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Something like this... In fact, this is a test of courage. Those

who last until the end will receive a special reward. That might be the case.”

“Puhahaha, how ridiculous.”

“It’s plausible.”

The users had no worries.

[00:25]

[00:24]

[00:23]

Crockta also watched the timer as it approached ‘0’. His heart started pounding; something was going on. He ignored the orcs cheering for him and the defeated war god.

The thoughts of Orc Warrior Crockta and Cafe Owner Jung Ian clashed. The grey god was trying to do something.

The war god asked as he saw Crockta’s shaky eyes, “Did something happen? You won, Crockta.”

“War God, I want to ask you one thing.” Crockta looked at the decreasing timer and asked. “Does the grey god really want to destroy this world?”

“That’s right.”

“Why?”

“That...I can’t tell you.”

“War God.” Crockta stared at him. “I met the grey god and her apostles, the demons who followed her. I heard about the truth of this world.”

“.....!”

“The stars in the night sky are fake. All the stars have died a long time ago. The star god died. The sun god is asleep and the grey god

is trying to destroy the world. I want to stop her, but I don't know the truth."

The war god's face stiffened. Crockta gritted his teeth as he spoke, "Tell me the truth."

The timer was steadily counting down towards '0'. He looked beyond the face of the war god, beyond the expedition army and the other gods, and beyond the orcs praising him. Everything blurred.

"What does she want to do?"

"She..." The flames around the war god shook as he said. "She wants to restart the world."

[00:20]

[00:19]

"Restart the world?"

"The forces maintaining this world are exhausted. It is a slow and gentle progression, but its destruction is inevitable. The sun we have is literally the last thing remaining in the universe. That is why she wants to do this."

The war god formed a fist.

"She intends to take everything existing in this world and return the universe to its beginning state."

Crockta thought about it. Crockta turned around, his heart furiously pounding. He saw Tiyo shouting at him and Anor laughing. Hoyt was celebrating the victory by laughing with Tashaquil and the orc warriors. Even the expedition members were relieved to end the terrible war.

[00:12]

[00:11]

[00:10]

The logout window was in front of him. Beyond that, the war god said, “We will stop her.”

A crowd was watching Crockta’s victory.

“He really won.”

“Amazing.”

They were users watching the battle of the orcs from a distant place. It wasn’t long after they started Elder Lord, but they enjoyed the world of Elder Lord while cooperating together. They watched the war between the expedition and the orcs from far away.

“I want to sign up for ‘He’s an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy’.”

“I’m thinking about restarting as an orc.”

“Hey, that doesn’t suit you.”

“I don’t suit the macho style?”

“Brother is a magician.”

They were talking loudly when they suddenly stopped. A system message had surfaced. All of the users were looking at thin air. At first, they didn’t know what it meant but then they frowned. They looked at each other with bewildered faces.

“What does this mean? It’s prompting us to exit?”

“I think so. There is a timer...”

“What is happening all of a sudden? The game is shutting down its service? Does this make sense? This is absurd.”

“It sounds like a system error.”

“Let’s just watch. It is probably to fix the problem.”

“Really?”

They fell into confusion. The timer was gradually counting down. Suddenly, they saw someone.

“.....?”

“Eh?”

They hadn't felt it, but a man in a robe was sitting in a place not far away. Their gazes fell on the man. The man looked into the air before getting up from his seat and walking towards them.

“Uh...?”

He was holding a sword in his hand. Their bodies flinched as they stepped back. The man was just walking, but he quickly narrowed the distance. The users reflexively raised their weapons.

“Uwaaaaaah!”

A user at the front wielded his weapon. However, the man easily avoided it and stabbed the user's neck. Blood splattered and he collapsed to the floor. A pool of blood covered the ground.

The other users shrieked, “Aaaaaaack! What are you doing?”

The man glanced at them before swinging his sword again. They tried to resist, but it was useless. The man's sword moved a few times, causing blood to fall to the ground. The users became grim as people were sliced to death.

The users in the back tried to run away, but the man caught them quickly and stabbed them in the back. Users died one by one, and the crowd that gathered to watch the war were all bleeding on the ground.

The man looked at the scene with emotionless eyes. Gradually, the users' bodies turned into white particles. It was a beautiful sight, as if it was snowing. The man looked at it and closed his eyes.

[00:08]

[00:07]

[00:06]

He muttered, “In the end, it is like this...”

Then he opened his arms.

[00:03]

[00:02]

[00:01]

[00:00]

“Hey, fix your positions!”

“Boss! The timer is gone. What should we do? Don’t we have to disconnect now?”

“We are currently fighting! Just fight! There is no problem! The timer was probably a vaccine to take care of the problem!”

“Understood!”

The users were fighting with a group of goblins. They were a small clan and were in the process of defeating the goblins for a quest. They struggled due to the large number of goblins, but they effectively dealt with the enemies.

The warrior classes rushed towards the goblins with their shields. After blocking the attack of the goblins, they stabbed with their spears and swords. The magician classes supported them from behind.

“Good! Keep going...keheok!”

However, the goblins were tough. There was a goblin shaman among them. A fireball burst out and the warriors were caught in an explosion. The goblins rushed to strike with their weapons. The warriors bled out and died.

“You guys...!”

The clan master in charge of the fight was enraged and rushed with the elite users. The goblins were frightened by the charge and

started to retreat. The users didn't show any mercy to the goblins. Magic arrows pierced the backs of the retreating goblins. They screamed and collapsed. The warriors chased them to the end and killed them.

The quest was successful.

“Phew...it is over.”

“Everyone worked hard. The profit will be distributed when the dead members connect again.”

The clan gathered in one place. They confirmed their injuries. Some were killed by the goblin shaman, but most of them were unharmed.

“Everyone worked hard. There was a strange message so let's end it here. We don't want there to be any problems. We will regroup later.”

“Yes!”

“I understand.”

“Thanks for the good work!”

“Thanks for the hard work.”

They tried to shut down access to Elder Lord.

However.

“...Eh?”

“Eh?”

“What is this?”

Everyone was puzzled. They couldn't logout. They fell into confusion. They smiled at each other and tried again several more times. However, they couldn't log out.

The Elder Lord logout method was simple.

When they thought about the logout button in the status

window, the message, ‘Do you want to log out?’ would appear in the air. If they thought about logging out at that time, they would, usually, slowly return to the real world as the screen turned white.

However, this time, the logout window didn’t pop up. Everyone’s face gradually stiffened. They were unable to terminate the connection to Elder Lord. Something was wrong. They wondered if there was a relationship to the message window.

“Excuse me...Brother Culma.”

“Huh?”

“That...isn’t that a little...strange?”

“What?”

The clan master frowned and turned his head. A clan member was pointing with a speculative face. His gaze followed the direction of the hand. It was the dead clan members.

“What about it?”

“Brother. They are dead.”

“That’s right. So..uh...huh?”

The other clan members froze as they realized what he was saying. Users disappeared into white particles. Their connection was forcibly terminated, and they would be able to reconnect after a short delay. The ‘aftereffects of death’ lasted for a while, but there wasn’t a big penalty.

However, these bodies didn’t disappear and remained in the world. It was like they really died.

“...Hey, hey.” The clan master spoke in a loud voice, “You saw it before. It might be because of an error. The server is strange right now.”

He chuckled.

“Those Elsaco guys aren’t doing their work properly. Isn’t that

right? Hahat, something like this...”

“Yes. Haha...”

“It seems like it.”

They tried to diffuse the situation with a laugh. However, they currently couldn’t log out and the bodies seemed dead. The same was true for the goblin bodies. This was a game, but they really did seem dead.

“...Hey, I feel bad. Let’s get rid of them.”

The clan master said as he turned his gaze away. The clan members picked up the bodies and threw them into the bushes.

During the quest, the timer was gone and four users were killed. They were the first victims.

Kim Chulmin, the owner of an Elder Lord capsule room, detected abnormalities in the capsule management window.

The Elder Lord capsules were driven by modern science. In order to ensure the safety of the connected person, his/her bio-signal would be stopped immediately if there were health problems. As the capsule manager of the capsule room, he could monitor the whole situation.

The man’s eyes widened.

Two customers. They died. It was displayed that they were dead.

“Hey. Call 119! Quickly! Shit!”

He jumped up from his seat and shouted at the part-time worker.

Crockta.

He was standing there.

Chapter 215 – Tumult (1)

In the north, at the Temple of the Fallen God...

Paimon, a survivor of a now unknown species guarding this place, suddenly looked up.

The sky had opened. The sky was torn, revealing an unknown darkness. From there, white snowflakes started to fall. No, instead of snow, it was white ash. Simultaneously, a huge pillar of light fell from the hole towards the temple. The magnificent sight of ash and light filled his vision.

Then Paimon's mouth dropped open. He stretched out his arms towards the sky, and tears flowed from his eyes.

“Ahhhhh...!”

Paimon fell to his knees. Then he shouted towards the sky.

“I knew you would come back!” He grabbed his head. “I knew you would come back!”

The gigantic pillar of light dimmed and became a white circle. Someone was descending in the middle. With a woman's appearance... She was the mother of the dead, who touched all of the dead with her white hair. The grey god... It was her. She slowly descended towards Paimon.

“I'm back.”

Her hands touched Paimon. He was the one who had endured for a long time after the grey god had fallen and the demons had been destroyed. Paimon's tired spirit fully recovered through her touch today.

Now, the power of the grey god flowed in his body.

“I've been waiting for you! I believed all this time that you would come back.”

“Thank you. I'm sorry.”

“It is nothing. It was a pleasure for me to wait.”

“Your words make me laugh.” The grey god smiled. “Paimon.”

“Yes, Mother.”

“I want to finish the work that I didn’t finish long ago.”

Paimon raised his head. Above his head, the grey god was laughing. It was a bright and beautiful smile. As the ash fluttered and the light flowed down, the expression in the grey god’s eyes remained unchanged.

She wanted to end this world to save it. The demons, who had witnessed the end of the world with her, decided to help her. All the gods had struck back. They had been defeated. The grey god had fallen to another dimension because of the gods. The demons had been devastated. Then a long time passed, and they were forgotten.

However, Paimon had never once felt doubtful. The grey god’s infinite compassion towards the world and her sublime will... Her sincerity to save the world had caused her to fall into the void.

The grey god asked Paimon, “Will you help me?”

He replied without any hesitation, “Yes.” Paimon nodded. “I will.”

“Thank you.”

Then the grey god waved her hands again. A huge chain of light started to form around the light pillar.

“I crashed into an unknown dimension due to the other gods, and a new world was present. It is a world completely different from this one. The universe there is so young and beautiful. The longer I stayed there, the less I found myself able to endure our pitiful world.”

The divine power caused an earth earthquake, and the ground shook. Now, the mighty beings of the world could feel her

appearance. It was a force huge enough to swallow the world.

“I’m back. I’m sorry for the humans of the world I used, but there is no other way.”

“I will follow Mother.”

“I won’t fail this time.”

Her white power emerged into the air. The purely white sphere...

It was a lump of power. The sphere floated in the middle of the light pillar. Simultaneously, the stem of light, which stretched out from the grey god, embraced the Temple of the Fallen God. The area was now a space controlled by the grey god.

She declared, “Sorry, World. It isn’t the fault of anyone born in this age. The procession of life and death is just like this.”

The white sphere started to rise into the sky. Then it gradually expanded. It doubled, tripled, and eventually became huge. Over time, it would cover the sky of Elder Lord.

“This isn’t an eternal end, but a new beginning.”

The countdown to the destruction of the world began.

It was a great power that couldn’t be ignored. So much had changed since the war ended.

As the timer ended, Crockta could feel himself belonging to this world. He felt it accurately through his whole body. He already had the highest assimilation rate, but the landscape changed again once he belonged to this world. It was as if he took off uncomfortable glasses and saw the world clearly with his naked eyes.

“Crockta,” the war god called out.

Crockta’s face was stiff.

The war god continued, “Just now...”

“Correct.” Crockta didn’t know what had happened. However, one thing was clear. “She is back.”

The grey god had returned. All the gods could feel it. A strong energy could be felt coming from the north. The grey god’s unique strength was like a mountain. It continued to multiply and expand.

“Tearing a gap between dimensions and returning here...” The war god formed a fist.

Crockta stared into the war god’s eyes. The two men who had just risked their lives, they exchanged a unanimous unspoken consent.

“If you’re really serious about what you said...”

“I will stop her.” The moment that Crockta responded, a new message appeared. It was for the users still under the influence of the grey god.

[Do you want to go back?]

[Defeat the grey god.]

[The last quest has started.]

That was it. Crockta felt like it was a message from the grey god to himself.

Then he recalled the grey god. He had never felt anything bad from her. She had expressed compassion for the destiny of the world and the inevitable destruction. The ‘vision of the grey god’ which she always saw was gruesome enough to eat away at Crockta’s spirit during the short time he’d had it.

She called out to him, ‘Defeat me.’

He walked towards the war god and said, “I will surely stop her.”

Crockta had been able to get a brief glimpse of her mind. She wanted to destroy this world out of compassion. In her mind, the world was entering an irreversible death, and the people here were just enjoying a finite life.

Eventually, it became his mission to save the world again. He would confront her with all of his strength... And accept the result. This was a gamble with the fate of the world on the line.

Crockta looked around.

The expressions of the gods were serious, the expedition members were pleased without knowing anything, and the orcs were bewildered. The strong people who had reached the peak of the world realized that something was wrong in the world, causing them to stare at Crockta and the war god.

In the meantime, a man walked towards Crockta. It was a robed man. He slowly took off his hood to reveal a familiar face.

Crockta called out his name, "Gordon."

Gordon smiled. However, there were mixed emotions in that smile. It was a sad smile.

"No, this is ridiculous, how..."

Laney was hiding using stealth in order to relay the war. All of the talented BJs had been killed, so the situation at the end of the war was only being relayed by a professional videographer of the Undergames Channel and Laney.

She had a hunch that the best jackpot was when Crockta had shown mercy to the war god. Laney had formed a fist as she stared at Crockta. However, after that...

A strange system message popped up saying the game was over, then a timer appeared. Nothing happened after the timer ended. So, she just shrugged and continued to film the video. However, strange words appeared in the Youvids chat room where she was relaying in real time.

「Sad and Slow: I went to the chat room of another BJ, and he is freaking out because he can't leave Elder Lord. The logout button

has disappeared. Laney should check it ㅏㅏㅏㅏㅏ

You and You Me and Me: Does that make any sense?

Sad and Slow: It is real. The person is BJ Jaylee who was doing a quest. He is crying now, so check it out.」

Elder Lord was a virtual reality game, but there had never been any problems with its stability. Furthermore, it didn't make sense that they couldn't logout. Even if the user was forcibly pulled out of the capsule, there wouldn't be any big problems, with only slight aftereffects.

Laney snorted and called for the logout window. However, it didn't appear. The logout window wouldn't respond, no matter how she called. Feeling anxious, she stopped moving. It wasn't a problem to call her status window or quest window. However, the logout window didn't appear. A cold chill went down her spine.

“Well, it isn't a big deal. It seems like the server is unstable.”

She tried to get rid of any ominous thoughts. Then she continued her work of filming Crockta, the gods, the orcs, and the expedition forces. Then at that moment...

[Do you want to go back?]

[Defeat the grey god.]

[The last quest has started.]

The message windows shone. At that moment, she realized that something was wrong. From then on, she focused on logging out instead of her broadcast. All of her attention was stuck on the logout window.

There was still no reaction. Gradually, ominous stories started to appear in the chat room.

「Breaking News Man: ★★Breaking News★★ People have died in the Elder Lord capsules ★★Breaking News ★★ Check the news.

I'm a Coward: ㅓㅓㅓㅓ What is really going on?

Breaking News Man: ★★Breaking News ★★ More people all over the world are dying in the Elder Lord capsules ★★Breaking News ★★

Sad and Slow: This is real ㄗ ㄗ ㄗ Laney, be careful.」

People pulled from the capsules were brain dead, and the number of those dying from Elder Lord was on the rise. Laney didn't show it outwardly, but she felt like crying. She continued trying to make the logout window appear, but it didn't.

Then at that moment...

「The chat window has been paused.」

This message appeared, and the chat window became quiet. Then another message popped up.

「Administrator: Laney, calm down and listen to the end. Evacuate to a safe place and follow our instructions. This is a real-life situation. Once again, it is an actual situation. At present, there is a serious problem. The user's safety is at risk. Please move to a safe place. 」

Laney realized this was a real problem. Her hands began to tremble. In Elder Lord, she was an assassin class, a heroine who covered all sorts of crimes. However, in reality, she was just an ordinary person. Until the chat window was stopped, scary information had been circulating.

“No way...”

Laney left the battlefield hurriedly and started running towards a safe city.

The Elder Lord incident emerged. The incident was one in which users from all over the world were confined in Elder Lord. The whole world fell into shock. As incidents occurred in various places, the governments of each country recognized the

seriousness of the situation and rushed to form a countermeasures committee.

However, now that Elder Lord and reality were completely separated, the actions they could take were limited. The Elder Saga Corporation dispatched the best technicians from around the world to dismantle 'Albino', but it wasn't successful. Still, it was just a matter of time until they managed it.

The only good news was that they could connect the real world with Elder Lord through the BJs and broadcast reporters running the live relay program.

Then exactly one week passed by.

Chapter 216 – Tumult (2)

“So, you exactly understand what is going on.”

“Yes.”

“It is difficult. I will check on Oppa’s character as much as possible.”

“Thank you.”

It was fortunate that many users were logged out to watch the war between the gods and the orcs. If the number of users was the same as normal, the situation would’ve been several times more serious. The governments around the world appreciated Crockta’s popularity.

“We are actively cooperating with the broadcasting intermediaries. Don’t worry too much. Experts from all over the world are analyzing Elder Lord’s system. It will be resolved in the near future.”

However, it was a tragedy to the families of the victims. Most of them were emotional from the sudden situation, clutching onto the capsules and crying. A lot of energy was needed for the government workers to deal with them.

Therefore, Kang Jungman admired the way this pretty girl reacted.

“This is my business card. Please contact me if something happens.”

“Yes, I understand.”

Kang Jungman checked the connection capsule. A life support device was connected to Jung Ian’s body in the capsule, and everything was normal.

In the early days of the incident, all those forcibly removed from the capsule had fallen into brain dead states. According to the

doctors, everything had been normal except that it seemed like their soul had escaped. So, the government focused resources on maintaining the lives of the players, making it so they could survive in the world of Elder Lord.

At present, it was a somewhat stable situation. As long as they didn't die in Elder Lord, their bodies would be fine.

"Um..." Kang Jungman paused as he was about to turn away. This was his last home visit for the day, and he had time to spare. Otherwise, he wouldn't normally say this.

"Currently, the government is sending psychologists for the family members. If you have any trouble, then please contact me. I will help you."

Yiyu smiled faintly. "Yes, I will. Thank you for your consideration."

"Then I'll be going now," Kang Jungman said and left the house.

The government agent left, and the door closed behind him. Yiyu sat on the couch and stared at the door of the room which contained Ian. There were many thoughts running through her mind, making her head heavy.

She leaned back and reflected on a scene. It was a memory of the past, from their childhood. There had been many situations when her brother, Ian, hadn't been present.

The first time she had been apart from her friends. After her parents died, she had been left at her relative's house, and her cousins had bullied her. It had been the same back when she'd been disappointed that she hadn't attained a good score, and she'd gone drinking on the streets.

They were situations when she'd been in distress. However, she always had a strange assurance that the problems would eventually pass. It was an odd faith, believing nothing could harm her.

Funnily enough, she was never truly disappointed. Despite the unrealistic situation in which her brother was trapped in the game, calmness sank deep into her heart. Why...?

Yiyu thought about it. If she looked into her heart, she would someday reach the source of the emotion. She wondered about it idly and suddenly realized... It was because he was her brother. He had always stood behind her.

Her brother, Jung Ian, had never disappointed her. Whenever she experienced difficulties, Ian had always come up with an answer. Her faith was irrational, but Ian had always responded to her expectations. Therefore, that blindness was natural. He had always given her a future.

It was the same now. Even in this surreal situation, she believed that Ian would come back without any hesitation. How?

“How can I doubt him?”

How could her brother, Jung Ian, always be so constant? Yiyu rose from her seat and walked to Ian’s room. Ian was breathing deeply, like he was asleep. How was he coping with the situation in Elder Lord?

Yiyu didn’t panic. She looked around the room. Ian was like a soldier, prepared to leave at any time. Knowing this, she swept a hand around on his desk and suddenly opened a drawer. There were a few letters inside the drawer.

They were letters from a foreign country. Both the address and sender were in English. She removed the letters and read their contents. They had been sent from his old comrades. The letters contained stories which she couldn’t understand.

‘Raven.’ That’s what they called Ian. There was one type of message repeated in their rambling messages.

[Thank you.]

[I’m still alive thanks to you.]

[I will repay the favor.]

He had saved others even while his life had been at risk. How could her brother keep doing that? It wasn't simply because he'd learned martial arts. Ian was strong and always sacrificed himself for everyone else.

Yiyu recalled one fact. It was a fact that she hadn't allowed to enter her consciousness. She and her brother weren't related by blood. Ian didn't know that she knew. She had happened to hear it while living at her relative's house.

Why was Jung Ian so devoted to her, when they weren't even related by blood? ...And why did she take it for granted?

"I don't know..." Yiyu sighed. She looked up at the ceiling. It was a plain white. She stared at it quietly, letting her confused mind turn into a sheet of white. However, an answer didn't emerge.

Instead, Yiyu decided to ask when Ian came back.

Baek Hanho searched up 'Crockta' on the Internet. He scanned through countless pieces of information and found Crockta's latest move. Crockta, along with his companions, were heading toward the grey god in the north.

"You..." Baek Hanho leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. He remembered when he first met Jung Ian.

"Hey Kid, are you fighting?" He actually spoke to Ian for another reason.

At the time, the small Jung Ian was dragging the body of a dead dog. The destination was a flowerbed. He didn't stop his feet while he thought about burying the body somewhere.

"Are you struggling?"

"....."

Ian shook his head regardless of whether he was struggling or

not. Baek Hanho smiled and followed the little boy.

“Kid. What are you doing now?” Baek Hanho asked.

Then Ian answered bluntly, “I’m going to bury the dog.”

“Did you kill it?”

“Nope. It was already dead.”

“Then why are you doing this?”

It wasn’t a child’s responsibility to get rid of the bodies of dead animals. So, Ian’s reply was unexpected. “Somebody has to.”

Ian didn’t have to be that someone, but this kid said it was what he had to do. As Ian dropped the dog’s body and started digging, Baek Hanho wondered what type of brain this kid had. So, he just watched from behind.

The little boy placed the dog’s body into the flower bed and dusted off his hands. It was a face which seemed to express that this situation wasn’t serious.

Baek Hanho said, “Kid.”

“Yes,” the little boy responded.

“What is your name?”

“Jung Ian.”

“Ian...” It was a good name. “What are you most worried about now?”

“Worried?”

“Yes. I’ll resolve it for you.”

“Mister can’t do that.”

“Tell me. I can help you.”

Ian looked at Baek Hanho and opened his mouth. “I have a little sister...”

“What about her?”

“I don’t know how to protect my sister.”

“.....”

“I am her older brother, so I have to protect her for the rest of her life.”

Baek Hanho was speechless for a moment.

He learned a secret killing technique. His mentor had always said, ‘The successor of this martial art should be someone with a righteous mind and is able to understand the burden of responsibility. Such a mind is so rare that it is like a precious gem.’

“Kid, did you say you were called Ian?”

“Yes.”

“I will let you know what you should do to protect your sister.”

Ian’s expression was one of confusion. Baek Hanho smiled and looked at the kid who would become his disciple.

“Well, it doesn’t shine yet.”

That day, he had found the gem his teacher had talked about. The disciple had been young, but the tempering of his nature was already complete. Therefore, Baek Hanho had done his best to teach the martial art without breaking that straight mind.

His disciple, Ian, had always met his expectations.

...Just like now.

“Fighting...”

Baek Hanho knew about the present situation in detail. He had also traveled around the world in his youth and used the relationships he’d developed to learn the truth that the government wanted to hide.

Albino had already been dismantled. The interior had been exposed using a laser cutting machine. However, after that...

It was empty. Albino, which they believed to be the core system,

was just an empty sphere. No one could tell how Elder Lord was being maintained and why people weren't waking up. There was nothing to study, so even the best experts couldn't find anything. The incident was close to a supernatural phenomenon.

There was only one informal solution. As the system said, it was to defeat the grey god. They didn't know Albino's identity, if it was an artificial intelligence or something else. However, Albino never lied.

Therefore, the last quest window which popped up must be true. That was the only method they could think of.

"You've done it before."

Ian was moving towards this unique path. Elder Lord's strongest warrior, Crockta...

Baek Hanho closed his eyes. He hadn't worried much back when Ian became a mercenary in a conflict zone through his introduction. Now looking back, it was a strange thing. No matter how talented Ian was, he was a man who would die if stabbed or shot. However, Baek Hanho always believed that Ian would return.

Ian was such a person. He had always responded to the faith others placed in him.

"I don't want to raise a new disciple at this age..." Baek Hanho muttered and closed the Internet window.

When Ian came back, Baek Hanho would urge him to quickly take on a disciple.

Han Yeori felt restless. She didn't know much about games, but the whole world was in a state of confusion due to Elder Lord. Additionally, the boss hadn't appeared for a while.

According to Ian's sister, Ian had left Korea for a while due to an urgent matter. However, Ian wasn't the type to disappear without

saying anything. Ian had recently told her that he was playing Elder Lord, so she might be caught in this situation. However, she shook her head. Han Yeori comforted herself by saying it wasn't possible.

“Unni. It is good to have no customers,” Yoo Sooyeon said with a laugh.

Han Yeori smiled. “Yes.”

“I wish it was usually like this.”

Then the door opened. The two chatting employees straightened their backs and greeted the customer, “Welcome. This is Cafe Reason.”

It was a man with tanned skin and wearing sunglasses on his head. He walked towards the counter of the cafe and said, “The store is cute.”

“Haha, thank you.”

“That isn't necessary. Girl, you aren't the boss. Where is he?”

“Ah... Boss-nim isn't here at the moment...”

“Indeed, I asked for no reason.” The man seemed to know Ian well.

“The boss...” He glanced at Han Yeori's name tag and said, “He praises you quite a lot. Apparently, you make good coffee.”

“Really?”

“Yes. So, could you make me a cup of coffee? A delicious one.”

“What would you like?”

“You can pick. I don't know about coffee.”

The man sat down in the middle of the cafe and looked around, getting a feel of the atmosphere. Once the coffee was made, he went to pick it up and asked Han Yeori, “Girl, how is the boss here?”

“Huh?”

“What type of person is he?”

“Shouldn’t you know?”

“I know. That is why I am asking.”

“Uh...” Han Yeori was confused by this person. Then she thought about it. What type of person was Ian?

She remembered the first time she met him. Cafe Reason hadn’t advertised on the Internet. There had just been a sign saying, ‘Help Wanted,’ on the window of the store. At that time, Han Yeori had been experiencing various difficulties. So, when she saw the sign, she had opened the cafe door desperately.

It had a shabby interior and felt like it would fall apart at any moment. However, there was a man with a kind smile inside. When she said she had come in for the part-time job, he had immediately prepared a seat for her. They had sat facing each other in silence for a while.

At the end of the silence, he had asked, “Do you have a good smile?”

It was a sudden question, so Han Yeori answered bluntly, “Yes!”

Then she gave a big smile, the greatest smile she could make. Ian stared at her grinning face and replied, “I accept.”

That had been it. Han Yeori had stared blankly for a while after hearing she had gotten accepted. However, it hadn’t been because she was thrilled by the unexpected job. It had been due to the look in Ian’s eyes when he laughed.

That had been her first meeting with him. Han Yeori finished thinking about it and looked at the customer in front of her.

“Boss-nim...”

When she could hardly speak, the man spoke again, “Is he a good person?”

“Yes, he is. Really.” There was no word more appropriate than that. Han Yeori smiled and nodded. “A good person.”

“I think so as well.” The man sipped the coffee and said, “This coffee is really delicious. Thank you. I hope the boss comes back soon. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes...” Han Yeori stopped for a moment as she thought about Ian. What was he doing now?

Somehow, Ian’s uncomfortable expression came to mind. She said with a smile, “I wish he will return quickly.”

Chapter 217 – Tumult (3)

The users remaining in Elder Lord gathered in the safety zone of each city, according to government orders. The broadcasters who connected reality to Elder Lord became envoys of the government. They received a small reward for cooperating with the government.

At first, there was a lot of confusion. But once the situation settled down, the users showed their usual behavior patterns. Fortunately, there were many high-level users left, so it was easy to solve the problem of food for survival.

“What are the government people doing?”

“They should do their work properly. But the Elsaco people are worse. Making a game like this...”

A user’s voice trailed off into silence. The world of Elder Lord was just too realistic. They had stayed here for so long that they were confused about whether they were playing a game, or if they were really part of this world.

“Aren’t we really NPCs and aren’t the other memories a lie? If our brains...”

This was like an SF novel.

“Anyway, I don’t have to go to work.”

“Yes. Should we thank the grey god?”

“Stop talking nonsense. We don’t know when this situation will end so saying that...”

“It is a joke. Who would actually think that?”

“Good. I hope everyone feels comfortable. I will go and eat now.”

“Eat? You’re going to eat at a time like this?”

“We’re not in elementary school... we need to take care of our

own food. Don't worry, I'll come back."

"Are you going alone?"

"I have a brother who is treating me. Ah, is your level low?"

"Well, I am relatively new."

There were disputes relating to the levels and assets of Elder Lord. The low-level users were frightened and stayed in tents while the high-level users continued their activities and enjoyed various luxuries. In order to control them, the rankers and those connected to reality were busy.

"Shouldn't we say something?"

"Leave it alone," Rommel said as he watched the spectacle. "We can't control everyone. It will be up to them if there is a problem."

The world of Elder Lord was different from reality, as it was a place where they could die from a sword or through an accident. Now that this situation was happening, the penalty was 'death' itself. He needed to take care of himself.

"What are those outside saying?"

"It is all the same. The experts are analyzing this. I'm tired of them not saying anything."

"....."

Rommel felt anxious. Efforts had been at a standstill for a long time. When thinking of the time difference between the reality and Elder Lord, it had been at least a week. Nevertheless, there was no news from outside. They repeated the same thing from the beginning until now.

"Let's go see the mayor again."

"Ah, I'll call a few more people to come along."

"It's okay. I'll go alone. I can protect my body. There will be no problems."

“Will you be okay?”

“Don’t worry.”

Rommel left the ‘user village’. They were trapped here, while the world of Elder Lord was still flowing on. The outside demanded information, so Rommel often left to figure it out. Rommel, who was famous as a genius leader, was well known among the NPCs and was well suited to collecting information. Appalachia’s mayor was familiar with Rommel, so after the situation occurred, Rommel often met him in order to talk.

Rommel’s face brightened as he greeted a familiar guard. The mayor welcomed Rommel into the reception room.

“Ohh, Rommel! You came again, it is such a pleasure. What brings you here today?”

“I just wanted to thank you. I really appreciate you arranging a spot for us on the outskirts of the city. Everybody is doing well thanks to you.”

“Hahaha, it is nothing. This matter involves all those cursed by the stars. In particular, the era now...we should help each other.” He stroked his mustache and said, “Well, I suppose you are wondering about the grey god.”

“That isn’t necessarily the case.”

“Haha, there is no need to act like that. I will tell you that the strongest people are gathered and heading north to stop the grey god. But they are currently experiencing obstacles.”

“Obstacles...?”

“The demons, whom we thought had disappeared, have revived and are attacking them. Furthermore, they are supported by the power of the grey god, so it will take some time. Well...” The mayor smiled. “All the gods are with us. There won’t be any problems.”

‘All the gods teamed up, but they didn’t win against the orcs.’

Rommel swallowed back his thoughts. Those powerful orcs were now allies. Furthermore, all of the species from the north and the continent had joined forces with the gods.

“What is the grey god?”

“We don’t know very well. An ancient god who fell due to the gods a long time ago... I don’t know why, but she wants to destroy this world and has somehow appeared again. Hah.”

This was already known information. It wasn’t just Appalachia. Users gathered in cities like Maillard, Arnin and those in the empire and collected similar information. If game logic held up, the only way to save themselves was to dispose of the grey god.

If the grey god won, the world would perish and all lives in Elder Lord would be wiped out. The users would also die. Death in Elder Lord would lead to death in reality. They had goosebumps thinking about it. It was a terrible quest.

The distressed Rommel asked, “Then should an army be sent? A great number of orcs and expedition members were wiped out...”

“It is said that the demons can’t be defeated in a conventional manner. Any ordinary people would die straight away, so they would just be a hindrance...”

“Is there no time limit until the grey god destroys the world?”

“I don’t know. It is said that the grey god is gradually using her magic, but I don’t know how long it will take.”

At that moment. Something appeared in front of Rommel’s eyes.

A system message.

[The last quest.]

[The grey god is still alive. The power of the grey god is increasing rapidly. The world is heading towards a new beginning. I am sorry to all of you, but with your sacrifice, the universe can be

conceived again.]

[D-7 until the destruction of the world.]

[In one week, at sunrise, the world will perish.]

Rommel was speechless for a moment. The mayor didn't know anything and just smiled.

“In any case, don't worry so much. Isn't Crockta there?”

The dedicated cameraman for Undergames Channel in Elder Lord, Polaroid grabbed his head. His broadcast program was shown on the Undergames Channel. It was now being used to talk to the government officials.

However, he received a secret proposal not long ago.

「Sanghyun.」

「If this succeeds, it will be a jackpot. You will sit on a pile of money. 」

「We will deal with any problems. 」

While the government officials were away, the Undergames Channel asked him something. Go to the north and relay the battle between the gods and the grey god. Of course, his life would be at risk. However, if successful, the world would be thrilled by the best video. A fight with the lives of everyone in the world on the line. The expedition battle couldn't be compared to the 'true war of the gods.'

The director tried to convince him by saying it would be the greatest broadcast since ELder Lord began.

「Sanghyun, we have to hurry. Do you think we are the only ones doing this? BJs from other broadcasting networks will be trying to sneak in through the backdoor. It isn't known, but I'm sure there are some people who are already going. Don't you know that BJs aren't sane? If you don't go, then you will miss the jackpot.」

Polaroid closed his eyes. His life was at stake. When he was relaying wars, he was caught up in the terrible battle and died several times. At that time, he could be brave then because he wouldn't receive any penalties when dying. But now his death meant death in reality; money and fame was worth nothing compared to his life.

He had a wife and child. It was a honeymoon. When his wife had handed him his newborn daughter with a haggard face, he had cried in front of his wife for the first time. It was an overwhelming feeling he had never felt before.

For them, he couldn't die.

"I'm sorry. I..."

At that moment.

[The last quest.]

[The grey god is still alive. The power of the grey god is increasing rapidly. The world is heading towards a new beginning. I am sorry to all of you, but with your sacrifice, the universe can be conceived again.]

[D-7 until the destruction of the world.]

[In one week, at sunrise, the world will perish.]

Polaroid froze after reading the system messages. The director he was talking with also fell silent. Polaroid was silent for a while. Some time passed before the director spoke again.

[Sanghyun. I'm sorry to say this to you.]

「The government doesn't have a method. There was nothing inside Albino. Right now, no one has any idea how the game works. Experts? They don't know anything. Some people say that this is a paranormal phenomenon. All governments in the world are keeping this a secret.」

「So, Sanghyun.」

Polaroid blankly listened to the words.

「You understand this time right? I will take care of your family. There is no need to worry about them. The best thing is for you to come back alive...but they will never encounter any problems.」

The director sighed before continuing.

「I will make sure that your wife and daughter live comfortably for the rest of their lives. I know this might be rubbish but honestly, if you don't do the broadcast and just die, I can't help you. Government compensation? How do you think it will go? Do you understand? There aren't just one or two trapped people. It varies from unit to unit. The compensation won't be good if you don't do this. Roughly speaking....」

“I understand.” Polaroid interrupted. “I'll understand. I'll go and broadcast it.”

The director didn't answer.

Polaroid looked at his hands for a moment. They were shaking. He blinked once before standing up.

「I'm sorry. I'll come back later.」

He ignored the director's words and put on his equipment. Outside was already a mess. The system messages had just been sent to the users. There were loud shouts and questions directed towards the government and the Elder Saga Corporation.

Polaroid hid. If he were caught, he would be forced to stay here. However, this was the only place where he could get outside the village.

No, there was one more. Someone was standing next to him.

“You...”

Youvidser Laney. Laney had concealed her trail and settled in the user village at Appalachia. It seemed that she had done her own investigation. She ignored the words from the government

officials. She showed herself now.

“I heard it all.” She said. “Shall we go?”

Polaroid looked at her. Her face was stiff. But her eyes were firm as she thought about the countdown to their deaths.

She said, “Let’s go together.”

“Huh...?”

“Let’s go together. It will be tough with you alone.”

“You, why...”

“I know. There is no solution in reality. If it is a crisis where I will die anyway, I would rather make a gamble.” Laney grinned. “And, there is a man I really want to see.”

Polaroid knew who that person was. The one Laney persistently strived after. The indomitable person who never yielded. The great warrior who confronted the empire alone, and who dueled against a god to save his own people. An NPC, but his name was enough to heat up the chests of any user in Elder Lord.

Orc Warrior Crockta. He was there.

“Indeed.”

Polaroid smiled faintly. It was the first smile since this incident occurred. He was a member of Elder Lord’s broadcasting system. He knew as much about Crockta as she died. During the battle against the expedition forces, all videos had been on him.

When Polaroid thought about Crockta, a vague hope rose in his heart.

He was such a person. Hope and faith. He was always on the battlefield where defeat was confirmed, and he created victories in impossible places. Now he was on their side. Whether he knew it or not, Crockta was fighting for their lives. The greatest warrior was their ally.

“Let’s go watch it. The orc will beat her.”

Laney held out her hand. Polaroid approached and grabbed her hand. Laney used a skill. Their appearance gradually blurred.

When people opened the door roughly, there was nobody in the room.

Chapter 218 – A Road Has No Gate (1)

Crockta rode through the night towards the north. By his side was Gordon.

“I didn’t know there would be someone like you.”

“It is the same for me.”

Gordon, who had told Crockta to go to the Temple of the Fallen God. Those words were the beginning of everything. Now, they met again just before the grey god was about to destroy the world.

He garnered information through the dialogue with Gordon. There was one key. Kill the grey god. Otherwise, they would die. However, the grey god’s intentions weren’t fully understood yet. It was the same for Gordon.

Her decision, only someone who faced the end of the universe would be able to sympathize with the grey god.

“Is Yoo Jaehan doing well?”

“He is living like a playboy.”

Gordon was the one who created the game ‘Elder Lord’ with Yoo Jaehan. But Elder Lord wasn’t a game. It was a type of ‘avatar’ the connected the people of Earth to another world. The power of the grey god made it possible.

In the past, a white girl came to Gordon and Yoo Jaehan, and she called herself a god from another world. They thought she was a madman, but they were convinced after she used her power. They acknowledged that she was a god. Then a new world opened.

She promised to answer the topic they wanted.

“Entropy reversal, it is difficult.”

“Think of it as the lifespan of the universe. While it might take a long time, it will someday happen. The end of the universe.”

“When will that be?”

“A very long time away. Eternity in the near future.”

“You were struggling with that?”

“That’s right, along with Yoo Jaehan as well. Geniuses are a little different. It is funny that I am saying this myself.” Gordon chuckled slightly and asked, “Do you think the end won’t come?”

“That isn’t it. After billions of years...”

“Look at the sky.”

Crockta looked up.

It was a beautiful sight, something that he had never seen on Earth. The stars were embroidering a black curtain around the moon, and was so vivid that the universe was a brilliant river across the sky. But now he knew that this was a fake sky.

“The real sky of Elder Lord is dark, and is made up of just one lonely moon. It is different from the smog-filled sky on Earth.”

“.....”

“The end is near. That is this world.”

While moving through the swamp in the great forest, Crockta met the unidentified demon called ‘Abaddon.’ He told Crockta this story. This world’s sky was a lie, with only the sun remaining. Abaddon was then summoned by the grey god and Crockta didn’t hear any more details, but the context was in line with Gordon’s words.

In other words,

“All the stars in this universe are cold. The sun here is the last source of heat, and this planet is the final civilization.”

The last civilization to witness the end of the universe. It was this continent of Elder Lord.

“She is going to reverse entropy with the last of her strength.

Turn the worlds back. She is trying to bring it back to its original state, even if she has to destroy this existing world.”

It was hard to believe. It was a power close to ‘creation.’

“The stars have cooled down and it was only realized when the star god died. I don’t know the details.”

“Then why is the grey god in such a rush?”

“She can’t let this opportunity pass. She will lack the power to restart the universe. In the first place, the original plan was unlikely to succeed.” Gordon stared straight at Crockta. “But it was you who made it possible.”

“Me?”

“Yes.”

Gordon looked back for a moment. Behind them were countless gods, orcs and other species who had hastily joined. They gathered to stop the grey god.

“Are there any users here?”

“We are the only ones.”

“If you look at it, I’m not a user. So it is only you.”

“.....”

“Reaching the target achievement points in time is close to impossible. The achievement points are actually the power of interference between dimensions.”

“Interference power?”

“As users have a stronger influence on the world, the net between the two worlds gets smaller. It is like piercing the net with an awl and shaking it to make a hole. Small human souls are able to pass with her power, but the net was too dense for her to return. So she used the game to try and make a large enough hole for her. That is the justification for the achievement points.”

He sighed.

“Then you showed up. It seemed impossible, but you managed to complete impossible achievements. Then you defeated the war god. A hole that the grey god could pass through was created.”

“That...”

“Who would have imagined? A user from another dimension was able to defeat a god.”

Crockta bit his lip. He played the game to save people and ended up helping the grey god. His chest became heavy. He might not have intended it, but as Gordon said, Crockta held the biggest responsibility for this.

“So that is what happened. The grey god is afraid of the eternal death of this universe, so she will destroy this world to postpone the end. Even if the universe lives again for a long time, the end still can't be avoided.”

Crockta asked, “I know. But why did you come here?”

“Me?” Gordon shrugged. “I just wanted to see it.”

“What?”

“A different world. And the rewinding of entropy.”

Crockta looked at his face. The expression was somehow similar to the grey god.

“I became so immersed in this concept that my life had become meaningless. Anyway, the future is fixed. So I volunteered when the grey god said she would send someone here as a trial. I was also curious. But when I came here and saw this world...”

He pointed to his clothing. Inside the robe was worn out clothing.

“Unlike when I was stuck at a desk on Earth, I wandered around and looked at people... Somehow...”

“Somehow?”

“No matter what the future is, it doesn’t seem right to remove all the lives that are breathing now.”

Crockta smiled. Gordon was like Crockta. At first, Crockta thought it was a game, but he became an orc warrior, living and fighting with the people of this world. Gordon knew from the beginning that this world wasn’t a game, so he would’ve thought more deeply about it.

Crockta said, “This is all because of me, not you and Yoo Jaehan.”

“I have nothing to say.”

“So that is why you are accompanying me now?”

He looked up at the white sphere floating in the sky. The grey god was there. She was carrying out a spell to destroy the world at the Temple of the Fallen God. Crockta could feel the world’s magic power being sucked into there.

Gordon chuckled in a low voice. “Yes.”

“Then the people who caused the problem should solve it.”

“Of course.”

Gordon stopped walking. Something stood in front of them.

It was an unknown shape. It was like a human when he first saw it, but when he looked again, it was a bizarre monster, and then a winged animal. Its height increased and decreased. It became fat and then skinny.

The darkness continued to grow and mature in front of their eyes. A familiar energy was coming from it, the smell of the grey god. However, it was darker and more evil, emitting a strange sensation that sent a chill down his spine.

Demon. The fallen species that followed the grey god.

Crockta muttered, "So this is why people call them demons."

He had met with a few demons. However, he couldn't figure why they were called demons, since in his experience, they were rather friendly. However, these were their true colors.

"You suffered coming here." The demon laughed, which spread to the gods behind Crockta. The sound was strange and shook their ears. "Before you go any further, I want to say something."

It was a strange sensation that tickled the brain through the eardrums.

It whispered, "Why are you trying to stop the grey god?"

It was a strange situation. An oddly shaped figure stood blocking the gods and mortals advancing towards the north.

Everyone listened to its voice like they were spellbound.

"If you don't know her will, how could you put a sword through her? The world is falling. It is dying. The saints and evildoers will return to the sky, and both time and space would return to nothing. War God, have you weighed the pros and cons of this? In the end, it will be the same. Goddess of Mercy, do you love the warmth of the people who warm up this lonely world? The warmth of people will never match the original. Magic and divinity will be swallowed up by the darkness. In the end, only darkness will be left. The world is moving slowly but surely to that end. We have no hope. Just despair, a despair that is greater than all of you. But for the world, we have to carry it on our shoulders."

His voice was being projected to them as an idea, not a language. This was the grey god's absolute power, 'perception change.' The power to shake the hearts of the enemy.

"The world is perishing. It is still perishing now. All of us know it."

Some people flinched. It was especially true for the mortals of each species who didn't know the true purpose of the grey god.

"We believe that we return to the dirt when we die. Worms will be eaten by beasts, then the beast will be eaten by another beast. This is the world. We become ashes that return to the ground, and the rest of the world. However."

It giggled again.

"Destruction is coming. There will be nothing left. Absolute ruin. An eternal emptiness. A universe that will be cold forever. It is approaching. We want to prevent it. We want to continue the cycle of life in this world. Everyone."

The demon took one step, two steps. It stood in front of Crockta and Gordon. Now it took the appearance of a beautiful young man in a suit.

He asked the two of them, "Do you love this world?"

His eyes turned towards Crockta.

"Crockta, Crockta. Northern Conqueror. Empire's Deficit. The hero Crockta, who always protects the weak. I'll ask you one thing. Do you want to destroy the world? Do you come here to kill the mother and drop this world directly into hell?"

His words weren't wrong. According to Gordon, the grey god wanted to reverse this universe's destruction by sacrificing this world. In the process, the lives here would disappear. However, her answer might be correct. That was the fate of the universe.

Crockta asked, "What is your name?"

"Huhu, you seem interested in me. I asked you questions but you didn't answer. My name is Dantalian. Mother is someone who genuinely cares about the world."

"Dantalian... a nice name."

"Thank you. But my name is nothing compared to the great hero

Crockta. Now Crockta, what do you think about my questions? I'm not here to fight. If you answer, I will withdraw. " He spread open his arms. "Everybody can think about it slowly..."

"I will answer on behalf of everyone."

Crockta interrupted his words. Dantalian raised his eyebrows.

"Ah, why is Crockta...?"

"You're too talkative."

"Huh?"

"Be careful."

A ray of light broke through the air. Dantalian's neck was cut.

" A road has no gate."

The last fire burned his body. The silver tongue that mislead them was burned. His eyes were wide with confusion, like he couldn't believe it. Crockta removed Dantalian and roared in the direction of the grey god.

"Don't use such tricksssss———!"

It was towards the pillar surrounding the Temple of the Fallen God. Crockta placed God Slayer on the ground. Then he looked back. People were recovering from Dantalian's power. Crockta gazed at them with blazing eyes.

"Don't be mislead by nonsense. The road we are on is given to us. Kill. Or be killed. There is no other exit. Keep this in mind."

Crockta started to walk alone towards the Temple of the Fallen God. Gordon followed. Then the gods followed. The army moved. With Crockta at the forefront, everyone headed towards the final battle again.

This was a fight regarding the destiny of the world. There was no right way. The winner would be right.

Chapter 219 – A Road Has No Gate (2)

There was a strong barrier around the Temple of the Fallen God, where the grey god had descended. It was impossible for them to even approach. The army that gathered to stop her were blocked by the wall.

Crockta and the gods brandished their weapons in an attempt to crack it. But no matter what attacks they poured out, the grey god's barrier blocked their way. Time passed. One minute, one second, it was counting down towards the world's resurrection.

"This barrier can't be overcome by physical force."

The goddess of magic declared after examining the barrier. The gods were still stuck in the flesh of humans. Their bodies were maintaining the world, so they had to borrow the bodies of mortals.

Therefore, their divinity was weak compared to the grey god who descended to the ground.

"If I had my full power then I could crack it, but there is nothing I can do now. I don't know how to disrupt that power. It is another dimension altogether. What knowledge has she gained in the meantime...?"

"Kuaaaaah! Do it somehow, gods! Grrung!"

Kumarak angrily wielded his giant axe. He swung it a few times at the barrier, but it was fine.

"Dammit!"

Kumarak wielded Mountain Slasher again. There was an explosion. However, there was still no dent on the barrier. Everyone started murmuring.

"Time is running out."

"Find a way..."

They removed the mysterious demon Dantalian. However, they encountered the barrier immediately after. Crockta glared at the white sphere within the barrier. This was the magic spell that would bring this world to destruction.

“I don’t have time for this.”

Crockta grabbed God Slayer and slammed it towards the barrier. Kang. The wall remained steadfast. According to the goddess of magic, she lacked the power and divinity to open this, as well as the knowledge. The grey god fell to earth and learned from the science there. Thanks to that, she could create this type of barrier.

Time flowed.

Crockta frowned. He couldn’t see the way. Someone spoke from behind him.

“We have to hurry.”

The sun went down and rose again. Time passed. They couldn’t find the answer. The white sphere of pure destruction was gradually filling up the sky.

“There isn’t much time left.”

The calm gods started to gradually lose their composure. Kumarak was banging on the barrier like crazy, and the other orcs rushed with their weapons. There were those who punched wildly until they collapsed from their injuries.

“Out of the wayyyyyyy!”

Fireballs started to fall from the sky. It was the goddess of magic’s ultimate magic that wiped out the orcs, Meteor Shower. Meteors poured towards the barrier. Flames and debris scattered. The earth shook every time a meteor crashed into the barrier. It was tremendous damage that would wipe out a few cities without a trace.

The flames diminished and the barrier appeared again. It was fine.

“Shit!”

Even the goddess of magic cursed. The army, which had fallen down from the aftermath of Meteor Shower, rose and peered through the dust. They gazed at the still intact translucent wall and felt despair.

“Unbelievable...”

“We are stuck like this and can’t even fight properly.”

The next one to try was the war god. The war god emitted powerful flames from his own body. He became a huge giant, like when he dealt the final blow to Crockta. He raised his greatsword.

“Ohhhhhh!”

The war god roared with his entire body and swung his sword. There was a dent in the wall. All those watching formed fists. For the first time, the barrier was damaged. The war god swung with all his power once again.

“Ohhhhhhhhhh!”

The blade pierced through the barrier. Everybody cheered.

However.

“Kuaaaaahhhhh!”

The war god was shocked by something and thrown out. His sword flew through the air and his huge body crashed towards the ground. There was a huge vibration as he hit the ground. All the people here were talented, so no one was hurt or injured. However, everyone was shocked by the damage to the war god.

“This can’t...”

While the war god was wounded, the barrier recovered, as if nothing had happened. It went back to its original state of blocking

them.

Impregnable.

“Everything is going according to the grey god’s will.” Crockta sighed.

Time passed again.

The gods and mortals rushed with their weapons towards the barrier. But there was still no change. There were occasions where it seemed damaged by a powerful attack, but they were all bounced off, just like the war god. Everybody was beaten by the barrier.

Thus, the time of anger passed. Then came the despair. After that, it was resignation.

The last sunrise was gradually approaching.

“It can’t be helped.” Crockta closed his eyes.

More time passed. They did everything they could. In the end, they couldn’t pass the barrier. The sunrise that the grey god warned them about had arrived. Its light was sweeping away the darkness on the horizon.

“Everyone did their best,” said the war god. “It can’t be helped. The grey god has her own beliefs, and she won with them.”

Everyone breathed deeply as they stared at the sun driving away the darkness. It was the same for Crockta. Numerous thoughts passed through his head.

“Tiyo. Anor.”

He called his two companions. They stood beside Crockta. They stood next to each other and watched the sun come up. The last thing they would see. It was beautiful.

“I enjoyed our time together.” Crockta smiled at Tiyo and Anor.

“Likewise dot. I met Crockta and saw many exciting things. I have no regrets dot!”

“Without the two of you, I would’ve remained in that village, unchanged. Thank you. You should’ve come to me a little quicker. Hahaha, shit.”

They stood shoulder to shoulder. Finally, they looked at the sun together. It was gorgeous. The sun. It was the last thing they saw.

Within. The world was crumbling. The vast landscape of the universe. Only darkness, darkness, and darkness. An infinite nothingness with no light or heat continued to unfold. Elder Lord’s sun turned to dust, and that dust rendered into smaller particles, tiny invisible embers. The once great sun was reduced to a handful of ashes that floated in the endless void.

However, that handful of ashes glowed incandescently. It sucked in the planet. Elder Lord was easy to swallow. A vast universe filled with white. The magic that the grey god accomplished condensed time and space to a single point.

Entropy was reversed. The scattered chaos was aimed at one point. The universe condensed towards the beginning. There was Crockta in it, Tiyo and Anor as well. All the gods, all life in the universe, they died.

The things that were once living and the things that cooled down to an eternal death all converged towards a single point. There was no time or space; there was only a point. That was it. Since time didn’t exist, it was pointless to determine how long the process took.

The point was there. An explosion. Time and space poured out. Substances propagated.

The void, where nothing existed, was erased as darkness started to cover it. Heat filled the darkness, which then turned into light that pushed away the darkness. There was now power and heat. Then, the laws that made up the world were put together.

The fire of the first sun was kindled. Within the vast universe,

one or two bulbs of light, new stars, turned on. The planets were then gathered and placed in their orbits. Numerous galaxies emerged.

And there, somewhere. It was the first sign of life. At first, it was just made up of extremely crude organic matter. However, after a long time passed, in the middle of a new galaxy that was created, was life.

Life replicated and spread, conceiving other lives on the planet. In time that didn't stop, a myriad of species spread. And within, the first flower in the universe was born. The petals opened, pointing towards the sun.

'That is the beginning.' Someone spoke. 'Life will yet again spread throughout this universe. That flower will sprinkle seeds, and one day, life will rise on top of the flowers. So the cycle of life will restart.'

A vast universe on the brink of destruction. The newly born universe was brilliant. New life was born in this vast space. They will soon become equipped with intellect, creating civilizations, eating, praying and loving again, just like the past world. The end would come again someday, but until then, they would eat, pray and love.

'What?'

And Crockta saw all of this. He saw what the grey god really feared, and the new cycle of life that she wanted to achieve. It was beautiful.

'The universe that would've slept forever has warmed up again. Isn't it beautiful?' asked the voice.

Crockta knelt down in front of the first flower that was born. He touched it. It was beautiful.

'Beautiful.'

'It is. Really good.'

‘But in this world,’ continued Crockta, ‘There is no one to receive this flower.’

Crockta shook his head and said, ‘I don’t want this.’

‘It would’ve sunk forever.’

‘I don’t care.’

‘You are too naive.’

‘Yes, but that is a good thing.’

Crockta remembered the world. There were too many things that couldn’t be lost. Yes, Tiyo and Anor came to mind. They had been handed over to death. His always reliable friends. They were more precious than this new world.

Then he remembered all the people he had met and formed relationships with.

The beginning was Orcrox and the orc farmer, Grant. Crockta learned a lot from him. Crockta protected Thompson’s family with Hoyt and carried out his revenge with Jeremy, a delightful friend. From the people of Arnin, the villains of Maillard, Quantes, the Great Clan in the north, the fight with the empire in the far south, the great forest, and the mix of orc warriors that he fought the gods with, all of them were living there.

More than anything else,

‘I have a place to go back to.’

For that. This grandiose plan had no value for him. Crockta trampled on the first flower. It was fleeting.

Crockta said to the voice, ‘So help me, Antuak.’

In front of him stood the shaman Antuak.

‘I see.’

‘Yes. You must have something more important to you than the cycle of the universe.’ Crockta said.

‘Me?’

‘That’s right.’

‘Ah...yes. Me too,’ Antuak smiled and said, ‘I also have that type of person. This world can’t be over.’

‘So help me. I will stop the grey god.’

‘Are you alive?’

‘Of course.’

‘An immature apprentice warrior has become a great warrior.’

He waved his staff. An unknown power flowed from the body of the great shaman, Antuak.

Gradually, time began to rewind.

Crockta and Antuak were erased. Life disappeared, the first bits of organic matter retreated into the dirt, and the universe once again became a handful of sparks. It was turned back and the universe was restored to the state before the initial explosion.

‘Please stop the grey god. I have something I want to do in this world,’ Antuak pleaded.

‘What is it?’

‘I have to...’

There was one point. It revived the universe of the past.

‘Wake my wife Aruna, and give her a flower.’

Someone spoke from behind him, “We have to hurry.”

Crockta opened his eyes.

They had just arrived here. The goddess of magic explained about the construction of the barrier and Kumarak was swinging his axe.

Crockta looked back. There was no one there. What had he just seen?

Then a welcome voice was heard, “The barrier has disappeared!”

“How is that possible? Who?”

“The power is gone! Go inside!”

The crowd cheered. Crockta turned his head towards the cheering. The barrier was slowly fading, allowing the gods and warriors to pass through it. Crockta also entered the dark territory of the grey god.

“There is no way. Who the hell... this is a sophisticated spell filled with the power of time and space...who is it?”

Only the goddess of magic stood in the spot where the barrier had disappeared. However, they were lacking time. There was no time to investigate this phenomenon or who caused it. They entered the barrier.

The power of the grey god felt stronger in her domain, causing everyone to shiver in anxiety. They had to fight against this enemy. Crockta’s hands also tensed up. Suddenly, Crockta looked back.

“.....!”

He saw a familiar face in the distance: the shaman Antuak was looking at him with an exhausted face. Indeed, it was him. In the past, Antuak showed Crockta the future and asked him questions. When Crockta answered him, he directly neutralized the barrier.

Their eyes met. Without any strength, he waved his staff at Crockta.

Protect this world and return to Earth. Only then Antuak could give Aruna a flower.

Crockta headed towards the grey god.

Chapter 220 – A Road Has No Gate (3)

The battle began abruptly. There was a bombardment from the sky from shells filled with the grey god's energy. The shells poured down without end, causing explosions everywhere. From there, strange, amorphous monsters with the power of the grey god appeared. They were similar to the demons that Tashaquil had summoned in the past.

“They are the remnants of the demons,” the war god explained as he pointed his sword at the monsters.

“The influence of the grey god is too strong here. Our strength can't be exercised properly. Shit. This is the power of the grey god...”

“Is there no way?”

“Then the world will collapse.”

“It is difficult.”

In order to protect the world, the gods had to support it with their power. Meanwhile, the grey god wanted to destroy the world to start it again. For them, it was an unfair fight. The grey god used her strength without caring about the balance of the world. The gods used magic and divinity to turn the monsters to ashes. However, the monsters had the power of the grey god and didn't die, but rose again.

“They continue to survive.”

“Terrible things!”

Beyond that was a demon who commanded the monsters. Crockta saw him.

“Abaddon!”

Abaddon, the survivor of the fight between gods, whom Crockta had met in the swamp of the great forest. He was a friendly demon

who served Crockta's group his spicy noodle dish and told them the truth of the world. A demon who tried to tell them more information, but was summoned away by the grey god.

Now he was blocking them for the grey god. He didn't look as friendly as he used to. He entered a combat posture, his red eyes brimming with killing intent. Every time he beckoned, the monsters would break the army troops that came with Crockta. Lower ranked gods and mortals died one after another.

"Your crusade goes up to here. You can't go any further." The voice of the grey god was hidden in his voice.

Thanks to the power of the grey god, he was now a half-god. In addition, he was much more powerful than the gods who couldn't exert their power properly in the grey god's territory. Even the gods were stopped and couldn't move further.

The war god muttered, "This place is the fortress of the grey god. Maybe it was a mistake to bring mortals here. It is a terrible fight."

The ground was already a mess. There were the survivors of the expedition, the orcs, the lower gods and the knights. Major players headed to the north. Such people were collapsing like dominoes.

"These damn monsters!"

A knight with a high reputation shouted. He was someone who wandered the world in order to defeat the strong, a person with great skills who could defeat the chief knight of any city. He swung his sword like crazy. An amorphous monster lost its form and fell. However, it was originally a formless monster.

"Crazy!"

As it fell to the ground, it started to wriggle around the knight's legs. It became a swamp and sucked him in. His body melted down. He screamed for his life.

The elf magician beside the knight used his power. He was a magician whose power made him one of the top-ranked in the

magic towers. He used his magic power to remove the monster from the wandering knight.

However, a shell burst and blew up the elf magician. He couldn't even scream as his body was ripped apart. The knight was eventually completely sucked up by the monster. The monster that swallowed the knight raised itself up and looked for the next victim.

They also met their tragic deaths.

It was the same for the gods. The upper ranked gods, such as the war god and goddess of magic, were using their power to destroy the enemies, but the lower ranked gods were quickly eaten by their enemies and returned to Olympus.

Crockta shouted at the war god.

"We have to move!"

"There is no way," he war god replied as he swung his sword at a monster. His fire turned the monster to ashes.

"We have to stop the bombardment of the army. It is spreading the grey god's great magic. It is getting power from the terrible sphere in the sky. That power is tearing apart the gods like we are gods."

"If we gather some people and penetrate through..."

"I don't think that guy will let us."

The war god pointed to Abaddon, who was smiling as if he was listening to their conversation.

"Shit..."

During their conversation, shells burst near them. It was a blast filled with the grey god's power. Another lower ranked god left the battlefield.

"What about the goddess of magic? She can call a meteor shower over there."

“She consumed that power on the barrier...”

“It was a useless waste of power.”

Before Antuak got rid of the barrier, the goddess of magic had summoned the meteors in an attempt to destroy the barrier. Just like the fight against the orcs in the past, it wasn't a technique that could be used indefinitely.

Crockta asked as he watched another god fall. “Is the bombardment that strong?”

He had a firm heart because he was fighting with the gods. However, since entering the grey god's domain, the gods were also panting.

The one who just fell was the ‘god of light’ who played an active part in the battle against the orcs. Despite the light coming from his body, he was hit by a flying shell and returned to Olympus.

Those who seemed strong, how could she get rid of them so easily?

“Fortunately, it is a weapon that borrows the power of the sphere, so the great destruction magic has slowed down.”

“That isn't comforting.”

Shells kept flooding towards them as they talked. Crockta and the war god jumped to both sides to avoid the attack. There was an explosion on the spot they had disappeared from. Crockta rolled on the ground and got up.

As he avoided the shells, a monster approached him in the distance. Such things appeared endlessly to block his approach. Besides, the monsters were affected by the grey god's bombardment. A monster hit by the shells wouldn't receive any damage.

Crockta raised God Slayer and destroyed the monster. If it was an ordinary attack, the monster would regain its body again, but

Crockta's weapon contained the power of the sun god. The monster was burned by the 'last fire.'

"I will go alone."

The army couldn't approach. As the bombardment continued, the size of the army decreased. He could see Tiyo shooting General in the distance. They would be wiped out before they could even meet the grey god.

Crockta started running.

"Bul'tarrrrr!"

He sped up. He escaped the shells, sliced away at the monsters in his path and ran towards Abaddon and the magic cannons behind him. Explosions occurred on either side of him. Debris pierced his body, but he didn't care.

One orc rushed towards the center of the battlefield towards the enemy.

"Abaddonnnnnn!"

At the end of the fierce charge, Abaddon was present.

Their eyes met. There were no questions as Crockta's blade descended towards his head. Abaddon escaped, but a big wound was left on his side. Crockta pulled out his blade from where it was stuck in the ground.

"We meet again."

"It is regrettable."

"I wanted to eat your spicy noodles but..."

Crockta grinned. They first met at the abandoned temple in the swamp, where they were treated to Abaddon's noodles. Those were good times.

"What good will it do for the living or the dead?"

"Everyone will die someday. Death isn't the end. The ending..."

“You can stop speaking now.”

Their swords swept at each other. Words were meaningless. The only thing left was to see which sword would break. They wanted to break the other person, rather than be broken.

Abaddon said, “This will soon be settled.”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know how you broke the barrier, but it would’ve been better if the barrier wasn’t broken.” Abaddon stepped back and replied. The power of the grey god flowed from his body. “When this is completed, everyone will be burned away.”

Crockta saw it.

In the center of the installed cannons that were continuously firing the grey god’s power, there was a huge cannon that was completely different from the others. It was an extremely big cannon with a long barrel. It was a monster-sized cannon that couldn’t be seen in either Elder Lord or reality.

The core was filling up with the world’s magic power. He could feel the power slowly condensing inside it. That attack wouldn’t be similar to the flying shells. Crockta could instinctively feel it. There was a tremendous power inside it. Once that was complete...

The earth in front of the cannon would explode. The area would be destroyed.

“I won’t let it!”

Crockta slashed at Abaddon. Abaddon’s body as he stepped back. Crockta continued to attack. God Slayer shattered the air while Abaddon evaded his strikes in a strange manner. The moment that Abaddon stepped aside.

Crockta sped towards the cannon. He was thinking about ignoring Abaddon. However, Abaddon appeared in front of him.

“What...!”

“Do you think I will let you pass?” Abaddon grinned. “You should continue conversing with me.”

“Don’t play games!”

Crockta attacked Abaddon again, trying to push him back towards the cannon. However, he was once again running towards Abaddon, as if the space had reversed.

“Shit!”

It felt like he was dealing with a ghost. The attacks didn’t hit and his opponent was steering his path. Crockta stood in place. The demonic weapon was on the verge of completion. Pretty soon, all things in front of it would be burned away.

“There will be no pain. Once it is triggered, it will melt everything and nothing can survive.”

Crockta didn’t know if he should try to rally a last hurrah or to attempt to evacuate the area.

“There is no time to get away. Just accept it.”

Crockta remembered the future that Antuak showed him. If Antuak wasn’t present, they would’ve been stopped by the barrier and the world destroyed without even being able to do anything. So Crockta tried to grab the opportunity that was given.

However, he was once again helpless. The power of the grey god was so strong that the other gods were crushed, and the mortals couldn’t overcome this power.

Crockta gritted his teeth.

As the barrel shook, lighted slowly to slowly fill the end. Magic power swirled around it. The gods and heroes would die. Crockta was no exception. Soon their lives would fall and the grey god would accomplish her will.

Despair filled his chest.

At that moment. The flapping of wings was heard. At first, he

thought it was a bird's wings. But it was too big and loud. The atmosphere shook whenever these wings flapped.

Crockta raised his head. There was something huge and black in the sky. This was the first time he saw it. However, Crockta knew who it was.

Abaddon spoke in a trembling voice, "No, why would he...?"

A black dragon was flying in the sky. The first dragon he saw was graceful and beautiful. The most gifted creations by the gods. The dragon turned freely in the open sky, before stopping and watching the ground.

He slowly opened his mouth. He gathered strength.

Abaddon panicked. "Why would he attack us?"

The most powerful species on this world, dragons. This airborne species had the best weapon: their breath, which was now pouring out of the dragon's mouth.

Chapter 221 – A Road Has No Gate (4)

There had been war since ancient times. It all began when the stars died.

As the star god returned to the void, the grey god watched over all deaths as she received the heritage of the star god. As a result, the grey god witnessed the end of the universe. The lights in the universe were turned off and the world sank into darkness, returning to a space with no time.

That was their last appearance. They were the last civilization left in this lonely universe. Even the last sun was going to die out.

The grey god fell into despair. There was a chance. Through the legacy of the star god, she realized that there was a great magic that could reverse the fate of the universe and return it to the beginning. But there wasn't much time left and the sun continued to fall.

She tried to reverse the fate of the world, before the sun's power was exhausted. The gods resisted. Thus, the grey god and the species of death collided against the gods of Olympus. It was a fierce fight.

And he was there: Gushantimur, the most powerful dragon. Following their own beliefs, the dragons stood on both sides of the argument, with Gushantimur being one that followed the grey god.

He was the last dragon who bit the gods by her side, until the grey god was defeated and thrown into another dimension. Due to his mighty power, he could keep himself fully awake, even though the other dragons were killed or in hibernation.

After the grey god was thrown into another dimension, Gushantimur was left alone to contemplate the world. He became a hermit of the Black Forest.

“She is back.”

Gushantimur set up a castle and reached out to those who needed help. They were mainstream people of the world, such as humans, elves, and dwarves, as well as those treated like monsters: the goblins, ogres, trolls, etc. Gushantimur shared the feelings of the weak and the small.

It was just a moment in comparison to the time he had lived. However. These short moments were never in vain. They were raw but strong students. Their minutes and seconds shone so brightly compared to those who lived for a long time.

“Do I really want to see the end...”

The grey god aimed to save the universe from its fate and reconnect the cycle of life. He looked at the sun and sighed. Now he didn't know what was heavier or more important.

Gushantimur closed his eyes. The wind blew through his hair. His disciples felt the aura of the grey god and looked towards the north. His always loud lair was locked in silence.

There was a sad smile on his face as he remembered the grey god.

‘The world will be saved from destruction.’

No one could see the world like the grey god. Therefore, no one could truly understand her despair.

‘I won't let the universe cool down forever.’

The universe was nearing its end and all she saw was death. She saw the darkness in the morning sun and felt hopeless over the eternal void. It was a terrible sinking worse than death.

A north wind blew. Gushantimur kept his eyes closed. He couldn't figure out what to do.

Suddenly, he remembered a warrior. The warrior was someone who caused miracles everywhere they went. A warrior who accomplished things that seemed impossible. He cut the neck of

the great chieftain who was possessed by the Tribulation, faced the great empire alone and defeated a god. Now he was going against the grey god to save the world. One of the greatest fighters of this era.

Crockta. While their time together was short, he was someone who couldn't be forgotten. A tough face that always smiled mischievously. The one who wielded a huge greatsword. Someone who rushed recklessly and didn't know how to retreat.

What was the reason for fighting like that? How could he do so?

"I..."

Someone called out to him, "Master!"

He looked back to see a weak guy that just entered, an innocent kobold. He was the kobold shooter Komojak, and his idol was the goblin Kiao. He entered the Black Forest and begged to be his disciple.

"I will shoot a bow today!"

A straw doll was shaking in front of him. His accuracy wasn't that great but there was pleasure on the kobold's face.

"I will shoot this twice tomorrow keong keong! Please train me tomorrow keong!"

He said with a bright smile.

Tomorrow.

Gushantimur looked at him blankly. The kobold didn't know anything. Even though the countdown to the end of the world was going on, he was laughing and talking about tomorrow. Gushantimur looked around. Numerous disciples were looking at him. Unknown emotions were in their eyes.

"Tomorrow."

If tomorrow came like the kobold said. It wouldn't stop tomorrow, there would be many more tomorrows. Gushantimur

and all his disciples would enjoy tomorrow and the rest of their lives. The sun would go down and rise again. Thus, they would live another day. Every day, every minute.

That's right. He already knew.

Gushantimur spoke in a soft voice, "Two times isn't enough."

"Keong?"

"You will have to shoot it three times, not two. Can you do it?"

The kobold looked awkward.

"T-Three keong..."

He scratched his head and avoided Gushantimur's eyes. He looked at the straw dolls and the wounds on his hands, before nodding at Gushantimur.

"T-Three times is too much keong...but, let's try it keong..."

"Yes."

Gushantimur turned to the other disciples. Everyone was staring at him. He spoke again, "Tomorrow, I want to see how everyone has improved. It will be a harsh day. Is everyone prepared?"

Their eyes widened. The disciples looked at each other and nodded.

Gushantimur smiled.

"Yes."

His body floated in the air. Gushantimur's body, which was in the form of a young man, started to slowly change. Black scales sprouted on his body. His body extended. Wings spread out from his back and the irises of a beast appeared in his eyes.

Now he was as big as the castle. His body was huge enough to cast shade on his entire body. Beautiful scales and broad wings. The mightiest species, a dragon. His true appearance was revealed. The kobold stared at him with wide eyes and a gaping mouth. Even his

original disciples had never seen Gushantimur like this.

After returning to the form of a black dragon, Gushantimur whispered. His voice was as soft as always.

‘Rest early today and prepare for tomorrow.’

One disciple asked aloud, “Master, where are you going?”

‘I...’ Gushantimur used his wings to turn his body. ‘I am also preparing for tomorrow.’

He flew towards the Temple of the Fallen God.

Kurwarwarwarwa!

The black dragon’s breath poured towards the giant cannon. Crockta and Abaddon rolled to avoid the aftermath.

Kurwarwarwarwa!

The world was filled with a ringing sound. The breath melted everything. The breath swallowed everything, leaving behind a huge hole. It was like lava flowed over the ground. In the place where the ancient weapon was, only a smoking hole remained.

Crockta stared blankly at the sky. It was the first time he saw a black dragon. However, he knew the identity of the dragon.

“Gushantimur———!”

He appeared to neutralize the enemy’s weapon. Crockta smiled. It was an unexpected salvation.

He asked, “Did you have a connection with Gushantimur?”

Abaddon spoke in a dismal voice, “As far as I know, he...he was a great friend who fought with us in the past. Why is he stopping us now?”

“Kulkul, the Gushantimur that I know is different.”

He didn’t know what Gushantimur was like in the past. But the

Gushantimur that he knew in the Black Forest wasn't someone who would follow the grey god. Magic power stretched around Gushantimur's body in the air. According to his will, dozens of spheres dropped towards the magic cannons.

“Kuok...!”

Abaddon extended his power to try and stop Gushantimur's attack, but Crockta struck quickly with God Slayer aimed at the demon.

“Hat!”

Abaddon barely avoided the attack as one of his arms was cut, flames springing from the wound.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Abaddon tried to stop the flames from God Slayer, but it didn't work. He fell helplessly to the ground. In the meantime, all of the magic cannons were destroyed by Gushantimur. Once the bombardment ceased, the gods advanced and destroyed the monsters.

Abaddon panicked. “An unidentified shaman at the beginning and now the ancient black dragon, Gushantimur.”

Things Abaddon thought would never be broken through were destroyed. It was by third beings that they didn't anticipate.

“The heavens are helping me.” Crockta said.

“The heavens... hahaha, the heavens. Because of the heavens...” Abaddon laughed.

It sounded like something from a black comedy. Crockta also laughed.

Abaddon laughed for a while before saying, “Kill me. I can't fight anymore.”

The last fire from God Slayer was still eating at his body. The flames rose from his arm to his shoulder, slowly burning his body.

Crockta shook his head. “I don’t intend to kill you.”

“If you don’t kill me now, I will recover and hit your back.”

“If you are able to do so.”

“Why are you sparing me?”

Crockta looked down at him and said, “I still need you.”

“Need me...?”

“You treated me to a wonderful dish. I can’t forget that taste.”

“.....”

“I want to eat your spicy dishes again. So next time...” Crockta grinned at Abaddon. “Let’s meet at the table.”

Then he moved towards the Temple of the Fallen God.

Abaddon stared blankly after him. “Next time...”

Abaddon smiled at the words. Somehow, he felt carefree. Maybe he secretly hoped for this conclusion. Avoiding death was the instinct of all living things. The gods were approaching. Abaddon moved away from the front lines to avoid them. He watched as the gods and mortals followed Crockta.

“Do you like spicy food?” Abaddon suddenly asked.

Gushantimur was standing next to him in human form. A weary face. It was difficult for him to use that degree of breath.

Gushantimur replied, “I don’t like nor dislike it.”

“Is that so?” Abaddon said. “If there really is a next time...I will make the spicy flavor for you. My spicy noodles are great, even Crockta’s acknowledged it.”

“I see. I look forward to it. Sincerely.”

“Hahaha, I’m serious...”

Above their heads, the white sphere created by the grey god floated. Now fate had left their hands. The ending was something

that not even the gods could know.

The battle for the world's fate ran without pause towards the end.

Chapter 222 – A Road Has No Gate (5)

The situation worsened after Elder Lord's system 'Albino' counted down to the end of the world. The countries around the world declared a state of national disaster, but there was no progress. Everyone knew this situation couldn't be solved from outside. It was accepted that if the 'grey god' couldn't be defeated in the next week, all those still connected would die.

But who would kill the 'god'? The users were just shaking in the user villages of each city. It was the same with the people watching. They hoped that the situation would be resolved and that everyone would return safely. Then something shocking happened.

“What is that?”

“Wow, are they crazy? They want to broadcast in the midst of all this?”

“What incredible minds.”

Some BJs left the village to stream the battle against the grey god. At first, they thought that it was just one BJ who lost composure due to fear. However, even the Undergames Channel started broadcasting it.

The attention of the world focused on it. Every government tried to control it, but the dam that had already burst couldn't be stopped. Above all, the video wasn't broadcast on a normal server, but an Elder Lord server that no one but Albino could touch.

A live broadcast to tens of millions of people. Ethical standards were pointless in this situation. Anyway, there were no users in the army.

It was a battle between NPCs, with the bet being the lives of the users. This, the struggle for the survival of the world of Elder Lord was broadcast to the people.

The citizens stopped walking. A large screen was installed on a building, where a video of Elder Lord was being played. It was the first time since the incident occurred. There were captions.

「This is a real situation.」

「A cameraman called Polaroid, belonging to the Undergames Channel, has started a livestream. 」

Everyone knew what the video was about: a battle for the fate of those connected. And it was Polaroid, a cameraman from Undergames, who was streaming it. He was an unknown employee, but now everyone around the world knew him. His breathing was transmitted through the video.

Polaroid was accompanied by the celebrity Laney. They arrived at the Temple of the Fallen God. It was the first time the north was shown. After this situation happened, the limit line had disappeared. The north was a desolate land.

–This is where the fight will take place.

–In the end, we arrived here.

The Undergames Channel wasn't foolish enough to place commentators on such a life-threatening broadcast. The station just broadcasted Polaroid's video without any effects, making his voice resonate towards the viewers. Those watching the video could hear the tremble in his voice.

–How...

The first sight they were met with was a horrific bombardment. The citizens groaned. The power of the bombardment was evident from a distance. Like ancient knights meeting modern times, the army advanced as the shells fell down.

There was a formidable magic power within the shells.

–It seems like most of them are dead already...

Death. Every time an explosion occurred, someone died. This was close to a massacre. The army literally stepped on the bodies of their teammates as they desperately fought against the ugly monsters. If they got closer, there was the possibility that Polaroid and Laney would be caught up in the bombardment. They moved to the highlands to secure visibility.

Not long after, they found a familiar face of a character that everyone knew.

–Crockta!

He started to run without any interruptions to a place where a demon was standing. The cannons continued to fire behind the demon. Beyond that was a huge cannon they had never seen before. An attack from this cannon would have severe consequences.

–This is a fight between gods. That is the power of the grey god...

Laney muttered.

Crockta ran towards it, but the demon blocked his way. The demon avoided a frontal collision and moved around him, annoying Crockta. It was clear that the demon was trying to buy time. Gradually, light started to appear at the muzzle of the cannon as the atmosphere started to shake. It was possible to predict the tragedy that the weapon would create.

The army would be decimated, signalling the grey god's victory.

“It is a pity...”

“Can't anybody stop it?”

“Why is Crockta fighting alone?”

The citizen's voices rose. Then something stood out in their field of view. At first, they thought it was a mistake. However, it gradually became a giant figure that occupied most of the field of view.

A dragon. A dragon, which had never been seen since the beginning of Elder Lord, appeared in front of everyone at this moment. The dragon opened its mouth and blew out a breath, covering the whole screen in white.

A huge ray of light fell down to the ground. The huge cannon was melted down. The breath pierced through everything that it touched. The ground collapsed and the whole area was shaken. There was nothing left in the place where the breath passed.

The breath stopped. In the place where the great cannon was located, only a while hole remained. People cheered. They didn't know where the dragon came from, or what type of existence it was. However, a legend appeared and used its power against the grey god.

They all realized. It wasn't just the lives of the users that were at stake. The characters of Elder Lord were struggling to survive and save their world. Everyone was desperately resisting the grey god.

Elder Lord as a whole was a team. This dragon proved it. Feared enemies were now fighting with them against the grey god. People started to feel hope. Maybe the grey god would be defeated and those connected would return.

And at the forefront...

There was the great orc, Crockta.

–Laney. Let's go.

–Yes.

Polaroid's and Laney's voices trembled. They took the risk and stood up. After witnessing such a fight, they needed to see it through to the end.

The ending.

The bombardment stopped and the army started to head towards the Temple of the Fallen God. People held their breath. As news of

the broadcast spread, people started to watch the battle using various methods.

The whole world was watching this fight.

Crockta and the army could finally see the Temple of the Fallen God. They had overcome the barrier and the shelling. Their numbers had already been reduced by more than half. Only the upper ranked gods and some mortals remained to continue the march.

There was no time to mourn for those who died. The grey god was here. They stood in front of the Temple of the Fallen God and shook at the unknown power that emerged from it.

“From now on, it is completely her domain.”

The war god said. This whole place was filled with her power. The grey god’s divinity grew with every inhalation and exhalation. Her power was like a net around the white sphere.

“Be prepared.” He declared.

Everyone was ready for the end as they grabbed their weapons. It was at that moment. The grey god suddenly manifested. A clear figure emerged in front of their eyes. Her grey hair was a mess. Her eyes didn’t reflect any emotion. No one could open their mouths. Her power surrounded her.

“Keok!”

“Ack...!”

The white power flew sharply towards them. It was a simple attack. However, the strength in them was incomparable when thinking of the bombardment before. They couldn’t stop it or avoid it.

The victims followed.

“Grey God!”

Crockta split apart her divinity with God Slayer and rushed forward. She stepped back, but Crockta leapt forward and wielded her sword.

“Bul’tarr—!”

The grey god and Crockta. It was the first conflict.

Kakakakak!

His sword scratched the surface of the shield around her. Crockta stepped forward and wielded God Slayer again.

Kaaaang!

At the same time, power emerged from the grey god. Crockta twisted his body but the power stabbed his side. Blood splattered. While he was stunned, the grey god aimed her power again. However, it wasn’t just Crockta who ran towards her.

The war god was surrounded with flames as he swung his sword at the grey god. It wasn’t the image of a war god, but a demon crawling from hell.

“Because of you!” The war god stabbed with an angry expression. The protective shield was penetrated. There was a gap in the center. “Everything went wrong because of you. Grey God.”

There was no expression on her face. Instead, she raised her hand and pointed to the war god. It was a simple gesture. She beckoned. The sky opened.

“.....!”

The war god looked up at the sky. Then he froze. He looked back. There were those who still hadn’t recovered from the grey god’s first blow.

“Avoid it! Avoid i...!”

It was too late. Magic power fell from the white sphere covering the sky. The war god rushed away from the grey god. The magic power hit the ground and caused huge destruction. The world

shook. The legendary beings, who seemed like they would never die, was dying en masse. Many of the gods hit were returned to Olympus.

Silence fell. Everything was covered with ash. Tinnitus filled the world. Inside, something wriggled and moved.

It was Crockta.

Ash flowed down as he raised his body. His vision was blurry. The world seemed superimposed. He shook his head and tried to regain his perspective. He looked down at his hands and flexed it. It didn't look good. He spread open his hand again.

Crockta looked around. One or two gods raised their bodies. However, there were those who didn't move. The entire area around the Temple of the Fallen God was covered with ashes.

It was like the landscape he saw when he was invited to her world. He endured the throbbing pain and raised God Slayer. Even in the midst of the explosion, he didn't let go of his long-time companion. He relied on the greatsword to raise his body.

The grey god was standing there. Crockta lifted his head. The grey god still had no expression on her face. Crockta pulled out a piece of stone that was stuck in his shoulder. He ignored the flowing blood and raised God Slayer.

"Your friends are dead." The grey god opened her mouth. "Are you sad?"

"Shut up."

"Don't be sad. I always see death; and now, I am looking at your death. There is no difference." The grey god smiled. "All deaths are the same. I will make it the same."

Crockta wielded God Slayer with all his strength. However, the grey god gestured again. Crockta coughed up blood. It was a blow that reversed causality. However, her gesture blocked it instantly. Crockta was pushed to the ground. The difference in power was

remarkable.

“Kuock...”

There was a body beside him. It was Anya. She had already died. The mad slaughterer who laughed cheerfully when throwing her axes, her eyes were closed here. She survived the bombardment but fell to the grey god’s blow.

Crockta called out to her. “Anya.”

But the dead had nothing to say.

Why? The clock of destruction had started, and to prevent it from spreading, they had to grit their teeth and ignore the corpses. New corpses would be created in order to stop the advance of doom.

“Stupid woman. Grrung.”

A voice was heard from behind him. Kumarak.

“You always look stupid to me, and the way you died was stupid. So stupid. Grrung! Stupid woman!”

He was crying. One of his arms were blown off.

“Stupid!”

He lifted Destroyer with his one remaining arm.

“I will get revengeeeeeeeeeee————!”

It was a fierce roar.

Chapter 223 – A Road Has No Gate (6)

“Kuaaaaaah————!”

Kumarak rushed at the grey god. Crockta tried to stop him, but Kumarak had already charged in anger. Crockta chased after him as Kumarak struck the grey god’s shield with Destroyer.

However, there was no change. Kumarak hit the shield several times. Blood was flowing from his severed arm, but he didn’t seem to feel it. He screamed as he tried to smash the shield, “Kuaaaaaak!”

There was a sound that was like his body breaking, not the shield.

“Damn woman!”

The grey god used her power again and aimed at the target’s heart. However, before it could be shot, something flew out from behind and struck the grey god’s shield.

Puok!

The attack, which consisted of an arrow, stuck into the shield. At the area where the arrow was stuck, black streaks spread out. It spread through the grey god’s shield and cracked it. For the first time, confusion filled the grey god’s face.

“Now, Kumarak!”

Zankus. His arrow, which had even killed the sun, broke the grey god’s shield. Kumarak immediately brandished Destroyer. The shield shattered, and Destroyer didn’t stop as it aimed for the grey god.

“Dieeeeeee!”

Destroyer hit the grey god. However, there wasn’t the sensation of anything being cut. The axe struck the ground and dug in deeply. Kumarak’s center of gravity was thrown off and he lurched forward.

The grey god stood far away.

“I am impressed that mortals can reach this place.” Kumarak was unable to control his body and tilted down. “It is regrettable. It would’ve been nice if we met in a younger universe.”

There was a big hole in Kumarak’s chest. He grabbed the axe and tried to hold on, but he soon fell to the ground. Blood leaked out. The white ashes on the ground were dyed red.

“Kumarak!”

Crockta approached. Kumarak’s breathing was fading,

Crockta shouted, “Goddess of Mercy!”

She raised her head from where she was lying down. It was a face that lost her spirit due to the grey god’s attack. Crockta couldn’t suppress his anger as he saw her face.

“Recover your spirit! Wake up!”

She nodded at Crockta’s shout. Crockta moved away from Kumarak and held his greatsword tightly. The grey god was looking up at the sphere in the sky, showing no interest in them. It was like she was confirming the progress.

The sphere in the sky kept growing.

“Where are you looking————!”

Crockta pursued her using everything he had.

The world accelerated and causality reversed. His body used the most efficient movements to swing God Slayer as the greatsword moved in an extraordinary manner that nobody would understand. However, the grey god’s fighting method was on another dimension.

Crockta’s attack was destroyed in front of the grey god.

“.....!”

The grey god’s power was pointed at Crockta. Crockta struck it

with his sword, but some of it slammed into Crockta. He managed to withstand the attack, but dozens of fragments still managed to pierce his body.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Crockta soon became riddled with holes and cuts, with streams of blood flowing down the sides of his body. However, he didn't give up and gave strength to his crumbling legs.

“Shit!”

The scattered blood turned the ashy ground red. The grey god was once again standing far away. Crockta met her eyes a bloodshot glare. He squeezed God Slayer in his hand and stepped forward again.

Defeat could be seen. It was always like this. However, this time, there was definite defeat in front of their eyes.

Crockta smiled and approached again.

“...Everything.”

“What?”

Crockta muttered something as he headed towards the grey god. It was like he was singing. The grey god frowned as she listened and as the words of the song entered her ears.

“A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people. Warrior...”

The bloodied Crockta was smiling as he muttered the warrior's laws. His footsteps didn't stop.

“...Vengeance. A warrior protects the powerless...”

The grey god was right in front of him, a protective shield appearing between her and Crockta. It was the shield that Zankus had barely managed to break, but it had appeared again as if nothing had happened.

The great magic, the enormous power that would restart the

world again. She was using it freely. It was the difference in power.

Crockta stood before the grey god's shield. He didn't stop. He brought his face to the shield separating him from her. The bloodshot eyes were blazing. The iron helmet came in contact with the protective film and scratched the surface.

“Prove your honor.”

At the end of the words, Crockta's God Slayer struck like a thunderstorm

Kakakakakakak!

Sparks flew. Crockta didn't stop his attacks. The greatsword struck downwards.

The fire of the sun god emerged from God Slayer and wrapped around Crockta. Crockta brandished his greatsword without stopping. Fire splashed from the iron. God Slayer struck the wall like crazy.

“It is pointless. Crockta.”

The grey god whispered from beyond. He wasn't able to break it. Crockta had to deal with the impact from his greatsword hitting it. But he didn't care. He cut at the shield hundreds of times.

It was a sad sight. The grey god had a sad expression on her face. “I will end it quickly. There will be no pain. For your sake.”

She raised her hand to the sky. The grey god reached for the power in the sphere in the sky. She focused her mind on gathering power. At that moment.

“Crocktaaaaaaaaaa!”

Somebody yelled. The grey god opened her eyes.

“Avoid it dooooooooo!”

Crockta rolled sideways.

Next.

A golden breath poured out.

Tiyo barely survived the explosion. His head shook. His hands didn't move well. General was heavy in his arms.

"Kuock...Anor, are you okay dot...?"

He touched his forehead and asked Anor, who was beside him. However, there was no reply.

"Anor...?"

Tiyo shook Anor's body. Anor breathed weakly. Blood was flowing from his abdomen. The blood was quickly filling the surroundings.

"Anor, Anor!"

Tiyo hit his cheek. Anor's eyes slightly opened. However, he couldn't say anything.

"Anyone, help dot! Any...!"

"Calm down."

A green hand touched Anor's wound. Light shone from the hand. It was the shaman Tashaquil.

"Anor is okay dot!"

"He isn't okay. If this fight continues..."

Tiyo looked around. Kumarak was assaulting like crazy. He knocked on the shield of the grey god. Then it was broken by Zankus' arrow. Kumarak's axe descended towards her. But he was the one broken instead. He was bleeding from the chest. The grey god's eyes were calm. Crockta became furious.

Tiyo looked around. The gods realized the difference in power and lost their fighting spirit. The orcs lost their momentum and were like dogs without tails.

He felt furious.

“What are you doing dot?” Tiyo yelled, but the gods didn’t respond.

A mutter was heard, “Whether the grey god’s cause is wrong or not...at this rate, the world will perish.”

Tiyo closed his eyes. It was to soothe the feeling in his chest. Otherwise, he might fire General at them. It pressed heavily on his shoulder. This was a battlefield of the gods, but they were scared.

How did he come to this place?

“Huhuhu. Yes, that was it dot.”

He was a soldier of the Quantess’ Gnome Garrison. At a young age, he became captain and commanded his unit. He didn’t doubt that he was the best soldier and a wonderful man of Quantess. Then he met Crockta. When the curious thing called the Demon’s Mouth almost destroyed Quantess, he appeared and saved the city.

Something hot filled Tiyo’s chest. Crockta was more reckless than anyone Tiyo knew. More than himself.

Tiyo stood at the crossroads of choice. He was walking on a path that he knew well. However, now the path split in two. There was a strange path that he didn’t know. Beyond that, something was glittering.

He wanted to check it out. At the crossroad, he decided to take a step towards the unknown. Then everything changed. Another world.

He met the great hunter Shakan. The north was opened and he explored an area that no one else had. He met Anor and they killed the great chieftain to save the north. He returned to the continent and fought with the empire. Then he came to know hidden secrets of the world.

Now he stood on a battlefield where a god was trying to destroy the world, while an army gathered to stop her. There were no regrets. Who could’ve expected? There was a spot for a little

gnome on a battlefield involving the fate of the world.

‘The artifact that you are using has no limit on its power.’

Gushantimur’s voice popped into his head.

In front of him, Crockta was wielding the greatsword like crazy. In a stationary world where no one else was moving, he was fighting alone. A much better man than all the gods sitting down in helplessness. This was the man Tiyo had decided to follow.

“Now it is this Tiyo’s turn dot.”

He raised General. There was the sound of iron snapping as General started changing from the form of a rifle. The muzzle was expanded. General depended on Tiyo’s will and energy. It was rapidly swallowing his body.

It squeezed Tiyo’s brain and ate all the energy in his body. His body gradually tilted. His life force was shaking. However, he gritted his teeth and ignored it. He didn’t know how much he was losing because of this. But it didn’t matter.

‘Crockta.’

‘Huh?’

‘I want to go to the north with Crockta dot.’

Everything was decided in that moment. There were two paths. The decision he made changed everything.

‘General is a dragon slayer weapon. It is a dragon weapon designed to kill dragons.’

Crest collectively saying towards himself, when Timur left. Tiyo didn’t understand the words at the time, but now he did. General had no limit. There was no limit for the one who held General. If he wanted, he could do this.

No matter what price he had to pay, he could do it.

“Hoo, hoo.”

General's transformation ended. At that moment, something was completely sucked from his body. There was no energy remaining in his body. It would probably never be regained again. It might be his life, his flesh. Maybe something even more valuable.

However, he shouted.

“Crocktaaaaaaaaaa!”

General, who finished its transformation, looked like a piece of art instead of a gun. Two wings spread open and the golden dragon, instead of a muzzle, opened its mouth. The dragon's eyes stared straight at its enemy. Light emerged from the dragon's mouth.

Tiyo squeezed out all of his strength and yelled, “Avoid it dooooooooo!”

A golden breath filled the world.

Chapter 224 – A Road Has No Gate (7)

General's golden breath covered the grey god. The dragon's breath pushed the grey god into the Temple of the Fallen God. It was like a tidal wave flooding the area. The gold filled their field of view.

How much time passed?

The breath stopped. The first to fall was Tiyo. Hoyt rushed over and carried him. He rushed over to the goddess of mercy who was treating Kumarak. Tiyo's body wasn't moving at all. It was dangling like a dead body.

Crockta saw all of this. He turned towards the grey god. The golden wave and white ashes tangled together in the air. Beyond it was the grey god. The shield around her was gone. She seemed fine, but a trickle of blood was flowing down from her mouth.

"I can't believe a gnome could use that weapon..."

She muttered as she stepped forward.

He shouldn't give her more time. There was a number of choices.

He could go back and help Tiyo. He could lay Tiyo next to Anor and pray for them. He could beg to the goddess of mercy or Tashaquil, shed tears for their survival, share his vitality with them.

Or.

He could not look back and moved forward with God Slayer.

"Grey God———!"

Crockta jumped. He slammed God Slayer down towards her unprotected form. The flames exploded out. However, there wasn't the sensation of anything being cut. He was wary. He could feel her presence behind him. Without looking, he aimed his greatsword behind him. God Slayer encountered her strength.

“Crockta. Why don’t you give up?”

Crockta didn’t answer.

“You can’t stop me.”

He answered with his sword. God Slayer aimed at the grey god’s gap. It was just a little bit, but the situation was better than before. Tiyo’s attack was effective. But the power from the sphere in the sky was restoring her again. Prior to that, he had to hurt her further. He would gnaw at her power a bit more before beheading her.

Ah, there. Crockta saw the right place to hit her. But he was only one person. If she stood still then he might be able to hurt her. However, it wouldn’t work. Someone else needed to be there to slash at the gap.

Crockta thought about it. He needed to move there.

Then.

A blade struck down.

“Crockta!”

It was the war god. The two blades cut at the grey god at the same time. The flames of the war god and God Slayer licked at her. The grey god suffered a blow. But it wasn’t a critical hit.

“There is still a long way to go.”

“I know.”

She disappeared as she was engulfed in the flames. Then she appeared a little further away. Her body was covered with wounds. Now there was an expression on her face. It was anger. It was much better than her previous expression. It would be pleasant to distort it even further.

The two of them caught up to her. The grey god’s power aimed at them. Crockta avoided or blocked the ones aiming for his critical spots, leaving the rest alone. Bloody wounds appeared again on his

body. However, smoke rose and the wounded areas rapidly healed.

His regeneration ability, which had reached the ultimate level, was restoring his body. His whole body was ready for battle. Crockta and the war god simultaneously flew on both sides towards the grey god.

Kakang!

She sprinkled her power and blocked their blades. The grey god's power started to take control of their blades. Their arms trembled. At that moment, a single arrow flew from far away.

Zankus.

She hurriedly moved her body. At the same time, the pressure on both blades was reduced. They pushed through it and cut the grey god.

“Ugh!”

Her body blurred as flesh wounds appeared, but the fires from their weapons hurt her divinity. Her body stumbled. She gritted her teeth. Her face distorted a little bit.

Crockta smiled.

The old teaching of a warrior. The fear of the enemy was his strength. It was the same as that concept. The enemy's fear was his strength. Crockta and the war god gained strength, cornering her even more. The grey god flew into the sky to escape their attack radius.

As she rose, Crockta met the eyes of the war god. They nodded. At the same time, they leaped into the sky. Crockta's body felt like it was leaping towards the sun. Meanwhile, Zankus' arrow flew towards her again.

As she turned to avoid the arrow, Crockta and the war god aimed at her neck and heart. The grey god's face completely contorted.

“It is the end!”

She opened her hands. She didn't care about the Crockta and the war god's blades that were approaching. She just turned her palms towards the sky. Then, her power reversed the area. A huge gravitational force pushed down.

“.....!”

It was a tremendous pressure not unlike a giant hammer. Crockta and the war god flinched. The grey god already stepped back. Her strength neared them. If hit by it, they would fall down and be crushed.

However. A giant appeared, a huge golem made of earth, and help up against the grey god's pressure. Crockta and the war god stared.

“What are you doing?” A voice was heard from behind them.

The goddess of magic. She lost her composure and screamed at them, “My strength is quickly running out!”

Smoke rose from her body as the overload of magic was eating at her flesh and divinity. Two unnamed gods laid their hands on the goddess of magic's shoulders and lent their power. After using Meteor Shower, now she used ‘Will of the Earth’. The golem, born from the power of the earth, held up the gravity pressure created by the grey god.

“Quickly!”

But the grey god was already moving away. Crockta and the war god lost their target. They couldn't fly in the air. They would fall down. However, at that time. A whirlwind floated them up.

“Gooooo!”

Tashaquil.

A green light was coming from his eyes. His whole body shook. The surrounding gods were astonished. Extreme terrain control wasn't something in the realm of a mortal. It was magic that

reached the stage of a half-god.

Who could imagine that an orc shaman would be able to exert such power? The wind that rose from his body erased the influence of the grey god. The swirling wind pushed the two men upwards.

“Don’t stop!”

The two of them were pushed up into the sky. They flew through the air, both aiming for the grey god. The two of them stretched out their swords, but she was already fully prepared. The grey god’s finished spell headed towards the hearts of the two warriors flying towards her.

It neared.

“Now die,” whispered the grey god.

The two needles she made aimed straight at the hearts of Crockta and the war god. It would undoubtedly pierce their hearts. In the first place, there was no way for them to defeat her. Blood splattered from both chests and fell to the ground. Crockta’s mouth fell open. It was a clean penetration.

The grey god closed her eyes. Watching Crockta’s end would hurt her.

“Kuhul...hul!”

“.....!”

However, it wasn’t a scream but a strange laugh that disturbed her ears. She opened her eyes, but it was still dark. She couldn’t see Crockta and the war god in front of her. Only darkness filled her vision.

There was another darkness within the darkness. The core of that darkness looked at her.

“Kuhul...hul!”

Suddenly, someone was standing beside her. It was a bizarre orc shaman.

“If you look deep into the abyss, you should be careful not to lose yourself. Kuhul...hul!” What was he talking about? “Now, you have been here too long. Kuhul...hul!”

The time spent here was just a short moment, with only a few words exchanged. Then what did he mean by staying here too long? She blinked with confusion. The moment her eyelids lowered and lifted again.

“.....!”

In front of her, she saw Crockta’s eyes.

“...Ahh!”

Crockta’s God Slayer penetrated her abdomen, while the war god’s sword stabbed her heart from behind. She fell with the two warriors as the flames burned her divinity.

Kuhul...hul!

In the midst of the fall, the bizarre laughter was heard again. She had been bound by the shaman, which allowed gaps in her defense to be shown. The divine flames were burning her soul.

“Grey God, I will save this world by killing you, and then return to where I should be,” Crockta whispered.

A strong will was felt from him. The grey god felt her divinity and life scattering in the air. At the same time, she could understand what Crockta was saying.

His will and her will. It wasn’t different. Thus, it was even more painful. She knew how important the lives of those living now were, as well as how pointless the world’s destruction was in front of it. But at the same time, she saw the death of the universe.

All of it would disappear. Therefore, she couldn’t leave this world alone. Even if all civilization needed to be destroyed to conceive new life that would last hundreds of billions of years, she would do it. It made their end even more tragic.

“Sorry.”

That was the only thing she could say. Her body glowed an incandescent white.

“.....!”

“The first wave is already completed.”

Pressure exploded out from her body and Crockta and the war god were thrown back.

“Kuaack!”

“Kuaaah!”

They flew away from her. A white ray of light emerged from the grey god’s body and connected to the sphere in the sky. She was now burning white. The shape of a body was removed, and she became a spiritual body floating in the air.

The grey god and the white sphere shone together.

“Keheok!” Crockta barely managed to raise his body. “Kuock... kuaah...”

He was away from the main battlefield. His body was wounded from the aftermath of the crash. His limbs were heavy, as if he was sinking into the ground. He gritted his teeth and endured it. His body leaned against God Slayer.

He wondered if there was a chance in this fight. Crockta felt desperate. He suddenly heard something rustling and his eyes widened.

“You...?”

It was a familiar appearance. Youvidser Laney. She stared at him, seemingly at a loss as she stared at Crockta. The man beside her was shaking terribly.

“Why are you guys...”

Before Crockta finished speaking, a tremendous force emerged from the grey god. It stirred through the whole area. As power radiated from the grey god, the blades of grass were swept up. It was just about to reach Crockta.

Laney and the man's face turned pale. This would kill them.

Crockta pulled up all the strength in his body to reverse the death approaching him and lead them to survival. He gathered all possibilities around his body. The muscles in his body were tense. His regeneration power was at the highest level in order to prepare for a fatal injury.

It couldn't be helped. Crockta's burly body wrapped around them.

It was an unbelievable sight. The dragon's breath was nothing.

The gods fell from the grey god's attack, the gnome fired a golden energy, then Crockta and the war god attacked the enemy together. A golem made of earth rose and a shaman created a storm.

Miracles kept occurring. It wouldn't be strange to call this Ragnarok, the war of the gods that would destroy this world. It was a fight that would destroy the world.

Laney and Polaroid were unable to get any closer and just stared at the scene blankly.

Crockta and the war god attacked the grey god. She counterattacked, but others helped. Even in a place like this, Crockta took the lead against the enemy. Indeed, this was the person she chased after. It might be her last video but he was still the protagonist.

Crockta and the war god's blades pierced the grey god. Laney and Polaroid cheered. It seemed like this fight was over. They wanted it to be the case. However, the power of the grey god was resurrected

while they fell down together. Rather, they were deflected by a stronger force as she rose into the sky.

Crockta was thrown to where they were . He stumbled on the ground and rolled a few times before reaching them. His body was in tatters. His body was broken and covered in wounds. An ordinary person wouldn't be able to stand up.

However, Crockta used his steely will to raise his body. Then he found them.

“You.” His eyes grew bigger. Crockta knew her? Or was he just surprised by the appearance of strangers? “Why are you guys...”

At that moment. Power emanated from the grey god again. It was a mighty power.

Laney sensed her death. This was the end. Laney and Polaroid closed their eyes. It was an irony of fate that she would die as soon as she met Crockta. A huge ringing sound erased all other noise in the world. Her eardrums seemed to be malfunctioning.

Death was so calm. The tinnitus stopped. The world's sound returned. They were alive.

She opened her eyes. Crockta was standing in front of them.

“Ah...!”

Crockta had wrapped himself around them in order to save them. Laney had no idea. Who was this orc, and how could he go so far? Fighting against the world, fighting against the enemy trying to destroy the world. Who would go so far to protect life?

At that moment, Polaroid made a bemused expression as he pointed to something. Laney's gaze followed his finger.

There.

The steel helmet was completely broken. Crockta's hidden face was revealed, and on his forehead... was a white star.

Chapter 225 – COSMOS (1)

People were watching the final battle in hope that those connected to Elder Lord would return safely. Laney and Polaroid's lives were also in danger in this fight. The battle they saw on the horizon was terrible.

Their breathing became rough when they were in danger. They felt stronger when Crockta and the war god counterattacked. Those watching the scene were able to sympathize with the emotions of the broadcasters.

Thus, the audience eagerly cheered for those fighting.

“Ah, please...”

“One more time, Crockta!”

“Crockta, fighting!”

Wherever a large screen was installed on a building, people stopped to watch the video. Crowds gathered everywhere. The whole world stopped for this one fight. There were cheers and gasps as Crockta and the war god leapt into the air. The whole country shook with cheers as they pierced her body with the help of others. But she was revived, and her mighty power pushed away the two warriors who stabbed her.

They felt despair. The gap in power between the two parties was too great. She wouldn't die even when killed. It was a stage designed for them to lose. Defeat was scheduled.

The crowds in the streets gasped.

“Ah...!”

“No...”

Crockta was thrown away and rolled in front of the screen. He rolled across the ground a few times. His landing was such a huge impact that it wouldn't be shocking if he died. Everyone thought

this might be his last moment.

However, the fallen Crockta raised his body again. He shook his body and raised his gaze. The viewers weren't expecting victory, but Crockta grabbed his greatsword like he wasn't going to give up.

An indomitable will. The intense emotions of the broadcasters were conveyed to the viewers.

Suddenly, Crockta found them.

–You.

His eyes widened. Crockta met the eyes of the viewers. His front appearance looked even worse. The bloodied appearance of a hero.

Crockta gritted his teeth as he spoke.

–Why are you guys...

In the meantime, strong energy was emitted from the grey god floating in the sky. The power revolving around her turned everything into ashes. The screen was covered with white.

Biiiiik.

All noise was erased. Nothing could be seen on the screen. For a while, the white screen and strange tinnitus continued. People realized that it was a landscape of destruction. In the midst of it, countless lives were dying. Crockta and the broadcasters were the same.

Some time passed. When it stopped, they could see the face of the orc warrior on the screen. Crockta had wrapped himself around them in order to save them. Smoke rose from his body.

Everyone was at a loss. Elder Lord was no longer a game. Death in Elder Lord would lead to death in reality, and he had saved the broadcasters. Crockta had wrapped himself around the broadcasters to save them.

This was in real time.

“Uh...?”

Then one or two people noticed something. It wasn't only the viewers, but also the broadcasters. His trademark was the greatsword and steel helmet. That steel helmet was split apart and his face was fully revealed. On top of his bloody forehead was a white star.

The broadcasters didn't say anything for a moment as the world's astonishment was mirrored on Laney's face.

–It can't be...

The spectators were thinking the same thing. It couldn't be. The meaning of the white star, rattled the entire world.

Laney opened her mouth and she asked the question that everyone watching wanted to know.

–Crockta, you...

The ragged Crockta was on the screen.

–Are you a user?

Crockta. He was a legend, the lone orc who always fought against oppression and injustice. A warrior who considered honor as more important than his life. Now, he was risking his life to fight against the grey god, except this time, the telltale mark of a user appeared on his forehead.

It was impossible.

Crockta smiled and said,

–Is that important?

–No, you, answer me. Are you truly a user?

–There is no time to waste.

–Crockta!

Crockta turned around and headed back to the battlefield. The grey god was waiting as he walked back towards the pain and

death. He dragged his sword with him, leaving a blood trail as he gradually moved away.

Laney gazed at him and exclaimed,

–Please let me know your name! No, tell me your name if you really are a user! You could die here, so this is something we need to know!

Her voice was distraught. Everyone was of the same mind.

–So that people can remember you.

Crockta paused at the tearful voice and slowly turned around. The white sphere was counting down to the end of the world, while the grey god shot her power of death. Everything would be ruined. The surviving gods and mortals screamed as they resisted the destiny of destruction.

That man, Crockta smiled and replied,

–We can talk about it later over a cup of coffee.

–You...!

There was no such thing as coffee in the world of Elder Lord.

The large man walked towards the battlefield where everything and everyone was at stake. He walked alone without relying on anyone else. He walked away with the promise of ‘next time’.

The power of the grey god swept over the whole area. It was an overwhelming force, and it wouldn't be strange if everyone died from it. But a huge shield protected the defenseless.

“It is up to here for me...”

“Please stop her.”

It was the goddess of magic and the god of brilliance that stopped it. They joined forces to spread open the Aegis Shield. Their strength was already at the bottom, so blocking the grey god's

attack ended up destroying their divinity. The price they paid for it was unknown. Their main vessel might be broken or destroyed, or they might sleep for thousands of years. However, they chose to do this.

“Please protect this world.”

Their bodies blurred and they returned to Olympus. It was the departure of the goddess of magic and the god of brilliance.

“How touching,” muttered the grey god as she witnessed this scene unfold. It was touching, but nothing would change. Despite the sacrifices of many people, she was just becoming stronger. Victory and defeat had been determined since this began.

“All the preparations are finished.”

“Good work.”

Paimon appeared beside her.

“I am honored to be with you.”

“I’m really thankful.”

She was now a faint white figure. The white sphere in the sky was taking the shape of a person. She suddenly looked away. Crockta was returning to battle.

“Great.”

The god of war had been thrown back and returned to Olympus from the hit. However, Crockta survived. He truly was a warrior who had defeated a god. The grey god had brought him into this world, but even she couldn’t tell that he would become so strong and that he would achieve all those great feats.

Thus, she felt sadder. She wished she had met him in a different situation.

“Now I will finish this.”

She released her strength. The goddess of magic had sacrificed

herself to block the previous attack, but now there was no one to stop this one. Hundreds of grey rays materialized in the air and recognized each target.

“Don’t let me be bothered.”

Time passed again. The sun was falling and it was becoming darker. As the next day arrived, the world would return to a single point and be created again. She would reverse entropy by using the power of the destroyed world.

It was her mission.

“I will accompany you then.” She chose a way where even she would disappear. “It would be nice to finish this with a smile.”

There was a time when she spent her days relaxing in Olympus, just like any other god. At that time, the star god was alive and the sun god hadn’t fallen asleep. She spent her days with the war god, the goddess of magic and all other gods in Olympus.

They looked down at the ground and laughed, wept and joked. Why didn’t she know how happy that time was? The old days. She could never get that time back. Why did time only flow in one direction? If only she could rewind time for a bit, it would’ve been nice to spend a bit of time in the old days.

Still, there were no regrets. She was doing what she could, what only she could do. The universe must be lifted from the eternal sinking.

“Hello.”

Her power shot towards the targets. Most of them were pierced and died. But there were others who blocked it.

Kaaang!

Crockta swung God Slayer. He was holding his greatsword and stumbling towards her. His body staggered, but he regained his balance and stepped forward. Their eyes met. His eyes were

blazing. Her attack seemed to have poured oil on the fire.

“Cool until the end.”

He truly had an indomitable will. Who could beat this will? It was only death that could stop him. However, her hands shook in the air. It was hesitation. Their roads were different, but it was too sad. She wanted to talk with him. He who had the strongest spirit that she saw in her long life.

“I will take care of the rest.” Paimon read her emotions and said.

“Thank you.”

“It is nothing.”

Paimon shot towards Crockta instead of her. He was also given power from the sphere. The power of the grey god was connected to him.

“It is the end.”

The thought of the orc’s life ending disturbed the grey god’s heart.

Crockta recognized Paimon. There was tension between the two of them. Paimon grinned and emitted power. The power of the grey god filled his hands. He tried to kill Crockta before Crockta could open his mouth.

However. It was Paimon who was prevented from saying anything.

The mysterious steel belt around Crockta’s waist. It moved. The moment that Paimon realized. A huge mouth swallowed him.

The grey god, who left the finishing touches to Paimon, was rising towards the sphere.

Then she felt a fierce strength behind her. It was somehow familiar. A strength that was similar to hers. It exploded and

swallowed Paimon. Her connection with him was broken.

The grey god turned around. There was a huge mouth that swallowed everything.

“You...!”

It was an existence that she knew very well. In the past, when she fought against the gods, the commander who led her army. He looked like a timid child, but he was actually a ruthless glutton who devoured everything.

“Beelzebub———!”

He completely swallowed Paimon. The greedy mouth was dissatisfied and turned towards her.

“How are you...?”

“Mother.” He started talking. “I’m sorry.”

The shape of the child in the darkness of the ‘Demon’s Mouth, Beelzebub whispered.

“Crockta promised me.” The giant mouth roared towards the grey god. “He will prove it with his own life.”

The end of the universe that the grey god saw was also communicated to Beelzebub. She felt a terrible despair and barely held her spirit together, while Beelzebub was so terrified he could do nothing but cower in fear.

He became half crazed and then he met Crockta in Quantas. He showed Crockta the end of the universe. He tried to pollute Crockta’s mind with emptiness and hopelessness. However, Crockta made a promise with him.

‘The world isn’t a void. Even if the world will end someday, life isn’t meaningless.’

In the darkness, Crockta was like a glowing light.

‘Follow me. If you follow me then I will prove it.’

The eyes of the orc warrior were unshaken. His eyes were still clearly facing the world.

‘My life.’

Thus, Beelzebub contemplated the world alongside Crockta. He sat at Crockta’s waist and watched. The world that he saw was quite different from what Beelzebub knew. Many things happened. Beelzebub watched everything.

This man stood alone on the battlefield of the world’s destruction. That’s why Beelzebub acted in the last moment.

Did Crockta prove it? This was Beelzebub’s answer.

Beelzebub roared, “Kuaaaaaah————!”

The greedy demon Beelzebub’s mouth covered the grey god. It was an unbelievable mouth that could even swallow divinity. This was the demon who terrorized the gods.

“You also deserted me for Crockta.”

The grey god smiled bleakly.

The gods of Olympus came with him. She was betrayed by Gushantimur, who previously agreed with her. Abaddon stepped back and now her closest ally revealed himself against her.

“It won’t change anything.”

She was swallowed by Beelzebub’s mouth. But she didn’t care. She wielded her divine power inside Beelzebub. The dark insides of Beelzebub retreated. His body was torn apart from the inside. A hole was created, revealing the outside scenery. Beelzebub’s giant mouth fell to pieces.

“I will destroy the world soon.” The grey god shattered Beelzebub’s body and declared to Crockta. “You are the only one left. Crockta.”

Everyone else was down. He was standing alone. The white sphere was filling the sky. The grey god would join with it. And

Crockta only had a greatsword.

It was the final stage.

“I see.”

Crockta slowly lifted God Slayer. A friend who was always with him. The sword was crying at him.

Crockta smiled. The two stood facing each other.

Crockta whispered, “Bul’tar.”

Then they attacked each other again. Time flowed slowly.

At that moment. The fallen Beelzebub, who acted like he was dead, rose up and swallowed them both.

Chapter 226 – COSMOS (2)

Crockta stood in the darkness. The grey god wasn't present. An abyss surrounded him.

'The cosmos,' Someone whispered. The owner of the voice couldn't be seen. Crockta looked around and saw a small fire in the darkness. What was it? His body moved towards the fire.

'The last sun.'

It was glowing red. He saw a blue planet orbiting the sun. Elder Lord. The sea, the sky, and the continent could be seen. The wide land of Elder Lord was spread out like a map.

Crockta looked at the sun again. A god was sleeping in the midst of it. His sacrifice led to the sun surviving. After he went into a long and deep sleep, the sun gained strength and was able to emit more heat. The sleeping sun.

Crockta looked back. There was a vast universe. No lights were present. The sun of Elder Lord was the last fire left in this universe. The scene of the universe cooling down forever. In the midst of it, Crockta found a dead god. The hollow eyes of the dead star god.

Time quickly passed. The world gradually cooled down. The final light turned off. The sun could no longer maintain the planet. Elder Lord became a dead planet and deviated from its orbit. The universe expanded. The galaxies, stars, and planets that were far away. Thus, the universe entered into an eternal freeze and the planet sank into an eternal void without power.

Absolute zero. The big freeze. The end of the universe.

Crockta closed his eyes. It was the end of the world, and someday Jung Ian's world would reach the same end.

There was nothing there. Nothing.

He kept his eyes closed. The darkness behind his eyelids was brighter than the darkness in front of his eyes. The eternal silence continued.

A few seconds.

Or a few days.

Or several years.

Perhaps hundreds of millions of years. The meaning of time was forgotten as Crockta fell.

In that eon. Crockta heard something.

Duguen.

Duguen.

He opened his eyes. It was still dark in front of him. However, the beating sound continued to ring in Crockta's ears.

Duguen.

Duguen.

Before long, a line appeared in the darkness. It was an indescribable color and was beating with a slow tempo. It was there. In the universe where all the stars died, the planets were destroyed and everything was frozen. That line alone shone brilliantly.

It connected the vast universe. It penetrated through the emptiness and hopelessness. The past and present were connected by that single line.

At one point in the line, Crockta and the grey god stood. They were facing each other when Beelzebub swallowed them. The line penetrated the grey god, Crockta, Beelzebub, all of them. They were dancing on that line.

He moved his gaze. Another point on the line was Jung Ian on Earth. He was lying like he was dead in a capsule. His sister Yiyu

was walking around him. They were still on that one line. A little further away, Han Yeori was leaning on the counter. She hummed with a blank expression. She was staring at the cafe floor as if she was waiting for someone.

Furthermore, he saw the crowds stopped in the streets. Everyone was staring at the screen. On it, Crockta and the grey god were attacking each other. This crowd and the world were on a single line. This universe was still young. Earth had plenty of time. But someday, it would fall. From the beginning Big Bang to the landscape of eternal sinking, everything was on this line.

He returned back here, to Elder Lord. The line beat faster.

Crockta saw everything. Antuak's weary face. Gushantimur's calm expression. Grant, Thompson, Jeremy. Enyanis, Elsanad, Ilya. Eileen, Kapur, Rakuta. Yona and Zelkian. Akantor and Zakiro.

The many people he had met. He saw all of them. Even the gods couldn't escape this line. It was a colorful line that penetrated everything, pulsing with a slow tempo.

He wondered what this line was. In addition, the color. Why was it so radiant? The line went on and on. The vast universe, the dimension of Elder Lord and the dimension of Earth, they were all on this line.

Unknown universes and worlds he didn't know there penetrated by this line. The past and present stayed on this line. It headed towards a new place.

Crockta followed that line. Time and space moved backward. He reached a wall. The line passed over the wall. Crockta couldn't get a glimpse of it. It was a solid wall of unknown identity. He gazed into the hole where the line penetrated the wall.

But he couldn't see anything. He moved his eyes closer and frowned. Then the line beat faster again.

Duguen.

Duguen.

It vibrated in the niche for a while. After a brief moment, Crockta was able to see beyond that small gap.

There.

Ahh.

That.

Beyond that.

Tears flowed from Crockta's eyes. Who knew?

Once again, Crockta stood in the darkness.

The voice said, 'My child who swore honor to me.'

He came in the voice and in the eyes. A forgotten existence that no one remembered. However, he was always whispering. He whispered towards the universe.

'Prove it.'

Crockta's grasped the handle of his sword. God Slayer. But it wasn't what he knew. The radiant line penetrating the world was wrapped around God Slayer. Every time the world stirred, God Slayer also jumped. The slow tempo of the universe was transmitted to God Slayer in Crockta's hand.

Now, he was standing in front of the grey god again. The moment that Beelzebub swallowed them with his huge mouth. They were the only ones standing there. Crockta felt the line penetrating the world, pushing at his back. It beat at a slow tempo, even at the beginning and end of the universe.

In front of his, her despair was nothing.

"Grey God." Crockta called out to his enemy.

He came back here from the landscape of the universe. Time started to flow again. God Slayer no longer emitted flames, scattering a brilliant light instead. It was a color that didn't exist in

the world.

The grey god saw it.

“Ahh.”

She was right. The end of the world was futile. The ending was an absolute power that converged into an eternal freeze. But at the same time, she didn't know. Even that great void was just a handful of dust under the great laws of the universe.

The existences living in the universe were just specks of dust, but even that universe was a tiny point under a great harmony. That eternal time were held in the bosom of a greater eternity. The vast landscape of the universe was dancing on this line.

That line would make a three-dimensional body and would flow into a new time. It was a repeated rising and sinking of new dimensions.

“Did you see?”

For a brief moment, she witnessed the same scenery as Crockta due to the radiant light from God Slayer.

She realized it. “I...”

Her spirit, worn down by fear, didn't see beyond the sinking. She saw the death that everyone didn't see; however, she didn't, couldn't see beyond the death. It was there.

“But it is too late.”

Her face distorted. The spell had already started. A runaway train couldn't be stopped. It was steadily moving to the reversal of entropy.

“Too late.”

Tears flowed from her eyes. Why had she never seen it? Had she known a little earlier, she would've realized the truth that nothing in the world was in vain. This world would continue.

“Grey God.” Then he called out to her again.

She saw the orc warrior in front of her. Crockta was clearly facing the world as always.

“You still haven’t seen it properly.”

His eyes were reddened but he saw the world much clearer compared to her blurred vision.

“Actually, nothing is too late.”

The grey god’s eyes widened.

Soon.

Crockta wielded God Slayer. His blade moved slowly. It split apart the divinity of the grey god. He broke apart Beelzebub’s greedy mouth wrapped around them. The universe bent along the trajectory of God Slayer. The world bowed. It crossed the white sphere in the sky.

The world became an indescribable color. The brilliant light filled his field of view.

Ahh.

In this marvelous landscape, Crockta stared at the line of the universe. It beat slowly from beginning to end. Forever.

Duguen.

Duguen.

The pulse of the world. In that pulsing line, Crockta found one spot. Then he realized. Why he reached this place.

“Like this.”

The sun went down. The wind blew. There was a tree. One leaf fell off the tree. That one leaf. The falling leaf was the beginning of everything.

“Oh my.”

The woman picked up the leaf on her shoulder. She stopped and looked at the falling leaves. This was the season. The friend walking with her burst out laughing.

“Leaves are falling. Isn’t this a good sign?”

“Yes. Today I even saw a handsome man. “

They stopped walking. They looked at each other for a moment.

“Do you want to have a cup of coffee over there?”

They were going to separate soon. The leaf on the shoulder led them to see a cafe. There weren’t many customers in the cafe. There was a pretty handsome man sitting at a window seat. He was talking with a strange looking middle-aged man in an improved hanbok.

As she imagined what their relationship was, her friend spoke, “In regards to Elder Lord, I managed to level up due to Oppa helping me. What about you?”

“Wah...I’m envious. He changed yesterday.”

“Changed?”

“That pig suddenly touched my butt...I have truly bad luck.”

“What did you do? Did you report it? Why would he do that? Really?”

The women didn’t see. The handsome man sitting at the window seat became stiff after hearing their words. He spoke to the man sitting across from him.

“Master.”

“What?”

“Elder Lord, how do I connect to it?”

“Have you changed your mind?”

“I have.”

The breeze pushed the leaf, the leaf pushed the woman and her voice pushed Jung Ian into the world of Elder Lord.

“Right.”

Then where did that breeze come from?

“Hrmm?”

Lenox stood in Orcrox’s training ground. He didn’t stop practicing, even when he got older. He suddenly swung his axe.

Duguen.

“It is a strange feeling.”

It was a normal slash. Through it, Lenox touched the line penetrating the world. But he didn’t know what it was. It was because he hadn’t reached this realm yet.

“I don’t know. If you continue training, one day you will reach it.”

The great warrior Lenox.

“Maybe a good recruit will appear and reach the realm that I couldn’t. Either way, it doesn’t matter.”

Then he swung his axe again. The world was all on a line. His ordinary swing touched the line of the world. At first, it was insignificant. It was such a subtle crack that nobody knew. But the ripple grew and spread, making a small fluctuation in a far-off planet.

The line shook and there was a slight breeze. It happened by chance. However, that ripple flowed down the line and created a small wind on a distant planet. That wind. At most, it was just a weak breeze that would barely register against someone’s cheeks.

That breeze caused a leaf to drop. The leaf soon landed on a woman’s shoulders. Everything was connected.

Crockta asked, “Did you arrange everything?”

‘He’ replied.

‘I didn’t arrange it. I just watched.’

‘He’ was a voice, an idea. It was the response of the world that entered his soul.

Crockta faced him. ‘He’ waited for Crockta. There were many things Crockta wanted to ask. ‘He’ would know all the truths and laws of the world. However, Crockta realized that only one question was allowed to him.

Time lost all meaning. A few seconds, minutes, days, maybe hundreds of millions of years.

Crockta thought about it. In the midst of that radiant light, Crockta asked one last question, “What happens to the end of the universe?”

Crockta witnessed the world beyond the wall and the distant universes along the brilliant line. He couldn’t believe there was such a place in the universe. As long as there was such a place, the universe would never end. The landscape of the end that the grey god saw was just a breeze.

Life was always meaningful. It didn’t end with death.

The line started vibrating.

‘He’ laughed. The world laughed. The whole universe shook. ‘He’ replied.

‘All the civilizations in this universe have self-destructed before their suns cooled down.’

‘They hated each other and eventually killed each other.’

‘Jealousy, envy and stealing.’

‘Don’t be afraid of the distant future, but love each other in this moment.’

‘Love each other.’

‘Spread love, not hatred.’

‘It isn’t the end.’

‘Love one another.’

‘Then.’

‘There is light.’

The voice placed a hand on Crockta’s shoulder. ‘He’ touched Crockta’s shoulder and whispered in his ear.

‘You have proved it. My son.’

That voice.

Ahh.

A forgotten god that no one remembered. He who was always watching them.

He wasn’t alone. Crockta smiled. Thus, his mission was over. It was a long fight. His weary shoulders slumped. Crockta whispered with a sigh.

“It was very hard.”

‘He’ replied, ‘I know.’

Crockta completed the final quest.

Beelzebub’s giant mouth swallowed Crockta and the grey god. Then there was a ray of shining light. Everything cracked. The first thing that disappeared was Beelzebub. His body split apart. The grey god standing there was also cut in half.

The last thing that sank. It crossed the white sphere floating in the sky. Crockta’s greatsword, God Slayer, wiped it out. As the sphere suddenly collapsed, white light began to emerge. It filled the world.

The white light enveloped the world. It painted the entire world

of Elder Lord. Before long, it was gone like it didn't exist from the beginning. Then one or two people started to get up from their seat. The mortals who lost their lives against the grey god, as well the gods with damaged divinity, rose from their spot.

The great magic. It contained the power to recreate the universe. Its true purpose was regeneration. The power, that collapsed before destroying the world, restored all the damage it created.

All the heroes and gods who stood up to save the world rose. They looked at one place. It was where Crockta was standing. In front of him was the grey god, who sat down and wept.

Everything was over. Crockta won.

“Grey God.”

The grey god, who had become desperate after seeing the end of the universe, and then drove the world to the brink of destruction, looked up at Crockta with tearful eyes.

“Never forget what you just saw.”

Crockta turned around. It was time. The final quest was over. It was time to leave.

“You have saved the world.”

“We saved it together.”

The war god, who fought with him until the end, wrapped an arm around Crockta's shoulder. Crockta shook hands with the goddess of magic. The god of light and goddess of mercy bowed. Tartatod raised his thumb. All the gods paid tribute to him.

He bumped fists with Hoyt. Kumarak hit his shoulder. Zankus stood shoulder to shoulder with him. Anya kissed his cheek. Tashaquil shook his hand. Wallachwi laughed. All orcs paid tribute to him.

Driden hit his shoulder. Adandator looked at him with a disheveled head. Gushantimur and Antuak smiled. The human

heroes, elves, brave dwarves and clever gnomes greeted him. All species paid tribute to him.

He finally stood before Tiyo and Anor.

“Now it is time to leave.”

“Where are you going dot? We decided to travel the continent together!” Tiyo exclaimed.

The grey god’s perception change power had disappeared. Now they dimly knew what the curse of the gods was. Those cursed by the stars were travelers from another dimension, invited by the grey god.

“The grey god called me here. I don’t belong to this dimension.”

Tiyo had tears in his eyes. It was the first time he looked like this. Crockta laughed and said, “Sorry I couldn’t keep the promise.”

“An orc who can’t keep promises...”

“A man doesn’t cry.”

Crockta touched his shoulder. Then he looked at Anor, who was also teary-eyed, but he tried to smile.

“I’ll see you off with a smile.”

“Thank you.”

“Thank you. Crockta saved me. I’ll never forget.”

“I will also never forget.”

Crockta hugged both Tiyo and Anor. The gnome and dark elf were pulled into the orc’s wide chest.

“Then.” Crockta gritted his teeth. The shorter the farewell, the better. “Goodbye.”

Crockta looked around at everyone as his body gradually turned into white particles. He saw every face looking at him. He smiled at the teary Tiyo, the forcefully smiling Anor, the colleagues he fought together with, and the allies who used to be enemies.

‘Hey, Apprentice!’

They were there. They never died.

‘No, now you are the great warrior Crockta.’

They smiled and extended their fists towards Crockta.

‘Good work. Bul’tar!’

Within a short period of time, Crockta’s field of view turned white. It was farewell. Just before returning to Earth, Tiyo’s shout rang in his ears,

“I will see you again, Crocktaaaaaaaaaa!”

The Elder Lord incident was ended by Crockta. His identity was the highest ranked ‘Mystery’, but it wasn’t exactly clear who he really was.

The final quest was achieved. The people connected to Elder Lord returned.

Chapter 227 – EPILOGUE (1)

“Hey, are you alive?”

“I am alive. Your expression doesn’t look very good!”

Two orcs in chain armor were standing like stone statues. Their blades flashed in the sun. They found Saebichwi and laughed. They were laughing but due to the tusks and heinous appearance, their faces seemed evil.

Saebichwi gulped at their overwhelming momentum. Orcrox, the cradle of warriors. Even the gatekeepers seemed strong. He was a powerful orc fighter in his home village, but his mouth couldn’t open in front of the Orcrox guards.

“Are you nervous already?”

“Don’t worry, there are several cowards like you!”

They burst out laughing. The guards extended their fist and Saebichwi bumped it.

“Anyway, you have arrived at Orcrox and I wish you good luck. Become a great warrior.”

The gate opened. The bustling city of Orcrox was revealed. Another world.

Saebichwi wandered around the city landscape and accidentally hit someone’s shoulder. Saebichwi fell over.

“Umm?”

The other person looked at Saebichwi with a fierce face. Saebichwi was recognized as having the best body in his village. He also had a man’s pride. However, his body trembled when he faced the orc in front of him. What type of place was Orcrox, where there were several of these types of orcs? The orc in front of him was a hulking monster.

“You just hit me! Grrung!”

Saebichwi almost peed as the orc pushed his face closer. No, why did he get angry when Saebichwi was the one who fell? Then somebody saved him.

“Stupid! Why are you acting so grumpy towards a child?”

“I’m not grumpy! Grrung!”

“Are you okay?”

A female orc. A beautiful orc that would cause all orcs passing by to stare. The sharp eyes, scary impression, and strong tusks! This was the figure of a city woman! Anyone with a macho heart couldn’t help wanting to hug her.

“This guy is frozen.” She laughed. “Well, the man I’m with had such a stupid impression at first.”

“Who are you talking about, Anya?”

“Who? Of course, it isn’t you. It is that sexy guy.”

“Why are you talking about another man in front of your husband! Let’s go to the training ground! A couple fight! Grrung!”

“What? Do you want my axe in your forehead again? Let’s go quickly. Zankus is waiting.”

“A couple fight...”

“Eeit!”

“Keheok!”

They passed by Saebichwi while arguing. Saebichwi gazed at their backs. Truly a man with a violent nature. He admired the warrior for having such a beautiful orc woman as a wife. Her rear view with the throwing axes moving at her waist was beautiful. If Saebichwi became a true warrior, he would have a beauty that was equal to that orc.

Saebichwi headed to his destination with a renewed determination. He came to Orcrox to become a warrior. There was

the legendary instructor, Hoyt. Saebichwi walked for a while and arrived at the training ground.

Hoyt was watching the orcs on the training ground with folded arms.

“I am alive! I am Saebichwi, a warrior who came from Sambat Village because I want to become a warrior!”

“Kulkul, a rural orc.”

Hoyt gave off a surprisingly soft impression. Saebichwi was a bit disappointed because he was looking forward to someone like the rugged orc he met before. However, that disappointment soon became horror.

The gently smiling Hoyt suddenly started beating him. Saebichwi crouched as he was hit for a long time. It was an overwhelming force that he couldn't resist. He canceled his first impression of Hoyt. This was the most heinous orc he met today.

Saebichwi shouted angrily, “W-Why are you doing this? Sob!”

“Um...It is an orc tradition. Remember the helplessness of this moment.”

The orcs at the training ground laughed at the scene.

“It has been a while since I stopped. Rise.” Hoyt grabbed his shoulder and pulled him up. “Do you regret coming here?”

“Ah, no!”

Hoyt looked at Saebichwi with a new expression. Saebichwi was badly beaten but he didn't lose his guts. Saebichwi didn't falter in front of his gaze.

Hoyt grinned, “That look is good. I'll ask you one thing. Why do you want to be a warrior?”

Saebichwi thought about it. Why had he come here? Why had he

decided to become a warrior?

“I...” He replied with determined eyes. “I want to become a true warrior and protect my precious people.”

He came from Sambat village. It was a peaceful village. One day, it was attacked by ogres.

There was a fierce fight and the ogres were defeated, but there were many casualties. At the funeral, a shaman prayed for the souls of those who died. The sad ceremony was carried out and Saebichwi made a vow.

Become a true warrior and don't lose any more precious people.

“I see.” Hoyt smiled and nodded. “Come along.”

They entered a large stone building that was beside the training grounds.

“This is a stopping place for anyone who wants to become a warrior.”

They passed through a long corridor and reached a dark space. Hoyt waved his hand. Then light showed up.

“Hat!”

The torches lit up the interior, revealing numerous giants surrounding them. Saebichwi realized that they were statues.

“The great warriors of the Hall of Fame.”

It felt as if the statues were alive and breathing. That's how sophisticated they were. They stood in the Hall of Fame as if they were alive, looking down on them. The legendary warriors who left their name in history.

His heart started pounding.

“Who do you want to follow?”

Saebichwi suddenly discovered the statue of an orc. An orc with a terrible face and holding an axe. The face was covered with a steel

helmet, but a light seemed to be shining from inside it.

“That is...?”

“Warrior Lenox. A great instructor and warrior who is still admired by everyone in Orcrox. It is all thanks to Lenox that Orcrox is like it is now. He is the spirit of Orcrox.”

Indeed, it was only a statue but it seemed to convey his spirit. Saebichwi felt sorry that he never met Lenox. Then Saebichwi looked at the statue next to Lenox. The statue grinned at him.

“.....!”

Saebichwi stepped back. It was a hallucination.

The statue had a smile on his face. What did he just see?

“He...”

“You don’t know him?” Hoyt burst out laughing. “Don’t lie. There is no one who doesn’t know him.”

It was a statue of a smiling orc warrior with a giant greatsword on his shoulder. His whole body was full of scars, that it wouldn’t be strange if he collapsed right away. Nevertheless, he was smiling with a wide chest and raised chin. An indomitable warrior.

“Crockta...?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

“Crockta was from Orcrox?”

“Most people don’t know this. His story started in Orcrox. He was Lenox’s disciple and my friend.”

Saebichwi’s beating heart started to run out of control. It was natural. He faced the statue of Crockta and wanted to wield his weapon until he collapsed. He wanted to fight until his body broke down. He wanted to be a warrior who left his name in history.

Saebichwi didn’t think about it any longer.

“I would like to follow Crockta!”

“Crockta... brilliant.”

They left the Hall of Fame.

“When Crockta first came here, Lenox asked him why he wanted to become a warrior. Just as I asked you.”

“What was his answer?”

“What do you think?”

They returned to the training ground. It was hot. There was no one who collapsed. Those who fell down got right back up. When they hurt one arm, they used the other arm. Everyone was fighting until they lost consciousness.

“Like you, he answered that he wanted to protect his precious ones.”

“Ah...!”

“In the end, he managed to protect them.”

Crockta. The great warrior who saved the world from the gods and ascended. The only orc that all species paid homage to.

“Take it.” Hoyt handed him a greatsword that was difficult to lift. Saebichwi shook for a while.

“What are you doing?”

“Huh?”

“Go and swing it.”

Hoyt gestured over at the training ground. Saebichwi held the greatsword and hurriedly moved to the training ground. He could feel the vibrations of the training ground. His body shook every time the warriors moved their feet.

Hoyt shouted, “Everybody listen up! A newbie has come!”

“Whoa!”

“Eeeeeeeh!”

“How many newbies are there?”

The warriors cheered with their weapons.

“But this newbie chose to follow Crockta!”

“Hahahahat!”

“Follow Crockta!”

“Cheeky brat!”

“How many is that now?”

The warriors laughed and Saebichwi scratched his head.

“Show the fearless newbie what a warrior is! Swing————!”

“Bul’tar!”

Bul’tar, a word symbolizing the orcs, the collective name for honor, life, and the noblest values they sought. It was Bul’tar in the ancient orc language and became the simple form of Bul’ta. Languages evolve, and it had once again taken a new form.

Bul’tar, a warrior who symbolized it. His life was Bul’tar and he achieved the salvation of the world with his mortal body. Thus, the orcs celebrated his spirit by shouting like this.

“Bul’tar, Crocktaaaa————!”

“Bul’tar, Crocktaaaa————!”

“Crocktaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

Saebichwi raised his greatsword, the passion of the training ground wrapping around him. The statue of Crockta that smiled at him. It might’ve be a mistake, or maybe a great destiny awaited him.

Saebichwi wielded his greatsword and shouted,

“Bul’tar, Crocktaaaa————!”

“How is it?”

Thompson carefully picked it up and slurped it into his mouth.

“Hey, this is huge, Brother!”

Jeremy jumped up from where he had been eating the noodles with Thompson. His face was flushed.

“It’s a revolution! What is this taste?”

“Huhuhu, it is a masterpiece that I spent a lot of time on.”

“The demon, the demon! The taste of a demon! The delicious taste of a demon!”

“Thank you for the compliment. Huhuhut.”

Thompson hurriedly drank water and thought about it. How would Jeremy react if he knew the man laughing in front of him was really a demon? Certainly, the noodles were spicy enough to call it a demonic flavor.

“Gushantimur! Where were you hiding this chef? Amazing!”

“I learned about him a while ago. Isn’t it wonderful?”

The demon Abaddon’s business partner, Gushantimur smiled. Many things had changed since Crockta defeated the grey god and ascended.

The various species decided to get rid of their discrimination against one another. The entire continent cooperated for the sake of peace. In the midst of this, ‘Gushantimur’s Mercenaries’ was formed. His mercenaries consisted of ogres, goblins, kobolds, centaurs and other creatures that people usually avoided.

But those who belonged to the mercenary group were different from the ordinary creatures. They all had intelligence and immense skills.

Once Thompson hired Gushantimur’s Mercenaries, the number of attacks on his convoy significantly reduced. Their skills were real. Thus, Thompson signed a contract for long-term employment with Gushantimur’s Mercenaries.

A short time ago, Gushantimur came to him with a new business proposal. Thompson was one of the few people who knew his identity as a black dragon. So he hadn't expected Gushantimur to introduce something that would suit mortals. But he brought a demon.

The demon brought with him the 'Demon's Recipe', and the goal was to build a network of restaurants that sold the Demon Noodles throughout the continent.

"This taste is really..."

"If Thompson invests in me, I will hire people to pass on this taste to. The spiciness of the 'Demon Noodles' will spread through the continent. Huhuhuhu."

Restaurant franchises were currently experiencing a boom in Elder Lord. Thompson worried about it. This was a new attempt. This demonic taste clearly had many possibilities. However, entering a new market was always a risk. He started to worry over the possibilities and risks.

At that time, Abaddon whispered in Thompson's ears. Indeed, a demon was a demon.

"If Thompson refuses... should I go to the Blacksmith Company with this business proposition...? Huhuhuhu..."

".....!"

Absolutely not!

Thompson jumped up, "Okay!"

Abaddon and Gushantimur's faces brightened.

"Let's give it a try!"

Thompson extended his hand. Abaddon and Gushantimur placed their hands on top of his. Jeremy came for pleasure and had no business relationship with them, but he also included his hand.

"These demonic noodles will create a craze on the continent!"

“Ohhh! Okay Brother!”

“Thank you. Huhuhu...!”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

Thus, the first step of the myth about the demon noodles began. The eve before the storm shook the continent. Once this calm was over, one thing would come to pass!

A storm of taste!

Chapter 228 – EPILOGUE (2)

“Tashaquil! What are you doing dot?”

“Huhu, impatient gnome. Wait and see.”

“Why are you so urgent?”

“I am hungry dot!”

Tiyo, Anor, and Tashaquil were standing in the middle of a clearing. A few years had passed since the grey god tried to destroy the world. Tiyo and Anor traveled the continent as they continued the search to find Hedor.

“What are you doing now dot?”

“I met a monster.”

One more person emerged from the bushes. He wiped the blood stains off the pair of swords. Driden. He also traveled the continent with Tiyo and Anor.

“Ogres are slow.”

Crockta disappeared but his legacy still remained in the world.

With the effort of the shamans, the north was fully opened. Under the cooperation of the northern chieftain Surka and Zelkain, the apostle of the world tree, the north began an exchange with the continent. Now it wasn't uncommon to see species from the continent in the north or northern orcs on the continent.

“By the way,” Driden was also in a hurry. “I can't see a house like Tashaquil said. What happened, Tashaquil?”

He glared at Tashaquil. Tashaquil smiled bitterly at the dark looks from both the gnome and dark elf.

“You didn't do this when there was Crockta...”

“Crockta is gone dot!”

“I only respect results.”

Anyway, they came to the great forest for one reason. The shaman Antuak, who reached the heights of a demigod. It was in order to meet him. Tiyo's group pursued Hedor and realized that the clue led to Antuak.

The only one able to track Antuak was Tashaquil, so they asked him to find his teacher. That's why Tashaquil joined Tiyo's party. Tashaquil's magic was saying that Antuak was here. It was clearly this place. However, neither his teacher or his home was visible.

"He is your shaman teacher, what complete nonsense dot."

"An empty wagon makes the most noise. How disappointing."

"Isn't it time to retire dot?"

"....."

In Basque Village, the disciples would shut up in Tashaquil just coughed. Now this gnome and dark elf were treating him like this. It was sad. Tashaquil missed the warrior Crockta.

"Cough! These guys. Wait and see."

Tashaquil closed his eyes and concentrated. Antuak was here. Antuak was someone with a higher understanding in the power of space and time than the gods. It was obvious that he created his own space by overlapping dimensions. He was here but also somewhere else.

Tashaquil used magic. He began to explore the surroundings with magic power. He was the blue guardian of the sunrise, the pale blue standard bearer who guided the shamans, Tashaquil. There was nothing that he couldn't reveal.

Tashaquil was determined. His magic power started to strip away at the edges of the dimension. Any other shaman would be crying out with amazement at the sight!

Sweat covered his forehead.

"What are you doing dot?" Tashaquil opened his eyes at the

sudden sound. “Why are you just standing there? Come quickly dot!”

“That...”

A house had appeared in a spot where there was nothing. Antuak opened the door and was welcoming Anor and Driden. Antuak had revealed himself.

Tiyo shook his head, “I can’t believe Crockta called him a great shaman dot...”

“.....”

He was speechless. Tashaquil couldn’t say anything. Antuak welcomed his guests and student.

“It has been a while, Tashaquil.”

“This is the first time since that day. Teacher.”

He was referring to the day when Crockta defeated the grey god and saved the world from destruction.

“Your wife...”

“Ah, Aruna?” Antuak smiled. “She is resting in the temple of the goddess of mercy. For the time being, she needs to be immersed in the holy water there.”

“Ahh, I’m glad.”

It was thanks to the grey god. She fell to another dimension and used Elder Lord to return to this world. Thus, her understanding about different dimensions expanded.

She might’ve sinned, but she was also a divine person and an important part of this world. She received the sentence of being detained in Olympus, but Antuak, who was recognized as a demigod, met her and asked for advice about Aruna.

The grey god told him how to save Aruna and Antuak finally succeeded in rescuing his wife. The day she opened her eyes, all the

flowers in the world forgot about the seasons and bloomed.

“I would like to say hello to her.”

“We will go together when it is time. She also wants to see you.”

Tashaquil smiled. A beautiful bouquet was placed on the bed where she once lay.

“Then why did Crockta’s friends come to see me?” Antuak asked.

At Antuak’s question, Tiyo wiped his mouth and stopped eating the soup that was served.

“Antuak! Do you perhaps know Hedor?”

“Hoh...Hedor...you look a lot like him. Are you related to Hedor?”

“Hedor is my father dot!”

Antuak burst out laughing at Tiyo’s words.

“Kulkukul, yes, Hedor’s son. Indeed.” He nodded. “Indeed, the bloodline hasn’t gone anywhere. Hedor is the greatest adventurer I’ve ever known. It isn’t surprising that his son helped save the world. Kulkul.”

“Do you know my father dot?”

“I know.” Antuak looked at him with a strange expression. “If you are looking for him, you will need me.”

“Where is my father dot?”

“In a world that only I know.”

“Ohh!”

After the day where he separated from Crockta, Tiyo had been upset for a while before moving. He decided to find his father Hedor. Anor happily followed him and Driden joined. They had traveled the world, following Hedor’s trail.

From Orcrox, the trail led again to the empire in the south. Then

from the empire to the north. They wandered around the areas outside the maps. Hedor's trail was hard to catch. Eventually, they received a clue that led to Antuak.

"I think we finally got it. Tiyo!"

Anor shouted with a completely empty bowl in front of him. Driden nodded.

"Your father is a gnome but keeps wandering around everywhere. Really, it is tiring."

Hedor was an adventurer who explored the north before it was opened and wandered all over the world. Then where the hell was he now?

"He..."

"He?"

"Collected ancient relics and..."

"Collected?"

Tiyo, Anor and Driden focused on Antuak. Antuak smiled.

"He went beyond this dimension."

The faces of the trio became strange.

Now.

Dimensional movement. They followed him to islands not on a map and broke through nameless mountain ranges. They struggled with monsters that they saw for the first time in their lives. The group overcame many risky situations and barely reached here. But now it was dimensional movement.

"My wife Aruna failed, but he succeeded. He gathered the ancient relics, opened the wall between dimensions and entered a new world. I don't know when he will come back."

"W-W-Where...another dimension?"

"That's right."

“What dimension dot?”

The stunned Tiyo shouted. Antuak shrugged.

“Well...before he left, he told me...it was...”

“It was?”

“It is known as ‘Earth.’ I don’t know it very well.”

Everyone was frustrated. The scale was too big. The adventurer Hedor, what the hell was he doing?

Tiyo hit his head on the table before looking up.

“Kukukukuk...”

He was laughing crazily. Anor and Driden looked at him with fearful eyes. Tiyo’s eyes were bright with madness.

“Then it can’t be helped dot.”

“D-Don’t tell me...?”

“Wait. Tiyo. Slow down.”

“Go dot!” Tiyo shouted. “We will go there, to another dimension dot!”

Anor and Driden tried to stop Tiyo. However, Antuak spoke again.

“I don’t know it, but I heard the name again while talking to the grey god.”

“.....?”

“The place called Earth...” Antuak smiled. “Crockta is also there.”

Crockta. Their friend was there. Anor, who was blocking Tiyo’s mouth, lowered his hand. Driden let go of Tiyo’s hands. At that moment, the decision was made. They would leave for a new dimension.

“But in order to go there, you need to find ancient ruins and

collect artifacts. They are in very dangerous places, with many monsters moving around. Hedor almost died many times.”

“It doesn’t matter dot!” Tiyo jumped up.

He shouted to Crockta at the moment of parting. ‘I will see you again.’ He wasn’t like Crockta, who left without keeping his promise. Manly Tiyo. The man who upheld his promises. He would find his father and meet Crockta again. In the dimension called ‘Earth!’

“Let’s go dot! Everyone be prepared!”

“Yes!”

“It can’t be helped.”

They joined their hands together. It was a hot scene.

Tashaquil muttered at the sight, ‘Too young.’

“What are you doing, Tashaquilllll!”

Tiyo shouted. Tashaquil jolted with surprise.

“W-What?”

“Quickly put your hand in! Let’s go dot!”

“No, I only came to help for a bit...”

“Another dimension dot! You are coming too! Come on! An adventure dot!”

Tashquil raised his hand with a grouchy expression. Thus, the ‘dimensional expedition’ team was formed.

“Go dot!”

“Let’s go!”

“I have a debt.”

“No, I, wait...”

They would leave. For a new world. To meet Hedor and Crockta!

“Kiyoooooh!”

“Who?”

“What is it?”

“No, this face looks familiar. This person?”

Ian cocked his head. A short man had just passed by. He was a small man dressed nicely in foreign clothes. It was an appearance that seemed familiar, but Ian wasn't sure from where.

“Hrmm, who is he?” Ian wondered before smiling awkwardly at the woman next to him. It was a face he always looked at, but it was unsettling so close up. His heart pounded and his face reddened.

“Oppa, do you know a lot of people?”

Ian didn't have many close relationships. It was true. But he felt somewhat dissatisfied when she pointed it out. So he pouted and said, “I know a lot.”

“Who? Yiyu?”

“There is Hayeon and...”

“.....”

Ah, he said the wrong thing. The woman, which was Yeori, stiffened. Ian placed a hand on her shoulder and laughed.

“Hahaha. It's cold. It is already autumn. Isn't that right?”

“...Take off your hand.”

“Understood.”

Yeorì continued to be stiff in front of his attempts at humor. In the end, Yeori smiled once.

“You smiled, didn't you?”

“No? Does Hayeon-ssi like these type of old-fashioned jokes?”

“She’s just a friend.”

“Then I will go and meet my friends. There is the intelligent Mincheol and Gyeonghwan has been contacting me lately...”

Ian’s face stiffened. But she was unfazed, unlike Ian. Yeori smiled and grabbed Ian’s arm tightly.

“Oppa. Why? Are you jealous?”

He couldn’t resist it when she acted like this. Ian started laughing.

She asked, “Is Yiyu doing well?”

“She’s the same. Right now, she’s busy preparing for a job interview. Oh, she’s also going to a private school for interview tips. I guess it’s hard to get a job these days.”

“It’s tough, even my friends are also struggling. I was lucky to meet a nice boss like you.”

“Right?”

“You’re the best.”

The two looked at each other and smiled. At that moment.

[Isn’t this a good picture?]

Ian frowned. It had been a year since the Elder Lord incident. People tried to find out who Crockta was, but he didn’t reveal himself. Over time, the Elder Lord situation was gradually forgotten. The fact that so many lives almost died also dulled. The world started flowing normally again. But one thing hadn’t changed.

[I’m bored.]

The grey god. He still had a connection with her. How was she still able to talk to Ian? According to her words, her efforts to return to her original world had resulted in the boundaries between dimensions loosening. Anyway, the grey god was very

happy about the situation. She was imprisoned in Olympus, so she was bored and had nothing to do except talk to Ian.

Ian sighed and whispered, “Don’t talk to me because I am on a date.”

“Huh?”

“Nothing. I’m talking to myself. What movie did you want to see?”

“It’s called ‘The Uncle who Returned.’ The protagonist is called Lee Jungmin. Ah, I am lucky today. Lee Jungmin is really handsome.”

The grey god kept talking,

[Ian. In fact, I have something to say.]

“I’ll buy the tickets. Can you wait?”

“Let’s go together. Why do you want to go alone?”

“I need to go to the bathroom.”

“Umm. I understand. The popcorn is caramel flavor. The drink is Cola!”

“Understood.”

Yeori sat down at a table in front of the cinema kiosk while Ian went to the bathroom. He entered a toilet stall and spoke to the grey god.

“What’s going on?”

[Don’t be angry.]

“I am angry.”

[Then I won’t speak.]

“There is no time so tell me quickly.”

The grey god was lonely after being confined. The grey god hesitated before saying.

[I understand. I fell into your world... you know I tried a lot to get back right?]

Ian's face became serious. The grey god wouldn't repeat her story for no reason. It also hurt her. He had a bad feeling.

Ian asked, "So?"

[So...the walls between dimensions are much looser than before. It seems like someone has nudged it.]

"What does that mean?"

[There is a possibility that a third dimension will be opened. I can't say exactly what, but it might cause problems in your world. It isn't normal that we can keep talking to each other.]

Ian cocked his head. It was a serious but still unknown story.

Thus, Ian decided to forget about it for the moment.

"I understand. Don't talk to me anymore because I am watching a movie."

[Movie? Ah, I want to see it as well. When it is over, you should explain it to me.]

"That isn't going to happen."

[Who is the protagonist?]

"Lee Jungmin."

[Wow. I'm envious. He is unbelievably handsome.]

Ian ignored her. He watched the movie with Yeori. The contents of 'The Uncle who Returned' weren't much, but the main character was impressive. His visuals and presence weren't lacking. He really was a protagonist worthy of a movie.

The credits started playing. They exited onto the streets along with the other audience members.

"The movie was good. Should we eat dinner?"

“Okay. What do you want to eat?”

“Let’s think about it while walking.”

They walked side by side. The screens on the street that only showed Elder Lord was now playing the news.

-It has been a year since the Elder Lord incident. However, the victims’ wounds still don’t seem to be healing. There are still those experiencing symptoms, such as seeing the status window.

The reporter Park Gidae said.

The virtual reality game that wowed the world had completely ended. The officials of Elder Saga Corporation were also arrested. They were punished for using ‘Albino’, an AI system that they knew nothing about.

Everyone thought the situation was completely over. However, there were those who still suffered damage after time had passed. They all had the same symptoms. They saw the ‘status window.’

Ian had thought it was just a mental problem caused by trauma. But he had an ominous feeling after hearing the grey god’s words. Did this happen because the wall between dimensions was loosened? Were they really seeing the status window?

“Oppa?”

“Yes. I was just thinking for a second.”

“You have many thoughts today. What were you thinking about?”

“I...”

“Ah! Don’t do that, really! I don’t like it.”

“Okay, okay. How about hot soup and rice for dinner?”

“There is no real atmosphere.”

“You hate pasta.”

“Is there only atmosphere with pasta?”

They argued while walking down the street. At that moment. Ian stopped walking.

Yeori pulled his arm and asked, “What is it?”

“Move back.”

“Huh?”

“Go back over there.”

Ian gritted his teeth. His ominous foreboding feeling was never wrong. Ian could see it.

It was shaking. Space and time.

“Retreat!”

People detected the abnormality and began to scream. The crowd scattered. The grey god’s urgent voice was heard.

[Ian! This is what I was saying. So...]

Ian looked at the road. The dimension was opening. A hand protruded and demolished the dimensional wall, widening the gap. Beyond that, the roar of a beast was heard.

A monster. It was a monster Ian had never seen before. It was like a demon climbing up from hell.

“What is this?”

“Oh my god!”

“Call the police!”

People screamed. It was an unreal sight. This wasn’t Elder Lord. It was Earth. But monsters appeared here.

“Are they filming a movie?”

“Does that make sense?”

“Then what does make sense? Call the police, no, the army!”

“Kyaaaak!”

The monster emerged completely. When compared to the world of Elder Lord, it was big enough to become an ogre. However, its whole body was shedding a black liquid. Two red eyes, like a giant insect.

It looked around. Then it smiled. The monster looked like it had found fun prey.

“Klilililil!”

It struck with a screech. Cars flew through the air. It was the overwhelming destructive power. The street was on fire. Ian turned around. Yeori was trembling and couldn’t move. He grabbed her shoulder and tried to run away with her.

It was at that moment,

“Motherrrrrrrr!”

The scream of a young child rang out. Ian looked back. A child was hanging from the monster’s claws. The child cried and called for her mother. The woman who seemed to be her mother was screaming.

The monster’s mouth opened. The child’s head neared it. It would soon chew and swallow the child.

The monster rolled its eyes and grinned. It was a mocking gaze. Ian’s hair rose as he felt anger. However, he was Jung Ian. He wasn’t Crockta. He didn’t have the power to crush monsters. This was reality. But he didn’t turn back.

“Oppa!”

He realized. He had already started running.

“Run away first!” Ian shouted.

Yeori called out from behind him, but his legs didn’t stop. He was running towards the monster. He couldn’t stop.

Because.

‘Are you alive?’

They were watching him.

‘You might die. However, it is better to die than to not live.’

They were talking to Ian. He ran at full speed. The monster saw him. It aimed at Ian with the one hand that wasn’t holding the child. A strong feeling of death passed through him. However, there was no turning back.

The monster’s claws descended towards him. The sense of death went down his spine. At that moment. Something filled his field of view.

[Status Window

‘Northern Conqueror, Empire’s Deficit, Defeater of the Gods, Great Warrior Crockta’ Jung Ian, Warrior.

Level: MAX

Achievement Points: MAX

Assimilation: MAX

Abilities:

God’s Strength (Myth)

Revival (Myth)

Sword of God (Myth)

Fighting Spirit (Myth)

God’s Eyes (Myth)

Tattoo (Myth)

Roar (Myth)

Creatures Butcher (Myth)

Magic Power Induction (Myth)]

Tattoos began to appear on Ian’s body. Heat filled his whole

body. The world slowed. Space and time accelerated and decelerated according to his will. The realm of the Pinnacle was in his grasp, with causality reversing with his will.

A longtime comrade appeared in his hands. God Slayer. He didn't know how it happened. Someone might've arranged it, or the fate of the world might've been testing him again.

It didn't matter. The wind was blowing in his ear and he heard the whispers of the world.

'Our suffering is meaningful.'

He didn't know.

'In the end, we are worth it.'

He didn't know. There was no need to know. Just...

This world that he belonged to. He would hold onto it as tightly as he could. He would fight now. In order to be alive!

Ian leapt forward and roared, "Bul'tarr—!"

One year after the virtual reality game Elder Lord ended its service, monsters started to appear through gaps in the dimension. They were impervious to modern firearms, and the only ones who could fight them had the same dimensional power, the old Elder Lord users.

They came to be called 'hunters.'

"Mother, what is this?"

"Yes, sleep well my baby."

"I see something strange. What is this? Status window?"

"What?"

Planet Earth, the era of creatures. Open!

<The End>

Extra Story (1)

A few years since the Great Monster Era started. Monsters constantly came from another dimension and tormented humanity. They had one purpose. To eat. They greedily desired to eat humans.

The only ones who could block the monsters were the old Elder Lord users, who wielded the power of another dimension.

“There are too many enemies!”

[Hang in there.]

“More birdmen are coming out! We can’t endure it! We will be wiped out!”

[The support team is coming.]

“How many? If not enough people come...”

Humanity quickly built a system. The Elder Lord users became ‘hunters’ and formed teams. The government supported them. Everyone was united in order to survive.

[Don’t worry.]

And there were some exceptional people. They emerged. Those who were stars in Elder Lord became stars on Earth.

[‘Rommel’ is going.]

“Rommel!”

Colour returned to the hunters’ faces as they heard the words from the support team over the radio. Despair changed to hope. Death changed to life. Rommel was coming.

“Kieeeeeeeek!”

“Be careful!”

“Ouch!”

A birdman grabbed a hunter and flew up high. The hunter tried to resist, but the claws of the birdman crushed his shoulder bones. His screams rang out. Arrows and magic flew towards the birdman, but it avoided it with acrobatics.

“Shit.”

A hunter aimed at the sky. It was too far. He gritted his teeth. He pulled out all the strength in his body, but he couldn't aim at it. The birdman kept flying while biting at his colleague. Pained screams kept continuing.

The hunter desperately drew back his bowstring. He didn't want to add another colleague to the list of the dead. His arms trembled. He wouldn't reach. He knew it. But he couldn't give up.

The moment he was about to blindly fire the arrow. An unknown force enveloped his body. Strength filled his weary shoulders. His arms stopped trembling. His blurry eyes cleared. The birdman in the sky became clearly visible in his field of view.

He let go. The arrow pierced the birdman's head. Another colleague secured the fallen hunter.

[Team 'Rommel' has entered the operations rea. Please cooperate.]

He had come.

'Rommel', Choi Hansung. He was unrivalled in the days of Elder Lord. The 'War Maestro.' The genius of tactical command and large-scale warfare.

The moment anyone entered his domain. Fatigue was recovered. Fighting spirit and vitality emerged. Now this place was Rommel's domain. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that just receiving his command would make them several times stronger than usual. It was literally what happened. The hunter's combat power increased.

The birdmen started to fall one by one.

“From now on, I will lead.”

Choi Hansung’s voice was clearly heard in everyone’s ears. Team leader, there was no one who refused. He was Rommel. The hunter who made the whole of South Korea a 1st grade safety zone. After his hunters killed dozens of ‘ogre-class’ monsters and wiped out the creatures attacking Mungyeong, he became known as Korea’s protector.

“The goal is completely annihilation.”

Complete annihilation. He didn’t use equipment to forcibly close the gate. Rather, he would use firepower to destroy the monsters until no more emerged. It wasn’t a generally recommended plan. But.

“Civilian damage has occurred.” Choi Hansung explained. “We will make them pay for their actions.”

The hunters nodded. It was an unusually rapid gate. Before the warning signs could be seen, the dimensional gate opened and monsters emerged, attacking the houses. The sight that the hunters witnessed after arriving here were the ugly birdmen eating at human bodies.

The anger that was suppressed due to the difference in power reared its head again.

“Don’t let those monsters see this land again.”

Research discovered that the monsters had intelligence and learning abilities. They were also screening the area. The monsters didn’t stay for long in a defeated area. They continued to invade other areas.

Therefore, it was clear why South Korea was a 1st grade safety zone. A land that never let monsters step foot on it. This was a notorious danger zone for the monsters. It was the Korean peninsula.

The team led by ‘Rommel’, Choi Hansung, and the existing

hunters took a formation.

“Slowly advance on the gate and surround it.”

A black sphere was open on a destroyed house. And birdmen continued to pour from there.

They flew in the sky, so it was necessary for the hunters to take different combat formations than the normal ones. Choi Hansung placed the magicians and ranged attackers forward to prepare for a sudden strike.

It needed complex commands, but this was as natural as breathing for Choi Hansung.

“Oberon, please lend your support to the right. Julia will act on the left side. Kim Chul will change his weapon to a shield. The birdmen are descending.”

He even knew the nickname of people he had never seen before. He stood at an angle where he couldn't see the nameplates on the hunter's chest, but he was literally looking at the entire battlefield.

Soon all the birdmen dropped. It was a sea of monsters. They were ugly. They were monstrous birds with the faces of humans, and their exposed innards kept twitching.

The hunters wiped them all out. The gate didn't send out anything more.

“Wait.”

They waited around the dimensional gate. They were waiting for more enemies to come out. The residents of this house would all be dead. The nearby neighbours had evacuated, but there were still some casualties. A hunter found a tricycle on the ground and cursed.

“Shit.”

He spat and glared at the black gate. He wondered why these monsters broke through the dimension gap to eat humans.

“There doesn’t seem to be any more. Block the gate...”

At that moment, the gate started to distort.

“It is closing.”

The hunters stared at the hole until the gate completely disappeared. After the gate was gone.

“The operation is over. Thanks for the good work.”

“Thanks for the hard work!”

“You have suffered.”

“Thanks for your hard work!”

The hunters sat down. This wasn’t a job, but their lives. They couldn’t get used to the awful tension. There were no casualties, but many people were injured. The hunters called for an ambulance. The support team was coming.

At that moment.

“Wait a minute, everybody.”

Choi Hansung jumped up. The hunters reacted and raised themselves up. He looked at an intersection where roads were crossing without any hesitation. There was an unknown energy leaking out. It was a level that couldn’t be felt unless the person was a high level hunter like Choi Hansung.

“Something is coming. Be prepared. And...”

The support team on the radio.

[What is going on?]

Choi Hansung explained. “I am requesting support.”

[Huh?]

“Support. It is a request. Please call for all possible support. Except for the minimum number of defense personnel in each area, please sent all the hunters in Korea.”

[What...]

“The gate is opening. Not ogre-grade. Cyclops... no, it isn’t even a comparison. I don’t know. Anyway, it is dangerous.”

[Ah, Ah. I understand!]

The hunters paled. Choi Hansung’s words were clear. An ogre-grade monster was an emergency. But this was beyond a cyclops-grade. It was a disaster. The hunters moved around the intersection according to Choi Hansung’s command. They didn’t know what the enemy was, so they maintained a safe distance with the most basic defense formation.

“Everybody, be tense.”

Choi Hansung’s voice subsided. He hoped that his instincts were wrong. However, his whole body was shouting that the gate was dangerous. He wasn’t a direct combat class, but his level and abilities were world class. After the monsters appeared, he went through countless battles and grew.

The developed battle senses were currently sounding a siren. The existence that would appear. He shouldn’t go against such a monster. But Choi Hansung didn’t take a step back. He was always the last line of defense. If he couldn’t stop it, no one in Korea could stop it.

A black gate appeared at the intersection. A crossroad was a gateway. It was the optimal conditions for a demon to appear.

Choi Hansung quietly muttered, “What type of being?”

The shape was soon revealed.

“Swaaaaaaahhhhhhh!”

It was familiar. But it wasn’t a monster.

“What...?”

The Great Monster Era occurred and the power of Elder Lord became available, but the enemies weren’t monsters from Elder

Lord. They were monsters that were the enemies of humanity. But this monster. They recalled it from their memories.

A ‘basilisk.’

“What is going on...?”

However, now wasn’t the time to be surprised. A basilisk was equivalent to a cyclops-class.

Hunters categorized the monsters through the representative monsters of Elder Lord. The monsters classified as ‘ogre-grade’ meant they had the durability and strength of an ogre from Elder Lord.

A basilisk was the representative of Elder Lord, as well as a Death Knight. This was the arrival of a death knight level monster, which was above a cyclops.

One hunter muttered, “There is only one...”

The sudden disappearance of a crisis. The hunters wished it was the case. If it was just one monster, they would be able to hold on until the hunters on the Korean peninsula gathered. Rommel was the only one thinking differently.

“Be prepared.”

Choi Hansung said. His attitude was contagious. The hunters grabbed their weapons and readied themselves.

Then.

“Sweeeee...swiik....”

The basilisk collapsed. At the same time, the gate fully opened and the massive body fell down. Then it stopped breathing. It was dead. What was happening? Then the hunters saw it.

The beings that killed the basilisk. They fell off the basilisk. They looked at the hunters. There were four unidentified figures. They were all humanoid. Humanoid monsters had never appeared before. They spoke.

“_____”

It was a language they couldn't understand. The hunters were confused.

“— — — — —?”

The unidentified existences muttered while holding a sword. The sword shone brilliantly. Pressure filled the area. It was difficult to breathe. One hunter stiffened and unconsciously released his bowstring.

An arrow flew towards the beings. Then the unknown being swung his sword. The arrow was instantly sliced into dozens of pieces and scattered in the air.

“Oh my god...”

It was a tremendous failure. The hunters realized that these unidentified beings were monsters they couldn't deal with.

“Everybody, wait.”

Rommel walked towards the unknown existences.

“Rommel-nim! It is dangerous!”

“Don't worry.”

Rommel's face was stiff, but there were no signs of fear. It almost seemed like he knew the people. The man in the middle of the group walked towards Rommel. There was a deep scar on the face of the man. There were wounds all over his body, like he had come in a hurry. He looked like an exhausted veteran. That was the impression he gave off.

He pulled something out of his pocket. It looked like a broken stone, but a strange energy was coming from it. He held it and spoke to Rommel. Then to their surprise, all the hunters could understand his words.

“Aren't you Rommel dot?”

“...”

The hunters were shocked. Rommel nodded. Then he briefly replied.

“That’s right. If I remember correctly, you are Tiyo.”

“You remembered dot. Indeed dot.”

Then the hunters also started to remember. A famous character. That’s right. Crockta’s partner when he was playing Elder Lord. Magic Bullets Berserker Tiyo! How did he show up here?

“Huhuhu..!” He laughed. It was a face that had suffered a lot. His struggles were etched on his face. “Yes, I finally came. It is I, Tiyo. A man who doesn’t know how to give up dot.”

His persistence allowed him to finally reach Earth. Tiyo asked Rommel, “This is Crockta’s dimension. Where is he dot?”

Crockta. Rommel smiled bitterly.

“Crockta. He is...”

“Achoo!”

[Are you okay?]

“I’m fine. I guess someone is talking about me.” Ian replied.

He was standing alone in the middle of a desert. In front of him, a huge gate was opening.

[If you need support...]

“I’m fine. I’m good enough.”

[Yes, I understand.]

Beyond the gate, the monster started to emerge. It was huge. It was literally a behemoth.

[The opponent is a ‘dragon-grade’ monster.]

“I know.”

A monster with an ugly appearance, like it came from hell. It resembled a reptile, but its physiology was so strange and terrible that it couldn't be compared to anything on Earth. Unidentified. All they knew was the identity of this monster. It was to eat until humanity disappeared.

“You don't have to worry. This is what I've always done.”

[On behalf of all of Egypt, I am thankful for your help.]

“You're welcome.”

Ian laughed.

At the same time, tattoos started to emerge on his body. Magic power exploded from his body. It felt like the entire atmosphere was following his movements. His sword God Slayer was close to a natural disaster.

If 'Rommel', Choi Hansung was the protector of the Korean peninsula.

'Raven', Jung Ian.

“Then I will start with the aim of killing.”

He was the guardian of Earth.

Extra Story (2)

Ahmed Hassan, the director of the Egyptian Security Bureau, was in direct control of the hunting area.

“That is Raven...”

It was an incredible sight.

Egypt and the neighbouring countries of Libya and Sudan had been thrown into confusion as signs that a giant gate would appear in the Bahariya Desert emerged.

Dragon-grade. A dragon-grade monster was something that could wipe out the entire country. After the opening of the Great Monster Era. Every time a dragon-grade monster appeared, a catastrophe took place.

Sydney, where the first dragon-grade monster appeared, was still a land of death. At some point, the damage caused by dragon-grade monsters disappeared. It was due to one thing.

‘Raven’ Jung Ian. The only hunter who could kill dragon-grade monsters. His power wasn’t limited to just one country. He was a sword that should be used on behalf of the entire human race.

As a freelance hunter, he worked solo as he accepted requests from all over the world in accordance to their importance. Hunting dragon-grade monsters and reclaiming cities where monsters had set up lairs were his main tasks.

Once the Egyptian government asked for help at the emergence of a dragon-grade, he immediately flew over on a private jet. Then he slaughtered the dragon-grade monster. It was in an instant.

“Indeed, he is the guardian of the human race that God has sent.”

Ahmed Hassan was full of appreciation. With one swing of the greatsword ‘God Slayer,’ the hard shell of the best was sliced through like it was tofu. The fires that occurred burned the

monster.

The body of the best was shredded, affecting the white desert sand beyond the monster's body. There was a large empty space in the desert. It was beyond the power of a human.

“Nobody would believe it.”

A dragon-grade monster was killed. Truly overwhelming! He looked up at the sky. The helicopter carrying Jung Ian was returning to the base.

The hunters, who were preparing just in case they had to act, and the personnel of the command centre met him. Everyone applauded as he got off the helicopter. It was a tribute to the most unique hunter on Earth.

Ahmed Hassan approached Ian and asked for a handshake.

“Thank you.”

“It is nothing.”

“Once again, I would like to express my gratitude on behalf of all of Egypt. It was a wonderful strength.”

It was through the translator devices in their ears, but the words were fully conveyed.

“And...” Ahmed Hassan took Ian's hand once again. “My son was a ‘returnee.’ I always wanted to meet you to thank you for that day.”

Raven, Jung Ian. It was an open secret that he was the legendary ‘Crockta’ from Elder Lord.

“I'm glad. Is your son well?”

“He is working as a hunter.”

“Great. I wish him good luck. Now I have to go to Benghazi.”

The city of Benghazi, in the neighbouring country of Libya, had already been occupied by monsters. The hunters set up a blockage,

but it wouldn't last. Africa didn't have many Elder Lord players, so they were lacking hunters and needed support.

Ahmed Hassan nodded.

"I understand. Please excuse me for taking up your time when you are so busy. I will contact you through your agent."

"Thank you."

Ian rose on the helicopter again to move to the runway where his jet was.

Ian closed his eyes as he felt the vibrations of the jet. It had been a while since he started travelling the world like this.

The first day that the gate opened, Ian awakened the power of Elder Lord and fought against the monster. He thought it was a temporary phenomenon at first, but his strength didn't disappear. Monsters constantly emerged.

They were the enemy of humanity. According to the grey god who looked at the dimension of the monsters, it was a completely different place from Earth or Elder Lord. The closest representation was 'hell.' It was such a terrible place that even she couldn't observe it for long. An ugly dimension that constantly produced hatred.

Ian couldn't live a carefree life as long as they were aiming at Earth.

"Sigh..."

Ian sighed and his secretary asked him.

"Would you like something to eat?"

"That's okay. I will go and see it first."

His secretary nodded. He was someone the Korean government gave to Ian. A person who was also an Elder Lord user, his main

focus was healing. Now he reached out to heal Ian's fatigue.

"Here, a wound."

He suddenly pointed to Ian's side. Blood was emerging from a wound there.

"It is nothing, so just heal it here."

"Hey..."

Dragon-grade monsters were weak to him, but they could still injure him. This was the final blow just before death. If he hadn't avoided it, his guts would've spilled all over the place. Ian was used to being injured.

"Benghazi's status?"

"The data has arrived. Ah, before that..." The secretary hesitated before continuing. "The video from last month's South Africa raid has leaked. I went to Youvids and other video sites, but it still isn't down. A hacker is responsibility... Leonardo will send a strong letter of complaint."

"It doesn't matter."

"But..."

"What? Everyone already roughly knows." Ian shrugged. "It doesn't worry me."

When the Great Monsters Era began, people's attention was focused on one thing. The user 'Crockta'.

When the first monsters appeared, it was Ian who fought for the helpless. Then he fought with a mask on his face. However, the greatsword, tattoos and great power gradually raised suspicion that he was Crockta.

He asked the government for secrecy, but he couldn't prevent it from leaking. People were convinced that he was Crockta.

"Here, this is the current view of Benghazi."

“Awful.”

“The lair has progressed considerably. If left alone, it will be like Sydney.”

“I can’t let that happen.”

“There is the first dragon-class object. I call it ‘Parthenon.’

“Support?”

“It won’t be enough. Other countries have heard that Ian-nim is coming. Everybody wants to see Crockta fight.”

“Let them look. Everybody knows.”

“Haha...”

After witnessing the Sydney disaster, Ian had moved his stage to the world. He stopped fighting in public. He dealt with the worst monsters in the worst places.

Then the story of the ‘dragon-grade’ monsters and the unidentified hunter called Raven started to spread. The information about dragon-grade monsters was strictly controlled to maintain order, but it couldn’t be stopped forever. Those involved sold information anonymously.

Eventually, people knew about the hunter who fought the worst enemies where no one knew about it. They were convinced that the man with the greatsword was Crockta. The suspicions were mostly true. Now everyone knew but kept quiet.

Ian shrugged.

“Is there anything else?”

“Oh, Rommel contacted me. He has news to share. It is urgent.”

“Hansung?”

‘Rommel’, Choi Hansung.

He was one of the few people who actually knew Raven’s identity. Ian’s friend.

In Elder Lord, after the battle with the empire, Rommel said he wanted to become Crockta's friend. Of course, it was rejected. Tiyo replied instead.

‘If you want to be friends with Crockta, you should show it in your behaviour dot.’

‘Behaviour...’

‘People are evaluated by their actions dot. You can never be close friends with Crockta using meaningless words. If you really have a changed your mind, you need to prove it dot.’

Ian thought this relationship was cut off there. But Rommel was persistent. After the events of Elder Lord, Rommel quickly became famous when the monsters appeared. Thanks to the War Maestro class, he led his team and crushed the monsters on the Korean peninsula. Thanks to his dedication, he got the nickname of ‘Captain Korea.’

He somehow knew who Jung Ian was despite the mask and they repelled the monsters together.

‘Am I qualified now Crockta?’

In the end, Ian was forced to agree. Thus, the hunters Jung Ian and Choi Hansung became friends, not Crockta and Rommel who were hostile towards each other.

“I will contact him after taking back Benghazi.”

“He said it is urgent...”

“That brat is always like this. He probably fought with his girlfriend and is calling for advice.”

Choi Hansung was a surprisingly poor friend. He would state it was an emergency and call him, only to introduce Ian to some women. Or after fighting with his girlfriend, he would drunkenly cry and complain.

Ordinary people only saw Rommel's heroic appearance, so they

would never think he was like this.

“Really?”

“Yes.”

The secretary also seemed like he didn't believe it.

“I understand. By the way, we are landing soon.”

The jet started sailing down the runway in the Libyan desert. This was what he had to do now. Recover the city of Benghazi, which was taken away by monsters.

“He is busy and I can't seem to get in touch with him right now.”

“I see dot.”

Rommel, Choi Hansung became the guardian of four people.

He stilled looked at them with suspicion, but Rommel didn't do anything. They would be given identities later on.

They were the ones who defeated the basilisk that first crossed over. Rommel had no power to detain them, and they were Jung Ian's friends. There was no country on Earth that would be safe without Jung Ian.

“This thing called a car is really interesting dot!”

“What is it? Is it intelligent? Can it feel emotions?”

“People are staring.”

“Bul'tar...”

Tiyo, Anor, Driden and Tashaquil resembled humans. In addition, Tashaquil had a hood covering his face.

Usually Rommel would drive a sports car. But because of these people, he rented a support van and headed towards his house.

“Just close the window and I'll explain. People are staring...”

“How do I close it dot? No. How did you do it?”

“Press that button.”

“It is opening even more dot?”

“The other way!”

“It is complicated dot!”

They caused a commotion. Choi Hansung looked at them in the rearview mirror.

“This is wonderful dot. Tashaquil!”

“Huhu, I have to go out because he is becoming angry.”

When Tiyo couldn't close the window, Tashaquil moved. The window was frozen by his magic. Instead of raising the window, a block of ice was made. It was a serious sight.

“...”

The van sped down the road.

“This is a strange dimension. There is a great development compared to our world.”

Anor suddenly spoke.

Although he was from somewhere different, it was easy to see that this was a vastly developed civilization. The steel wagon they were riding was moving quickly down the road, causing the landscape to change quickly. There were solid buildings that soared into the sky, and the city lights were splendid.

“Hmm?”

Tashaquil suddenly turned his head. The others followed suit.

“There is a strange aura dot?”

“Ahh.”

Choi Hansung nodded.

The police were controlling the road. A gate was opening not far away. He hadn't heard about it, so it must be a high consumption

or low-risk gate.

“A gate is opening.”

“Gate?”

They expression interest once Choi Hansung explained about the dimensional gates.

“Can we see it dot?”

“Do you mean a raid?”

“Indeed dot. I am curious about the monsters of another dimension.”

Choi Hansung thought about it and nodded. He didn't know how they came over, but they could no longer return. So, they would have to stay in this dimension for a while. All four of them were Crockta's former companions, so they would have huge power. It was best if they helped with the creatures.

“I understand. Then let's go.”

Rommel was a well-known hunter, so it wasn't difficult to enter the area of operations. The path opened as soon as he showed his hunter registration card.

Extra Story (3)

The combat support group was setting up a command post and assisting with the operations away from the gate.

Rommel went up to them. The combat support troops knew Choi Hansung and welcomed him.

“Are you Rommel-nim? Why are you here...?”

“I was passing by and decided to stop.”

“I see. It is Rommel-nim.”

They thought Rommel came here because of his sense of commitment. Rommel shrugged.

“Who is here?”

‘Teams ‘Har Magic Bullet’ and ‘Goguryeo.’ Hunters Kim Hyungchul and Park Kiyoon are the main ones.”

“The rating?”

“Ogre grade...”

“How many?”

“One.”

“One ogre grade?”

“Yes, yes. The gate suddenly expanded...”

“Those people aren’t a match for it.”

“In the meantime, they have grown a lot so it is possible.”

“You should’ve contacted me or the ‘White Knight’ side.”

“It wasn’t necessary...”

He could guess why.

Monster hunting was their mission, but at the same time, it was a job that gave them monetary benefits. They were rewarded

tremendously for every monster they hunted depending on the grade. In particular, the security-conscious US started recruiting random hunters. Therefore, the various governments had to promise to pay as much as the US to stop them from leaving.

A ogre-grade was one of the top ratings. They wouldn't want to lose their rewards to Choi Hansung.

He sighed, "I will go and see."

"Well..."

"I will only fight if it is dangerous. You can leave me name off. This is a matter of the people's safety."

"Yes. Thank you."

Choi Hansung sighed. The moment he turned around. The support staff were surprised. There were people standing behind him. A government official looked at Choi Hansung.

"They are..."

It was the first time seeing them. One of them was small, one had long ears and one of them was huge and covered in a hood. They looked like unique hunters.

"Fufufu... this is a good situation I guess dot."

Tiyo laughed.

"It is a situation where the greedy endanger the weak."

"Hey, I'll take care of this."

"Umm..."

Then Tashaquil spoke.

"Looking at the energy of the enemy... I think we should go and help. They will be wiped out if we leave it."

Tashaquil was recognized as the strongest shaman in Elder Lord. There was no doubt about his reading.

“We should hurry.”

“I understand.”

Choi Hansung replied respectfully, causing the government official’s expression to change. This must be a famous hunter team from abroad.

“We will enter in our van.”

“Ah, yes.”

In the first place, it was a van borrowed from a combat support team. It was created to safely enter battle. They headed towards the gate. It was in the centre of downtown. The road was lined with clothing stores, restaurants and bars. Unlike normal, there were no people around.

A creature covered with slime were aiming at magicians and archers.

“Uwaaaaaah!”

“Kyaaack!”

The monsters weren’t stupid. They were clever. They had something called intelligence. Choi Hansung dealt with them many times, so he clearly understood it. That’s why they were scarier.

The Gramas thought to first take care of the ranged strikers hiding in the rear. It was an excellent judgment, and a moment of crisis for the hunters. The hunters in the rear were about to be swept away.

At that moment.

“The earth is a cradle. The earth is a tomb. Both the living and the dead are under the sky!”

A magnificent voice was heard. Just before the Gramas hit the hunters, the ground rose. A tsunami of asphalt and concrete aimed at the Gramas. The Gramas couldn’t run anywhere and was struck.

“Keooo...keook...!

“That ugly moaning, I will cut it off.”

Tashaquil waved his staff and smiled. Choi Hansungs expression brightened. That’s right. The Gramas was ogre-grade. It was only ogre-grade. The users in Elder Lord had trouble with gores, but Crockta’s group were legendary people who fought against the gods. They would be able to fight dragon-grade monsters like Jung Ian.

Choi Hansung shouted.

“I am Choi Hansung. I will support you.”

The expressions of the hunters changed. There was a mixture of happiness and shame. Then the hunters gazed behind Choi Hansung. They wondered who he came with. They weren’t the hunters normally in Rommel’s team.

“I will finish this dot.”

It was Tiyo. He had been chewing on tobacco in his mouth.

“...”

A little man suddenly appeared. At first glance, he seemed shabby. Plus, he had bare hands with no weapons. Moreover, he was by himself. What could he do alone against a monster like the Gramas? The hunters’ eyes filled with doubt.

Tiyo wasn’t fazed.

“I have been enlightened by all the hardships I experienced coming here dot.”

Tiyo blew out tobacco smoke and pulled something out. It was a stick. It emitted light and then started to change into a new form. This was General, the weapon he was proud of! Tiyo had spend a long time exploring its ultimate form, and this paid off.

The final form of General was decided. The shape was soon revealed. In the midst of the tobacco smoke. It was two pistols.

Tiyo slowly twisted his wrists. He pointed the two pistols at an angle.

“Die dot!”

Then he walked forward, firing magic bullets. It was a leisurely walk. At this moment, the hunters looking at him seemed to hear background music from far away. The solitary melody that stimulated them was overlaid over the sound of the gunshots. The hunters were sad. That person holding the guns, how much pain and separation did he experience? He was a man destined for solitude.

“Yun Fat hyung...?”

Someone muttered with doubts in his eyes. Tiyo’s bullets showed no mercy.

Taang! Taang! Taang! Taang!

“Keooooook! Keooooook!”

The Gramas wasn’t able to endure the attacks. Tiyo neared the Gramas and looked down at it with cold eyes, shooting it a few more times to confirm its death.

“.....!”

Overwhelming force! The hunters realized it. This small man was actually a hero. They didn’t know Tiyo’s true colours. Tiyo blew the smoke coming from the pistols and put them away. Then Choi Hansung handed something to Tiyo.

“What is this dot...?”

“I thought it would fit Tiyo-nim... so I unconsciously brought it.”

It was sunglasses. Choi Hansung used them when driving.

“I don’t know what it is, but I like it dot.”

Tiyo nodded and put them on. The moment the Rayban sunglasses were placed on Tiyo’s face. His coolness was complete.

Recapturing Benghazi wasn't an easy operation. A serious lair was already in progress. A lair meant a realm of monsters. Even after the gate closed, the monsters would breed and increase their numbers by themselves.

Monsters and plants attacked the hunters from the very entrance of the city.

"Everybody come along slowly. I will open the way."

Ian took the lead in order to reduce fatalities. He opened the way and removed the monsters. Then the hunters secured the safe area and recaptured it as a human zone. The hunters were basically just infantry occupying the land. Ian was the strategic weapon that struck the enemies.

"Be careful."

Ogre-grade monsters poured out from the beginning.

The hunters didn't panic. Libya was thoroughly prepared for the restoration of Benghazi, so the distribution of monsters was already known. Beyond the ogre-grade monsters, there would be cyclops-grade. Then in the centre, there was the dragon-grade 'Parthenon.'

The ogre-grade monsters were just the beginning.

"That is Raven."

The hunters were able to witness a wonderful sight. It was a new level of fighting that completely overturned all the aspects of fighting that they knew. Seeing it, they realized it was something they couldn't learn.

Hit.

Kill.

That was all. It was a tedious repetition of actions. Avoid the enemy's attack and behead them. Notice the surprise attack and

kill them. If they didn't come, he would go ahead and kill them. He took their lives in one stroke. It resembled the mechanical knife of a chef cutting ingredients. And that meant...

"They aren't his opponents."

The ogre-grade monsters weren't good ingredients. The hunters' task was to aim arrows at the monsters who fled, as well as finishing off the monsters who lost their composure.

"Raven is Crockta?"

"Really?"

"I thought everyone knew."

"Shut up and kill the monsters."

"Do you want to ask me later?"

The best hunters had gathered from all over the world. They worked together to eliminate the ogre-grade monsters who had lost their fighting spirit.

"From here, follow at a distance."

"Yes!"

They soon reached the location of the lair. The city had now changed to the climate of their world. Vines ran through buildings and extended their tentacles. The ground was melted. The whole land was like a swamp that held onto their feet.

It was an unstable place that they absolutely didn't want to fight in. However, humanity had to reclaim this city. It wasn't defending against a siege. They had to go into the enemy's home ground. All humans had witnessed through Australia what would happen if they left a lair alone. They had to fire a large number of atomic bombs to destroy the place that had once been Sydney.

"...Wait."

"Huh?"

The moment Ian spoke, something popped out from the ground.

“W-What?”

“A black worm. Be on the defensive. I will go.”

A black worm was a cyclops-grade monster. It was an underground creature only found in the ground of the lairs. They hid under the soil and when they sensed vibrations, they suddenly popped out and attacked the enemies. They were difficult to face. Their destructive power was rated about a cyclops-grade.

“Back off!”

However, the hunters gathered here weren't ordinary. Just before the black worm's attack hit the side of the hunter's formation, walls of lightning appeared in the air and blocked the attack. The black worm struck the wall and was electrocuted.

It was magic.

“Nice!”

It was rare to be able to cast magic so quickly. In North Africa, there was a magician who was a top ranker during Elder Lord and he seemed to have come. Ian immediately faced the black worm. The black worm was trying to hide under the earth again. Shortly before it vanished, Ian's hands grabbed its tail.

“.....!”

The black worm wriggled. Ian didn't budge. He gave strength to his hands and slowly started to lift it. An incredible strength! He had a human body. At the same time, the strength of Orc Warrior Crockta was fully preserved.

The Peerless Mountain Seizing Strength meant he didn't miss the black worm. Within a short period of time, the black worm was wriggling on the ground with its tail caught. Then Ian cut apart the black worm with his greatsword. It was a simple and ignorant fighting method that didn't suit his slender body.

“He truly is Crockta.”

“It seems true. It is the same as the videos.”

“I returned thanks to Crockta...”

“It is the same for all hunters.”

“I want his signature.”

The hunters muttered. This was Orc Warrior Crockta, who once fascinated the world. Ian made a signal while covered in the fluids of the black worm.

Go ahead.

The hunters followed him. Unseen creatures appeared. Some people died. However, there were enough personnel to replace the injured. After going through the cyclops-grade monsters, they arrived at a dark cave.

It wasn't part of the original terrain. Originally, this was Benghazi's City Hall building. Then it became contaminated and had taken this shape. They entered and found two bright lights shining in the darkness.

The dragon-grade Parthenon. It raised its body.

The sun was covered.

Extra Story (4)

"Everybody, stand back as far as possible."

"Raven. Doing it alone..."

"You will only interfere."

They had a hunch. There was an overwhelming difference in weight class. The hunters would die in an instant if they were caught up in the aftermath of the fight. A dragon-class monster was a disaster that couldn't be resisted with the power of a human.

"There is no need to increase the damage. I will handle it."

The number of dragon-class monsters that appeared so far was 10. All of them were killed except for the first monster, Azi Dahaka', which destroyed Sydney. This meant that without Ian, they would have to use nuclear bombs whenever a dragon-class monster appeared.

"I understand."

It was only after directly encountering a dragon-class monster that they could feel how precious the existence in front of them was. The hunters retreated.

"Will it be okay?"

"I believe in him. Everybody has seen the video."

"Still, the size is too big..."

The hunters' minds were complicated. They were relieved to avoid the direct battle. At the same time, they doubted whether Raven could deal with such a monster. They felt anxiety about what would happen if he was crushed. Jung Ian walked forward with more pressure on his shoulders than any of them. He shook his shoulders to get rid of the tension.

"Sigh."

Ian looked up at Parthenon while holding his greatsword. He felt gazes fixed on his back. It was always like this. Everyone was watching him. At first, it was his little sister and later his fellow comrades. The fate of Elder Road was on his shoulders and now he had to bear the weight of humanity. He couldn't bear to see anymore looks.

‘Why does Oppa have to do it alone?’

It was fine. The time to complain was over.

"Then I will go to battle."

Someone had to do it. There was only him.

Parthenon was a beast with four legs. It resembled the behemoth he hunted in the forest in the past. But it was bigger, had a peculiar black mucus and gave off a disgusting stench. It gazed down at him. The yellow eyes were aimed at Ian.

“I don't like those eyes.”

Ian placed the greatsword on his shoulders. The monster's eyes alone were bigger than his body. He had never met such a big monster but it was obvious where to start attacking. He didn't need to think about it. Thus, he slashed at the eyes.

“Kuwaaaaaah!”

It was a surprise attack. Ian leapt in an instant and slashed at Parthenon's eyes. It had red blood. Ian landed and moved to the side to avoid the scattered blood. Parthenon leapt to a great height. Ian attacked in this gap. He gradually accelerated. The experience he had in Elder Road passed through his mind. The monster's blind attacks couldn't harm him. Ian occupied the enemy's blind spot. He jumped onto Parthenon's body and reached the end of its shoulders.

“Kuwoooooook!”

Parthenon opened its mouth and something poured out. It was liquid. Ian instinctively avoided it. The liquid that spilled on the ground melted the earth. It was a terrible substance. It made a deep hole. Ian climbed Parthenon's back while confirming the strength of the fluid. Parthenon turned its head and sprayed liquid on Ian again. It was aiming to intercept him with the liquid.

Ian felt disgusted at the sight. Rather than backing away, he ran forward. The black stream of liquid narrowly passed over his head. God Slayer burned. It moved horizontally across the neck. The mucus covering the neck didn't break. Then fire emerged from Ian's sword, God Slayer. The moment it touched, the flames burned the layer of mucus. Then it sliced through Parthenon. The flesh was cut and blood poured out. Ian was covered with blood. The blood was warm. He hurriedly shook it off to secure his vision and hit Parthenon's teeth that were aiming for him.

“Kuoooooh.”

Parthenon started to struggle. Ian jumped up and balanced his body. Parthenon was unable to shake off the presence of the person on its back. They rolled down together. The tunnels collapsed and the ruined city was destroyed. Parthenon's back rubbed against the ground. The horrible liquid scattered everywhere.

“Kuock!”

Ian escaped from Parthenon before he got involved in its struggle. The monster didn't realize Ian's position and kept rolling. Ian looked at its condition. Its left ankle was tattered and it was in pain every time it walked. It seemed to have hit it somewhere. The skin was also irritated, as if it had been damaged by the body fluids.

Parthenon stared down at Ian. Ian smiled and raised his body. The sun was once again covered, casting a shadow. Parthenon stomped down towards Parthenon. Ian quickly rolled to the side to

evade. The speed of Parthenon gradually accelerated. Ian's body also accelerated into the world of Pinnacle.

The monster wriggled and Ian cut at its ankle. In the aftermath, mucus was scattered instead of dust. Ian shook his head to get rid of the substance blocking his eyes. Parthenon's speed was getting faster. It became difficult to shake off, even in the world of Pinnacle. Ian moved his legs and headed to Parthenon's back again.

Then Parthenon spat out a black liquid. It deliberately aimed for him. Ian gave up on climbing and jumped away. He rolled on the ground to minimize the impact.

Parthenon's liquid chased him. It scattered like a net, rather than a targeted stream. Ian moved to the side. His ankle was throbbing and he couldn't completely escape. He avoided a fatal injury. But a part of the black liquid touched his calf. Smoke rose as the skin melted. Ian gritted his teeth and poured a potion on it. He was able to wash off the liquid but the skin was still damaged.

Ian's face distorted.

"You bastard..."

He swung his greatsword. His tattoos flashed. His body shook as a fearful aura emerged. Causality reversed and the atmosphere erupted. Ian moved forward again. Parthenon was waiting for him.

Ian laughed wildly.

The fallen Parthenon squeezed out all its power to raise its head.

An enemy stood on its belly.

A little guy that it had battled for hours with. The result was its defeat. It was difficult to believe. How could this dimension have someone so strong? Nothing could penetrate Parthenon's skin and when it stomped its feet, the enemies were crushed and died instantly. But one person. A ghastly aura spewed from this small

body and hacked at Parthenon's flesh. As the fight continued, its wounds increased.

Its confidence faded as fear grew. It was afraid of its opponent. Parthenon couldn't accept this emotion. Then its body no longer moved.

“Kuwooooooh...”

Suddenly, flames aimed towards the centre of its belly. The tiny being grinned at it. It was a ridiculing smile. The first thing Parthenon felt was anger. However, that anger turned to fear again. Parthenon saw the streak of flames aiming at its belly.

The blade penetrated its belly. The pain began with a light tingling became flames that spread out all over its belly. Parthenon moved its eyes and started to scream. It caused an earthquake. Blood and black liquid spilled from its abdomen, spraying everywhere.

Parthenon's body shook like it was having a seizure but the blade of flames penetrating its centre didn't shake. It just dug deeper. The energy of the sword bit inside it. Parthenon stopped its seizures. It looked at the small existence through blurred eyes. He watched Parthenon from beginning to end.

“It isn't enough yet?”

The moment he drew the sword to stab it again. Parthenon's head fell. Ian sighed and sat down on the monster's belly. The monster didn't move anymore.

“Parthenon has been killed.”

He radioed headquarters and lay down. It was difficult to lift his heavy blade. His entire body was screaming. For the time being, he needed to rest. In particular, his left ankle was overwhelmingly swollen. In the distant sky, helicopters and fighter jets were flying. They would send ground troops into the city and would burn the remnants of another dimension.

Benghazo was recaptured. This was the land of humanity again. The hunters came running to him.

“You have gone to a lot of trouble.”

“It was a great battle!”

“Crockta right? Can you give me your signature?”

“You are hurt! Everybody go away!”

“I will heal you!”

It was dizzying when everyone shouted. It was mixed in all different types of languages but the machine in his ear translated the language. Ian smiled and waved her hand. The people cheered. The combat support group thanked Ian through the radio.

At this moment, Ian shouted, “Retreat!”

The hunters flinched at the sudden shout. Something popped out to the side of the collapsed Parthenon.

“What?”

“Wahhhhh!”

The hunters stepped back. It was an unidentified creature. It spread its wings. The membranes covered with mucus spread wide open. Apart from the wings, the monster was a little bit bigger than humans. However, Ian’s nerves remained cool. Ian looked for God Slayer. It was immediately after he released his tension so he didn’t have enough strength.

The unidentified monster flapped its wings and flew in front of Ian. It stared at Ian in the air. It had a human shape with arms and legs. On the insect-like face, the distinctive mucus started oozing from the skin. Its red eyes stared at Ian. Ian was just about to stand up when it shook its head.

Now wasn’t the time.

Ian knew the monsters had a type of intelligence but this was the

first time there was something close to communication. Ian's instincts told him to get rid of it immediately. It was a strong enemy. If he didn't kill it, the monster would become a bigger enemy later.

The unidentified monster pointed in one direction, saying nothing. Ian stared at it blankly. There was nothing in the southeast direction.

“What...?”

Then it fled without saying anything else. It flew in the southeast direction it pointed to. It was a tremendous speed. Ian sat down and sighed. He already had no power left in his body after the battle with Parthenon. It might be fortunate that the unidentified monster disappeared like this.

Ian waved his hand. The hunters looked up at him with troubled expressions.

"I think something passed by just now."

Something was caught in the radar of the National Guard around New South Wales. But they couldn't confirm it properly.

"Isn't it an error?"

"Is that so?"

"Please leave the record behind."

In the past, monsters constantly emerged from the Sydney lair. They took control of the New South Wales area. In the end, a nuclear bomb had to be detonated in the area. Since then, Australia's southeast had become a dead land with no humans or monsters. Australia built a line of defense in case of emergencies. So far, there were no problems. Satellites monitored the area and confirmed the body of the dragon-class monster, Azi Dahaka that caused the disaster. There would be no more monsters here in the

future.

They believed that.

“Strange.”

“What?”

"This time, movement is detected on the other side.”

“It isn’t a migratory bird?”

“Well...”

The soldier manipulated the screen. A series of photos appeared. They were real-time photos taken with a satellite.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Neither of them spoke for a moment. At the end of the silence, one soldier barely opened his mouth.

“It isn’t a migratory bird...”

“Contact headquarters.”

A dead being. The first dragon-class monster, Azi Dahaka. It was raising its huge body.

Extra Story (5)

Azi Dahaka. A monster named after a legendary dragon. An alias for the first dragon-class monster to appear.

“I thought it was dead but now Azi Dahaka is raising its body.”

Ian heard the news and bowed his head, touching his chin. He had a headache thinking about the humanoid monster that appeared next to Parthenon's body and now Azi Dahaka was resurrected. The worry that he always had in the back of the mind was revived and his head was disturbed. It was one question.

‘Can humanity prevail in this war?’

It was this.

He didn't know the power of all the monsters. He didn't know where they came from or how many there were. Scientists came up with all sorts of ideas about these monsters. They were bio-weapons made from genetic engineering, a species from another world aiming for this planet, monsters made by the Nazis, world government conspiracy theories, a punishment from God, etc. As the debate worsened, one fact became clear.

Humans still didn't know anything about the enemy.

There were 10 dragon-grade monsters who appeared. All but Azi Dahaka died from the hands of Ian. Humanity's countermeasure was still only Ian. He wasn't immortal. The hunters who awakened due to the days of Elder Road were continuing to grow, but they weren't at the level to deal with dragon-grade monsters.

Would this war end? What kind of result waited at the end? This worry had continued to grow since his awakening.

“I see.”

After a long silence, Ian replied. He decided not to think too deeply. He couldn't afford to feel fear now. No matter what the

future held, he had to do his best in the current.

“Where is Azi Dahaka? Sydney?”

"It has left."

"Really? What about the National Guard?"

“There is no damage. The National Guard knew they couldn’t cope so they all retreated. Azi Dahaka left Sydney and went to the desert. It is currently at Ayers Rock.”

“Ayers.”

Also known as Uluru, a rock that was called the belly button of the world. A picture of a huge dragon was sent to Ian. Azi Dahaka was sitting on the largest rock known to humanity. Ian stared at Azi Dahaka in the photo.

“The support?”

"The Australian government has promised to devote all its best. But based on Sydney, they can’t do much. In fact, there is no support.”

Ian always fought alone. The word ‘support’ didn’t match him. In return, he received a huge reward. But this wasn’t important to him. There was nothing he needed.

"I’ll ask for support.”

“Huh? Why...?”

Ian’s agent, Leonardo looked at him with a questioning expression. It was rare for Ian to ask for something first.

"Contact the US and ask them to prepare a nuclear bomb.”

“Ian...”

"It is good that it is already a desert.”

“Are you serious?”

"I just don’t feel good. Don’t worry. There won’t be any

problems.”

"I understand.”

“I’ll leave as soon as possible. Thank you, Leonardo.”

“You’re welcome. It's my pleasure.”

Leonardo winked. Then he turned off the video call.

“Sigh.”

Ian leaned back. He eliminated Egypt’s ‘Ramul’ and Libya’s ‘Parthenon.’ Now it was Azi Dahaka. It was unprecedented to deal with so many dragon-class monsters in a row like this.

“Will you be okay?”

His secretary asked. He continued to use his healing ability on Ian. Ian laughed.

"If I’m not okay?”

“You must be tired...”

"If I stop, people will die.”

His secretary fell silent. The man who gave off a good impression was actually carrying the fate of the world.

"I’m okay so let’s depart immediately.”

“Yes. I understand.”

Ian spread open his hands and relaxed. The next destination was Australia.

“I can’t reach him.”

“Really dot?”

"He must be busy. Neither the secretary or agent accepted my call. Did something happen?

"Leave it dot. Crockta has his own business dot.”

Tiyo's party already paid no attention to Crockta's whereabouts. They were having a happy time at Choi Hansung's home.

"This... what is this dish? It is the first time I've tasted such delicious food!"

"It is called chicken."

"Tashaquil. Try the soy sauce one here. It isn't a joke!"

"Ohh! Today is the first time I thought it was good to join your adventure."

"Me too."

"What dot? Didn't you like it before?"

Tiyo's party wasn't able to eat proper food due to the hardships in the past. Choi Hansung ordered various delivery foods for them and gave them a big meal. They fell for the taste of this food. Chicken, pizza, Chinese cuisine, fish, meat and various midnight snacks were delivered to create a lavish feast.

"Human. What is this?"

"It is pizza."

"Pizza... I like it."

The double wielding swordsman, Driden was holding a pizza in both hands.

"What are you eating now dot?"

"Oh, it is ramen. It is delicious but it isn't good for the body."

"I'm curious. Can I taste it?"

"Yes."

Choi Hansung handed over his ramen. Tiyo looked at it carefully and gulped down the soup. Then his eyes widened.

"This...!"

Tiyo's reaction attracted everyone's attention. Tiyo shouted,

“This isn’t the demon’s food dot!”

“Demon? Really?”

“This! It is like that fellow Abaddon dot!”

“Really?”

“Hrmm.”

The group rushed like zombies at his words. Choi Hansung had to boil a few more packets of ramen for them. Then he heard the story about the spicy food that was similar to ramen in Elder Lord. They couldn’t eat it due to wandering around here and there.

"The taste of home... I have no regrets if I die."

The taste of their home was ramen.

"I'm going to burst."

"This amount is enough to make the middle full. Kukul."

As orcs could eat a lot of food, Tashaquil patted his belly and lay on the sofa. Anor lay his head on Tashaquil’s belly.

"By the way, Crockta is busy..."

Tiyo looked at Choi Hansung.

"We can’t go meet him dot?"

"I don’t know where he is and it is probably far away."

"Far away dot?"

Tiyo laughed at his words.

"Rommel says he is far away dot."

He looked at his party members. Everyone laughed.

"We have already crossed seas and continents. It is funny to say that he is far away."

"How far is it? We crossed dimensions. At best, isn’t he on the same planet?"

"For us, this greenhouse-like planet is ridiculous dot. Kuahahahat!"

They giggled like it was absurd. Choi Hansung was upset. These guys from Elder Road dared ignore his blue planet?

This planet had beautiful four seasons and produced superstars like Lionel Messi, Cristiano Ronaldo, Michael Jordan and Tiger Woods. Pacquiao dominated the eight-class weight category and Eminem broke the record for album sales. Wasn't English the most used language in the world?

Do you know Mariana Trench? Do you know Mount Everest?

Choi Hansung roughly manipulated the remote control. Tashaquil, who was staring at a girl group with his mouth gaping open, glared at Choi Hansung.

"I was watching that."

His complexion darkened. The giant full HD screen he bought with the money of a hunter was now showing something more beautiful than a girl group. It was a lonely planet rotating in a vast universe. It was just a pale blue dot compared to the scale of the universe, but it was the sea of life.

All of us. The blue planet Earth. The majestic scenery looked down at them. All the known history and civilization was on this blue sphere. Choi Hansung was thrilled and whispered.

"That... is where we are."

Tiyo replied.

"What bullshit is this dot?"

The rest protested.

"A bead dot?"

"It is a pretty but eerie image. The background is poor."

"I'd like to look at what was on before..."

"..."

Choi Hansung tried hard to explain but it didn't reach them. The frustrated Choi Hansung was eventually forced to show them a map of the world. Now they nodded.

"Ohh, a map dot. It is unbelievably detailed."

"We are here. It is called South Korea."

Tiyo said, "Eh? It is very small dot."

"No! What are you saying? We have Park Jisung and Kim Yuna, as well as the most scientific writing system in the world..."

"Then where is Crockta dot?"

"Do you know... maybe he is here."

Choi Hansung pointed to the area labelled Egypt. They couldn't see how far it was because they didn't have a sense of Earth's size.

"It will take one day on a plane."

"Such a small planet dot?"

"No..."

Choi Hansung explain that Earth was actually a very big and cool planet. But thanks to the cutting edge technology of an airplane, they were able to move in a short amount of time. There was a lot of suffering behind its history and could be traced back to the achievements of the Wright brothers.

However, Tiyo's party stopped listening from the middle.

"Sigh... he really speaks a lot dot..."

"Shut his mouth."

"I'm pretending to listen."

"Kulkulkul."

The attempt to tell them about the greatness of Earth's civilization failed. Choi Hansung felt desperate. At that moment,

his phone rang.

"Hello?"

Choi Hansung looked towards Tiyo's party and raised an index finger to his lips.

"Really?"

Choi Hansung was also a world famous hunter. No, he was the best except for Ian. He was Rommel. Before Crockta's appearance in Elder Road, he was the leader of the supreme Heaven and Earth clan. His information network was different. Choi Hansung's face became serious. The information was shocking.

"Its body revived again?"

He asked the Korean government for information on Ian's location and they informed him of an unexpected fact. Ian had defeated Ramul in Egypt, Parthenon in Libya and recaptured the city. But then Azi Dahaka started to move again. Ian headed straight there. He would dealing with dragon-class monsters in succession. Choi Hansung frowned.

"No, that doesn't mean he will immediately... no, hah. Yes. I understand."

Choi Hansung shook his head.

They said Ian was going on his own. The bottom line was that there was no solution unless Ian went. Choi Hansung felt his own helplessness every time a dragon-class monster appeared. If it weren't for Ian, the human race would already be destroyed.

Humanity as a whole owed him a debt.

"Can't it be killed by a nuclear weapon? What is the crisis over there?"

Choi Hansung asked.

"Where is Azi Dahaka? Yes, I will go. I'm not crazy. I'm going. I will go directly. What if Ian has a problem? This is three dragon-

class monsters in a row!”

Choi Hansung shouted.

"In any case, it is all over if something happens to Ian. South Korea will be fine even without me. But it is over if we don't have him. If there is a problem, contact the White Knight. That uncle is free. Me? I am originally a rude bastard. No, what is with my tone? Aren't you twisting it? Shit! It is always me! Are you going to die without me? Why is South Korea relying on me alone? How long have I been doing this? Aish, really!”

The government official shouted but Choi Hansung just hung up. He was a man of action.

“Humans are so stifling. Tsk.”

Choi Hansung shook his head. Tiyo looked at him and clapped.

"I have found out where Crockta is.”

“I heard it. You are a bigger man than I thought dot! Let's go dot! Starting now!”

“Let's go quickly. I don't have a good feeling. We have to go and help. Ian will be having a hard time right now.”

"Huhu, we are finally dealing with some monsters. Interesting.”

"How are we going? Are we taking the car?”

"Don't worry. The airplane...”

Choi Hansung paused.

"Buy planet tickets... then...”

Come to think of it, they didn't have passports. Their identities were also unclear. How could he fly with them to Australia?

"Ah...”

Choi Hansung grabbed his head and muttered.

“That...”

He thought for a moment before sighing.

"Shi..."

Choi Hansung alternated looking between his phone and his shaking hands, before eventually opening his phone. He moved his hands and touched the call button. Before long, he started acting politely.

"Ah, I'm sorry. I had to take a minute... yes... it is because I am sometimes stressed from work... hahaha...I'm sorry. Not that different... I have a favor to ask... ah, yes... I'm sorry... I'm glad...."

Extra Story (6)

Ian landed at Alice Springs airport, a short distance from Ayers Rock. It was located in the heart of Australia's desert.

"There are many plants in the desert."

"It is the effort of the Australian government. A national task."

Ian was greeted by Steinson, an Australian hunter and part of the Hunter's Administration. Ian and his secretary were in a car driving to the desert.

"Beautiful. I didn't know I would say this about the desert."

Ian started to praise the scenery, as if he didn't know about Azi Dahaka. He also meant it. The endless red earth was a strangely beautiful place. He could feel the scale of nature from the desert.

Steinson laughed. "It is more beautiful at night. The night sky here is wonderful."

The outline of Uluru was dimly seen on the distant horizon. He didn't feel any signs yet.

Ian said, "Today it is almost night. I'll start working as soon as day breaks tomorrow."

"Will it be okay? I heard that you dealt with two dragon-grade monsters in the past few days."

"It is what I have always done. There is nothing different."

They entered the city centre of Alice Springs. The city had more green trees than expected. The buildings that were originally houses were now being used as barracks for soldiers and hunters.

"There are many hunters eager to meet the rumoured Raven."

"I am tired today so leave it for next time. I will do it after I finish the operation."

"Of course. We're not that stupid."

Ian was guided to a house. It was a house abandoned by the residents. Ian suddenly remembered his home. He hadn't been back for a long time and his memories were dim. The cafe was doing well. It was now operated by his sister Yiyu. Once this was over, it would be nice to go back briefly.

"Rest peacefully. I have asked for understanding from the residents. They are willing to cooperate."

"Thank you."

"I will contact you again."

Ian found a family photo in the living room. It was an old couple. They were standing side by side on the front porch and smiled. Who had taken the photo? Their children, their neighbours? It could be both.

"It looks good."

The secretary came over and looked at the family photo with him.

"I hope someone will be there when I am old."

Ian laughed.

"You don't have a girlfriend."

"It is a crisis right now. I am away on a daily basis because of my work..."

He looked over at Ian while complaining. Ian was faintly smiling while looking at the photo. The secretary shrugged.

"Take a break. You must be tired."

"I will take it easy."

Ian sat in the living room and checked the materials he received.

Azi Dahaka, like the name, it was a monster that resembled a dragon. in the past, all the hunters were gathered at the appearance of an unprecedented dragon-grade monster but they

were annihilated. Sydney became a lair and kept producing monsters. The number of casualties increased.

In the end, a nuclear bomb turned it into a land of death. Modern weapons didn't have an effect on the monsters but a nuclear bomb was an exception. Due to the overwhelming firepower, the monsters were exterminated and Azi Dahaka stopped moving. This was the first time a dragon-level monster was removed.

Everyone knew this.

"The apparently dead monster is alive."

"Maybe it didn't die but was stunned from the shock?"

"The drones confirmed a suspension of life activities."

"I don't know. The monsters are strange."

It was definitely strange. The monsters had a completely different physiology than Earth's common sense.

Ian recalled the humanoid monster that appeared next to Parthenon. What was its identity? Was it a parasitic creature that controlled Parthenon? Perhaps the monsters were biological weapons controlled internally by these guys. There were too many things unknown.

"Ah, Leonardo says that Rommel keeps trying to contact you?"

"Hansung?"

"Yes. I think you should take it."

Ian thought for a moment before replying. "I will contact him after this is over."

His secretary nodded. Ian had been feeling pressured since he heard the news about Azi Dahaka. Ian wasn't a bad boss but the secretary didn't want to go against Ian when he was keeping his mood inside. He watched Ian's oppressive mood the most. It was his mission to make sure that the unique hunter who protected humanity was fully focused.

“I understand. I’ll go talk to Steinson now.”

The secretary left the house. Ian was left alone in his house. He looked over the data before closing his eyes and leaning back against the sofa. Fatigue rushed in. After a while, he opened his eyes.

“Are you there?”

There was no answer.

“Nothing...”

The grey god didn’t reply. After returning to Earth, Ian could talk with her. Then the era of monsters appeared and communication started to be cut off. According to the grey god, the energy of the other dimension covered her connection. The spontaneous conversation was completely cut off.

Since then, Ian truly felt alone in this world. In this world, there was no one who could stand side by side with him. Ian was the only one who could deal with a dragon-class monster. In Elder Road, he had fought alongside many heroes against the grey god. But here, he was all alone.

He had to shoulder all this burden. It was a bit lonely. He missed Tiyo’s liveliness and Anor’s gentle voice.

“Hah.”

Ian sighed and opened his phone. The source of comfort for him at one time. Now it was gone. Ian opened his phone messenger chat. She hadn’t changed her profile picture. She didn’t leave the title of a farewell song. Her face was as bright as always. It was the same as when she was with Ian.

Ian sighed for a long time. Then the angry face of his sister flashed through his mind. However, that was then. He once regretted it but not anymore. The world was originally a place where he couldn’t do what he wanted. Just as when he accepted his parent’s deaths and went to the battlefield, he had no choice

but to endure this.

“I’m tired...”

Ian covered his face with his hands. The coldness of his palms calmed his mind. He closed his eyes and prayed that everything would be well. Several images passed like a dream.

He imagined easily defeating Azi Dahaka and returning to South Korea with the appreciation of the Australian government. He would give a gift to Yiyu. He would drink some alcohol with Baek Hanho and Choi Hansung. The day would be clear and the air would be good. They would share jokes, laughing with no worries.

And. Walking down the street and coincidentally meeting her like fate.

He had such thoughts. Adults also sometimes dreamt that everything would turn out perfectly. He had child-like hopes. An empty dream that wasn’t possible. He sat there and dreamt for a while.

“Is that Rommel?”

“Choi Hansung? I saw him in the video.”

“Who are they? Hunters?”

Incheon International Airport was crowded.

South Korea’s best star, Rommel ‘Choi Hansung.’ He was walking with an unknown group. A huge man wearing a hood with his face covered by a mask. The person wasn’t just big, he was huge. Even Bautista would be smaller when disguised. The men admired his muscles. There were two other men with the enormous man. Their skins were brown and they gave off an exotic appeal. The eyes of women were fixed on them.

Finally, there was one person left. His height was small but he wore a trench coat and sunglasses. He overwhelmed everything.

His walk gave people the illusion that this wasn't the airport but a dark alley in Hong Kong. It caused the illusion that this was a ruined city.

"Oh my god. Look at that guy."

A woman was thrilled by his appearance and grabbed the clothing of the person.

"No smoking in the airport..."

The airport staff passing by warned him. The unknown person wasn't even smoking. It just felt like a lot of cigarette smoke was coming from the group. They wasn't even the smell of cigarettes. There was a nice scent. The smell of a solitary male!

"Thank you."

"This won't work. We are only allowing this because of Hansung."

"Yes. Have you seen the video? These guys are real."

High-ranking people from the government came directly to see the departure of these people. It was due to Choi Hansung and the fact that he was related to Raven. But mostly, it was due to the battle video. The ogre-class monster fell because of a few guns. It was an overwhelming sight.

Choi Hansung said they came from Elder Road and were comparable to Raven, so the Korean government decided to cooperate with them. This was a time when national security was threatened by monsters. Talented hunters were the most important assets for a country.

"I can't believe they passed over from Elder Road but the images don't lie. I was surprised to see my friend Tashaquil."

"This is an era that doesn't make sense."

"If you have more information, don't hide it and let me know. Don't leave me hanging like in the movies or dramas. You can't do

that.”

“Why are you acting so weak? Hahaha. You were in the institute before.”

“That was for a medical checkup.”

The monsters appeared and hunters awakened their powers from Elder Road. The concept of common sense was abandoned. Rommel ‘Choi Hansung’, one of the foremost hunters in the world was ridiculous. It was easy for him to convince the government that someone had crossed over to this world.

The director of the Hunters Bureau touched his chin and asked, “By the way, is Azi Dahaka so dangerous? Do you need to go all this way?”

“Yes. Ian might be in danger.”

“Hah...”

At first, he wasn’t worried but the shaman Tashaquil advised them to go to Crockta as soon as possible. He read the sky of this world while at Choi Hansung’s house. The future was dark. A darkness from another dimension was about to swallow this world. Crockta needed them.

“Anyway, I hope he is safe. I’m serious. In the end, Ian-ssi has to come back. After all, he is a South Korean.

“Yes. Don’t worry. I’ll come back with him.”

“Then I will send you off.”

They finished their procedures and headed for the gate. Their destination was decided. It was located in the north of Australia. Since Alice Springs was closed, they would have to go to Alice Springs with the help of Australian officials. The party was steadily approaching Crockta.

“I finally get to see him dot...”

Tiyo muttered while sitting in the airplane seat. Crockta, who

was called Jung Ian here. What would he look like? The identity of this guy was a human, not an orc. He looked different in the photos but Tiyo had faith that the insiders were still Crockta.

Anor lost interest in touching the seats and asked.

“What about finding Tiyo’s father?”

"He is in this dimension so I will see him someday. There is no need to hurry dot!"

Tiyo had a vague hunch. At the end of this journey to meet Crockta and deal with another dimension’s monster, his father seemed to be waiting. Hedor was such a person. Once his trail was caught, it would lead Tiyo to a new adventure.

"Crockta saved our world."

The great warrior Crockta who defeated the grey god. Everyone in his dimension was saved by Crockta.

“Now we will help him save his world dot.”

They owed him this debt. Tiyo owed the world to Crockta so he would return Crockta’s world to him.

Extra Story (7)

“Azi Dahaka isn’t moving. It is just sitting there.”

[Be careful. We are also checking with the drones.]

Ian moved with God Slayer on his shoulder. He returned to a human body but once he entered battle, he was Orc Warrior Crockta.

"I'll proceed quickly."

[Your voice is bright.]

"I liked the bed."

He was in a good condition. His body felt light as soon as he opened his eyes.

“Great.”

[Azi Dahaka or Uluru?]

“Both.”

Indeed, Uluru was the world’s largest rock. He gauged the size of Azi Dahaka sitting on Uluru.

"In addition..."

Azi Dahaka saw Ian and raised its head. Their eyes met.

"It is less threatening than I thought."

The ominous feeling that he felt was great compared to Azi Dahaka’s energy. It seemed weaker than Parthenon, who had just been killed, and Ramul in Egypt. Like Ian’s secretary had guessed, it had barely woken up from its stunned state.

“I will start the operation soon.”

Ian’s voice rose. The start was good. It seemed that the story of handling it easily and returning to South Korea that he imagined yesterday was likely to happy. Following his mood, the energy

around him glowed vigorously. It was the haze created around God Slayer when he crossed into the heroic field of the Pinnacle.

[Azi Dahaka?]

“There is no reaction.”

Azi Dahaka was looking down at Ian with blurry eyes.

[Are you going to start?]

“Yes.”

Ian went forward. Azi Dahaka still didn't move. Ian would take the initiative first. But this didn't mean he was attacking an innocent opponent. He didn't forget that this monster, currently in a helpless position, was the demon who had completely destroyed Sydney and devoured many lives a few years ago.

“I'm going.”

The large distance between Azi Dahaka and Ian. He was on flat ground while it was on high land. The moment that Ian jumped, the gap decreased to zero. He jumped almost vertically towards the rock. The air changed with every step. Ian flew towards Azi Dahaka's nose, making a mark on Uluru.

Azi Dahaka sensed the abnormality and trembled.

Kurwarwarwarwa!

It let out a loud roar and its wings flapped. A sticky goo covered Ian's vision. Ian cut it without hesitation. The goo was split apart and the wings cut. In the meantime, he saw Azi Dahaka's angry eyes. Ian laughed.

“Is it toxic?”

[No.]

Unlike Parthenon, Azi Dahaka's body fluids weren't acidic or poisonous. It had a classic dragon form that destroyed the opponents with physical force and flames. Ian used the inertia to

move past the cut wings. He moved towards Azi Dahaka's huge eyes and aimed God Slayer. The greatsword stabbed in.

It raised its head and was struck in the cheek. Azi Dahaka screamed. Ian momentarily lost his hearing from the enormous sound. Ian ignored it and kept swinging God Slayer. Flames started to burn around the blade and started to dent Azi Dahaka's face. Azi Dahaka shook its wings and body.

The resistance was weak. The monster didn't have the energy to get rid of Ian. God Slayer didn't let Azi Dahaka go. Ian just had to hold the handle tightly and maintain a firm footing. The blade split apart the flesh and entered. Azi Dahaka's resistance started to fall.

Kurwarwarwarwa...

Shortly before its life fell under the sword. Ian suddenly looked up at the sky. High and blue. In the midst of the red desert that stretched out endlessly, he felt at home. His eyesight looked as far as possible. It was a blue sky that covered the vast earth. Ian gave a sigh of admiration as he looked at the expanse of blue sky and clouds.

"Ahh..."

It was a beautiful scenery. His shoulders bore the strength. The voice grew bigger.

"Ahhh..."

The desert landscape comforted him. He heard Hoyt's words. The enemy's weakness was his strength. It looked like Azi Dahaka was going to collapse. He would soon slaughter the enemy who killed humans.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!"

Ian roared and shoved God Slayer. His aura exploded. Flames burst around the sword. The flames destroyed the inside of Azi Dahaka and harmed the liver. The sword energy kept descending,

piercing through the monster's body and damaging Uluru.

The wind blew. The thick dust subsided.

Ian stood on top of Uluru. He touched the body of the fallen Azi Dahaka. The monster didn't move anymore. It was an easier fight than Ian thought.

"It has ended."

Ian spoke brightly through the radio. Soon a helicopter would come to pick up him.

"..."

But there was no answer.

"Headquarters?"

Ian tried to call headquarters for a while before realizing. A translucent curtain surrounded the Uluru area. The scenery beyond it became hazy. Ian brandished his sword at Azi Dahaka. There was no reaction as body fluids poured out. Once Uluru was completely hidden and the desert and sky was no longer visible, the opponent showed up.

"You."

Ian sighed. It was the enemy he saw yesterday. The unidentified humanoid monster that revealed itself after killing Parthenon. It emerged from the liquids flowing and landed in front of Ian. Their eye levels were similar. The insect-like eyes stared at Ian. The mouth kept opening, like it wanted to say something. It soon created human language.

"Hu...man."

"Yes, Monster."

Ian replied with God Slayer on his shoulders. The human language imitated by the vocal organs of a monster wasn't good to hear. Still, it was polite enough to use Korean.

“A very strong human.”

"Put away the praise.”

Ian didn't want to drag on the conversation for a long time. He prepared to swing his sword right away. However, his next words greatly outweighed Ian's expectations.

"We should help each other."

Ian was speechless. A monster that constantly destroyed humanity now wanted to work together?

“You bastard...”

Ian swung the sword instantly.

"..."

The claws at the end of its arms blocked the blade. The monster blocked the attack without changing its posture or moving its legs. Strong.

“Calm down. Human. I'm not an enemy.”

“Shut up.”

Ian ran forward and wielded his blade again. The monster retreated. The greatsword hit a transparent wall.

“Human. I understand your anger.”

“You understand?”

“Numerous humans have died. I also share your grief.”

“..”

Ian took a deep breath. He tried to calm down his agitated self. Stress and fatigue had accumulated for too long. Inside he was seething. Ian took a deep breath and tried to settle down.

“What is with the curtain?”

"If I didn't do this, 'he' would notice. It is for us.”

Ian rubbed his temple.

“Yes. Tell me. I will listen once.”

“Human. Bagamadra who has invaded your world?”

“Bagamadra?”

“I also lost everything to him. He is my enemy. He wasn’t satisfied with what he did to us and wants to obtain your world.

“Who are you?”

“I am Garuda.” He waved his claws. It seemed to be a respectful greeting from somewhere. “I am the only descendant remaining of the Basarayuda royal family. In the past, a prince. Now I am a warrior resisting Bagamadra.”

Warrior. It was a word he hadn’t heard for a while. It felt strange when the word emerged from the monster’s mouth.

“Warrior?”

“That’s right. Human. A warrior. Just like you.” Garuda stared at Ian with eyes that were hard to read. “Your world is different from before. But Bagamadra will destroy everything. He creates only pain and hatred. He wants to have this world but can’t because of humans.”

“...”

“Originally, most of this world should’ve been conquered. But there was you, a strong human. You are strong. You killed most of his subordinates.”

Ian nodded. Without Ian, the dragon-class monsters would’ve occupied areas, causing monsters to pour out from the lairs. Most of Earth would’ve fallen. Or the nuclear bombs would’ve turned most continents into lands of death.

“But if this situation continues... This world will be like other dimensions. It will be taken by Bagamadra. Just like mine.”

Ian observed Garuda. He had the skill to see through the truth, Mind’s Eye. Mind’s Eye gradually adapted to Garuda’s existence

and read his mind. Garuda wasn't telling a lie. He was sincere. Deep grief that couldn't be faked shone on the insect-like face. The sadness of losing his own world and people, the helplessness towards the enemy and the hopeless dreams. It was what Ian would end up like.

"We should help each other."

Ian put God Slayer down and asked.

"How?"

Garuda bowed his head instead of answering. The antenna on his head stretched out towards Ian. Ian hesitated but allowed his movements. Garuda's antenna reached Ian's head. Something started to enter Ian's mind. Images poured into Ian's head.

Then there was an illusion.

"Ah..."

Hell. Endless pain and hatred, those dying and those who were having seizures in the abyss. A demonic landscape where ugly creatures made ugly things, transplanting them into a more horrifying existence. The giant monster that caused all of this, Bagamadra. The illusion of hell seemed to contaminate just mind just by looking at it. Numerous things he didn't want to know were injected into his head. Ian's breathing was rough.

Ian shook off Garuda's antenna. He bent his waist and vomited.

"Do you understand? Human."

Ian grabbed his head. As he bowed his head, he started laughing.

"Hahaha..." His luck was too good today. "Shit."

The ordinary blue sky and the distant landscape came into view. Somehow, he felt something pleasant. Ian gritted his teeth.

"Shit..."

Extra Story (8) (End)

In that short moment, Ian saw a lot. A lot of information flowed into his head. It was a dimension that Bagamadra was deeply rooted in. Bagamadra didn't suffer any damage. He just stared when curious eyes as he wondered when the toy that was called Earth fell into his hands. Bagamadra was making his last weapon to get rid of the resistance. No one could stop the weapon when it was launched. No matter what, Earth would be turned into a smoldering pile of ashes.

The worst existence of destruction. There was no way to avoid it. That's why Garuda, the presence in front of Ian had come. The warrior Garuda who didn't yield even in the face of despair. The images he conveyed pointed to a path.

"Shall we go together?"

Garuda nodded. The only way given to them. Go directly to Bagamadra's dwelling and kill him.

"I came here to risk everything."

Garuda blinked once.

It was a big gamble. Garuda, who continued the hopeless fight, leaned about terrible warrior who was killing Bagamadra's weapons one by one. He tried to descend directly to the dimension where Bagamadra was making the weapon. Garuda entered Parthenon to find a warrior on Earth. It was a beautiful world. His world was like this before Bagamadra showed up.

"This world is weak. You are strong. You can't win alone. We must join forces.

It was Garuda who raised Azi Dahaka, which had been in a suspended state. It was to return to his own dimension.

"The gate will soon open."

The world of Earth was weak. This human was strong. He was stronger than everybody else. Garuda saw hope. He appealed to Ian's emotions.

"You and I. Save our worlds. Human. There is no time."

Ian closed his eyes. It was a sudden situation. He didn't have time to think about it. However, he understood that Garuda's proposal was the only possibility. Garuda's information destroyed all his predictions. The power of Bagamadra was becoming stronger.

Go before it was too late. But why in this way? This morning, he had believed that he would soon return to South Korea. He would get rid of Azi Dahaka and return to South Korea, meeting friends, drinking coffee together, enjoying his free time...

He thought he would be laughing. It was a pipe dream. He was a saviour. Ian whispered toward God.

'You are too harsh.'

There was no answer. The universe that he showed to the grey god and the warriors whose fists he bumped. They seemed to collapse somehow.

"Human."

"Let's go."

Ian made his decision.

"Let's go."

The gate was opening. Ian tried not to think anymore. This was the only way. There was no time. Even if no one knew or the hell he was going to, it had to be done. It was just a bit lonely. The forgotten god. Was she watching him? Ian missed Elder Road, where gods and magic were alive and warriors lined up with him.

"Human. Thank you."

Garuda spoke. Ian nodded. They moved together. The darkness beyond the gate welcomed them.

“Go.”

The moment they were about to enter another dimension. There was an extraordinary event. Garuda looked back. Ian raised his greatsword. The curtain was torn.

“What is going on?”

“Impossible.”

Garuda revealed emotions for the first time.

“It shouldn’t be opened. It is dangerous. Is it Bagamadra? How did you know?”

The translucent curtain sealing off Uluru opened. It started to fall to pieces. Demonic energy was coming from the gate behind them. A new situation was created. The enemy appeared. And. Ian doubted his eyes.

There.

“Kiyoooooh~!”

The curtain surrounding the whole area was shattered and a off-road car appeared in the whirl of sand. There they were.

"We have comeeeee-!"

The man shouting in the passenger seat was someone Ian would never forget.

"No way."

Ian was shocked.

“Tiyo?”

Ridiculous things happened in succession. The car driving along the ground floated in the air and flew to the top of Uluru. The source of the power was the hooded man sitting in the back seat. Every time he waved his hand, a terrifying force stirred the atmosphere. He could know the identity just by the big size and silhouette, without needing to see the face.

“Tashaquil?”

As soon as the car stopped, two swords flashed. Garuda stepped forward and wielded its claws. It bounced off two swords.

"Why swing your swords?"

“Isn’t it an enemy?”

"They are standing together!"

“That’s right. It didn’t die.”

A harsh voice. The other shouting voice was gentle.

“Driden and Anor?”

The car collapsed.

"Whooooooooa!"

Finally, the man holding the steering wheel.

"Hansung?"

Kwaaang! Kwang!

The car collapsed due to the impact of the crash. Dirt rose up.

“Whoa! It was pretty good this time Tashaquil!”

"I will say it again. I am the shaman teacher Tashquil..."

"Quickly apologize to that friend."

“I don’t want to.”

“Uhweeeh...”

The dust cleared and they walked out. Garuda spoke in a confused manner.

“Strong. They are strong. They aren’t humans. Do you know each other? Companions?”

Ian didn’t answer. Tiyo was approaching. Ian’s appearance had changed but Tiyo knew. Tiyo stood in front of Ian.

"Hey. Crockta."

The two people looked at each other. They thought they wouldn't be able to see each other again. It was years later.

"This face is better than before. Kahahat."

Tiyo laughed. At the time, Ian had been an orc and was now a human. But nothing was changed. The soul was intact.

"Your appearance has changed but your spirit is still as splendid as ever. You are alive. Kulkul."

Tashaquil took off his hood and laughed.

"Wah. This is Crockta? You look handsome. No way!"

"What is this? You look weak. How disappointing."

Anor and Driden, the two dark elves reacted differently. Ian still couldn't believe the sight in front of him. They had come. At this moment, when he needed them most. They came to him.

"Everybody..."

He didn't know how it happened. There wasn't a lot of time to talk. It was too short to say anything. A landscape unfolded in Ian's head. Numerous scenes crossed his mind.

Ian smiled at them.

A road stretching out and a wide open car. The background was Europe, the Middle East, Africa. It was Asia and then the United States again. The images of the various cities passed by. Earth would be safe. Bagamadra would fall by their hands. It wasn't an easy path. The fight was more dangerous than ever. He would get the job done, just like when he defeated the grey god.

Bagamadra was nothing. Save Garuda's world. Remove the threat to Earth and then come back. Then he could travel the Earth with no worries. He imagined it. Everything was right. He smiled happily as he thought of the future.

Ian blinked. He didn't stop smiling. He barely managed to open his mouth to ask a question. They were short words.

“Would you like to come with me?”

The gate was wide open. The darkness beyond was calling them. The demonic energy was growing. They didn't know what the situation was. They didn't know what was happening or what enemies were waiting for them. Ian couldn't explain anything in this short moment. He just asked them to join him on the perilous road to hell.

Then they answered.

“How interesting.” Tiyo nodded.

“It is a great honor to be with a great warrior. Bul'tar.”

“I am willing to go because it is Crockta's request.”

“I welcome a new fight.”

Ian's lips curved. He wanted to laugh but laughter didn't emerge. Now he wasn't alone.

Ian said to Garuda, “Garuda. These are my friends.”

“Friends.”

Garuda waved its antenna.

“Understood.”

Ian seemed to be smiling.

“Your friend. Small human. There is a resemblance.”

“Resemblance to who?”

“After Bagamadra began the invasion. A small human from Earth. He came to my dimension. He helped us. He told me about you...”

“Who is he?”

“That little human. Hedor.”

Tiyo was running towards his goal. The rest sighed and shook their heads. Ian finally laughed out loud. He thought he had fallen

into the worst situation. All his hopes for the future had scattered to pieces in front of him. But at this moment, the pieces started to fit back together.

“Human. There is no time left. The door is closing.”

“Wait a minute.”

Ian raised his head.

“Tashaquil. Could you stop it from closing?”

“It won’t last long.”

“I only need a short moment.”

The orc shaman teacher, the strongest shaman in Elder Road, Tashaquil. He used his strength. The gate, which seemed to be slowly disappearing, stopped. Magic power gripped the gate. Ian went up to Choi Hansung.

“Hansung.”

“Hey, what’s going on?”

“There’s no time to explain. Can you lend me your phone?”

Choi Hansung handed over his phone. Ian took a deep breath and entered a number. It was Yeori’s number. The world wouldn’t return to what it was. He understood this from the beginning. He didn’t cry when he heard of his parent’s death. He was an adult.

Adults also sometimes dreamt that everything would turn out perfectly. He had child-like hopes. His dream had come back again. His friends, who he thought he would never see again, came to find him. He wasn’t afraid of Bagamadra. They will save the world with Garuda. Finally, Ian would meet her. Yes, he would return to Earth with a smile. He would fulfil the promise he hadn’t kept. He would introduce the beautiful nature of Earth to his friends, travel the world together and then...

Once again, the scenery in his heart. A place where Yeori was.

"Yeori."

"Oppa?" As always, she replied in a loud voice.

The conversation wasn't long. There was no conclusion. But this was enough. Ian returned the phone to Choi Hansung.

"Do you have to go?"

"Yes."

"I don't know what it is... but I am always sorry and thankful to you. Be sure to come back."

Ian laughed. The new fight was decided. Ian stood in front of the gate with his friends and Garuda.

Ian reflected on the past.

His life was an arduous journey. The things he wished for always slipped out of his hands. The things he thought he had obtained eventually left his grip. But it couldn't be helped. It was up to a child to complain. On the battlefield, in Elder Road and on Earth where the monsters had appeared, he carried all the burden.

However, this time was different. Somehow, a vague foresight told him.

Just before entering the gate. Ian looked back. It was a world where he had unfinished business. He wanted to say something.

Ian opened his mouth. It was with a grin and was casual.

"I will be back. See you then."

He went forward. The answer was that it wasn't his share to bear alone.

Author's Note:

Hello. This is Lee Jungmin.

I was able to continue writing this thanks to all the readers. If you haven't read this story, it would be no different from me writing a soliloquy on a notepad. I sincerely thank all the readers.

This was my first proper novel so I was worried about how to end it. There were many lacking areas and some regrets, but thanks to your patience, I was able to complete it.

In addition, I would like to thank the editors, the team leader and the publishing company who gave me the opportunity and continued to believe in me. ㅏㅏ I gave them a lot of trouble.

This was my first monetized work and I hope you stayed to see the end of the brave warrior, Crockta.

I would like to speak a little bit. [Praise the Orc!] is finished, but my life isn't over yet... ㅗㅗㅗ

I hope that you continue to follow Lee Jungmin, the keyboard worker who is still lacking skills. ㅏㅏㅗㅗㅗ

Then I will be preparing my next work. I don't know what it is, but it isn't a world that continues or shares the world of [Praise the Orc!]. ^^

I will end the story of Crockta and his friends here. I'll be back in the near future.

I would like to express my sincere gratitude to everyone who read this.

Stay alive until we meet the next time.... Bul'tar...~~~~!

Translator's Note:

Thank you to all the readers who stuck with this novel. Thank you to my editors Superposhposh and LD who helped out near the end. Praise the Orc was probably one of my favorite novels that I have translated so far. The author said that his next work won't involve Crockta, but he does leave room for a sequel, so maybe he'll come back to it later.

I haven't decided my next novel yet. I am currently torn between two choices. I will I say this every time, and people never listen, but no suggestions, please. Trust me, I know all the Korean novels that you would know and want to be translated and have probably already considered them or dropped them. (Cue dozens of comments asking me to translate something, with half of them probably not even Korean).

Anyway, I will continue translating BEM and will come back soon with the next novel to be translated.